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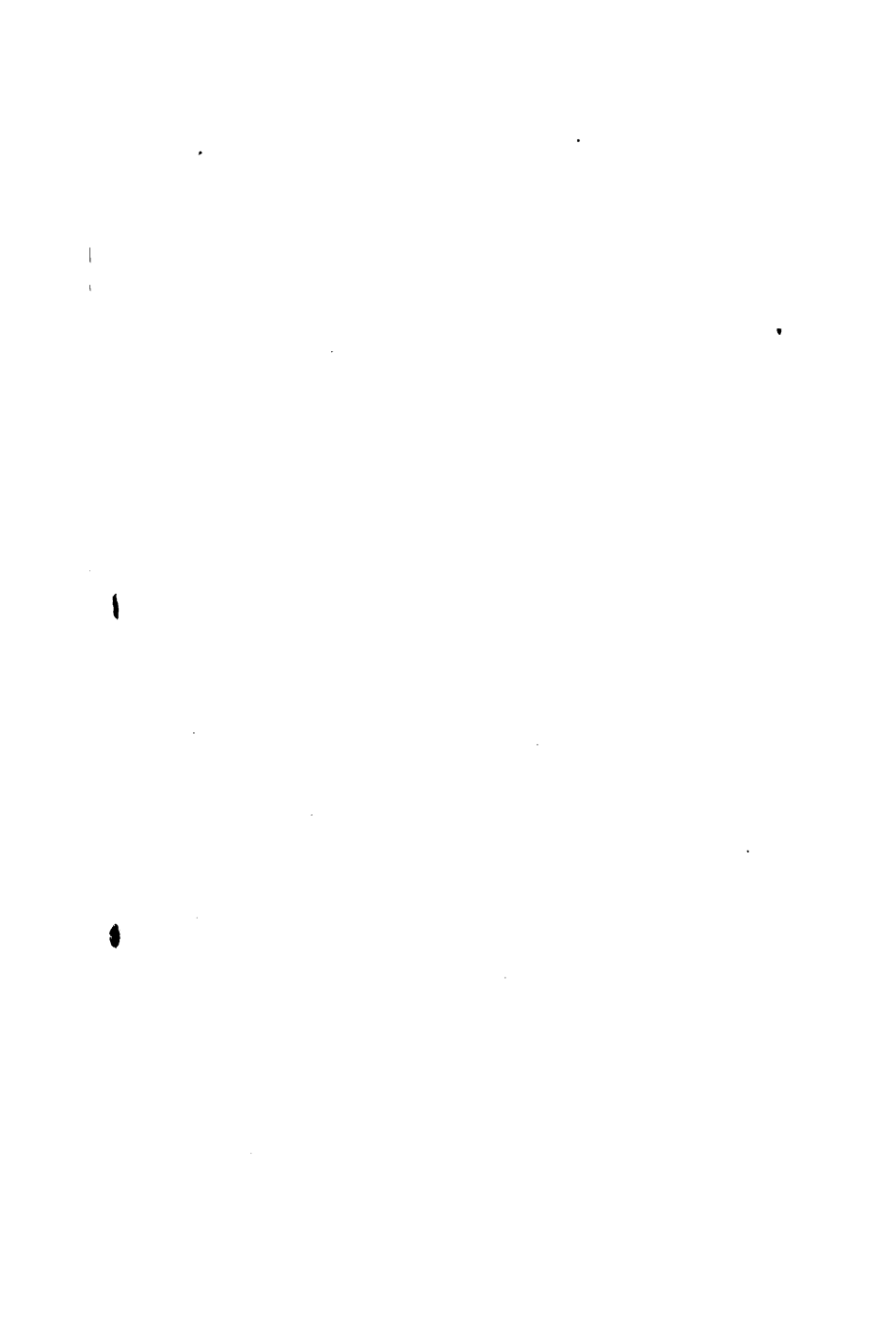
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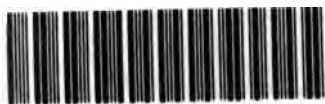




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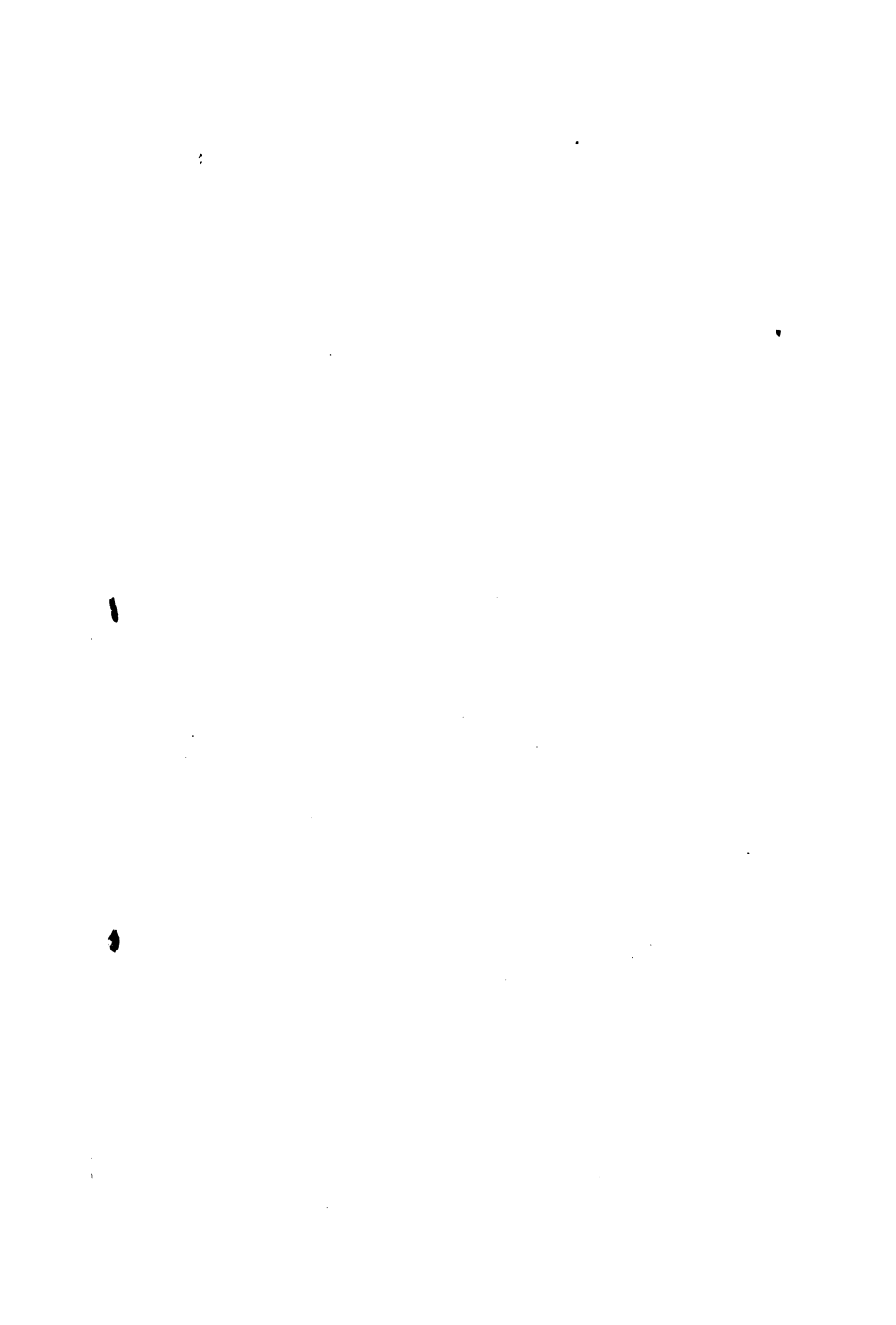






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PREFACE.

THE following Papers were originally contributed to "The Servants' Magazine," and the Writer had no idea of ever seeing them in any other form. He has ventured to republish them, however, at the suggestion, and relying on the judgment of friends, who have urged that they contain many valuable *lessons of life* for Young Females.

When writing these Articles, his spare moments were so few, that brevity was generally unavoidable; but he scarcely regrets that circumstance, as many Domestics have no opportunity for reading more than a few pages without interruption.

Most of the facts narrated have been gleaned from his own observation, gathered in the course of his reading, or related to

him by friends; but whatever phase of life he has attempted to exhibit, his constant aim has been to draw from it some *practical lesson*.

It has cheered him to learn that, in some instances, his humble efforts have already been useful; and he now sends forth this little Volume, with an earnest desire that the Spirit of Truth may render it a blessing to many, especially to such as are, or may become, Domestic Servants.

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LESSONS OF LIFE, FOR FEMALE DOMESTICS.

"LOOKING FORWARD."

GRANDFATHER GRAY has somewhere met with the sentiment that "every man is the founder of his own fortune;" a sentiment requiring explanation, and yet, in his opinion, substantially correct.

To turn it to some practical account the old man now takes up his pen; and, if he can give expression to a single thought which shall prompt his readers to *look forward*, and to use exertions which shall justify the expectation of *getting forward*, he will not feel that the hour devoted to his present contribution has been time misspent.

Perhaps some of those who most need advice may be the very first to say they have never ceased to look forward since their first entry into service, and that, although things "have hitherto gone hardly with them," they are "looking forward still."

Well, be it so; Grandfather Gray would rejoice that they have not given up all hope of advancement: but if an old man may, without impropriety, rest upon his long tried stick, and gather such "lookers forward" around him for a few minutes, he would inquire upon what *grounds* such individuals rest their expectations.

He can readily conceive that, if they saw him climbing up a tree in his garden in order to seat himself in the centre of a beautifully spun cobweb, they would either laugh at his folly, or think he had become crazy in his old age, and shed tears of pity for his misfortune; and yet, he fearlessly asserts that there are thousands who look forward to increased wages, or some other improvement in their circumstances, who have no more reason to expect they will *get* what they look for, than Grandfather Gray could expect to rest the weight of his feeble old frame upon a slender cobweb.

As a sincere friend of servants, he would, therefore, not only have them *look forward*—which every thinking being ought to do—but would earnestly entreat them to examine *on what grounds they are doing so*.

To assist them in some degree in this object, he would just remind them that they are in the position of persons who carry goods for sale into the public market; and he thinks that very few words will be needed to convince them that what they have for sale must be *really good*, or they will look in vain for good prices.

Without pretending to know much about the tastes of females, he cannot but suppose that if his readers were selecting articles of dress they would choose

such as appeared to be not only tolerably strong in texture, but of such colours as were pleasing to the eye; in short, that they would not be satisfied with only *one good quality* in an article, when for the same money a commodity with *many* good qualities might be obtained.

Just so, he would remind them, it is with employers in the selection of a servant; no one quality, however good, is enough for them, and if they do not meet with what suits them in one individual, they will try and try again, while they think there is any chance of getting something better for their money.

It is perhaps impossible for Grandfather Gray to specify in one short article *all* the qualities which constitute a good servant; and, indeed, if he had the time, he feels perfectly unequal to the task: but if he may be allowed so familiar an illustration, he would say that a good servant is something like a good pudding; there is no particular quality predominant, but such a blending, such a combination of good qualities, as cannot fail to give pleasure to those who meet with them.

Grandfather Gray has never had personally to engage a servant, or he would certainly have required honesty, sobriety, cleanliness, civility, neatness, frugality, industry, and punctuality; nothing less than all these would have satisfied him: but he has left the selection of domestics to his venerable old dame, feeling that he had "quite enough to do to mind his own business."

If it be thought that he looks for more than ought to be expected, he would ask *even servants* who are looking forward to "a settlement in life," and who

hope some day to cease serving and to "keep a servant," which, of all the qualities the old man has thought indispensable, they would be willing to forego. To run through a catalogue of opposites: would they like a thief, a drunkard, a dirty, or an uncivil servant; a slattern, a waster, an idler, or one on whose punctuality they could place no reliance?

He will not stay for an answer, for he knows that no person would be satisfied with one who had not *all* the good qualities he has enumerated, and perhaps many more. No marvel, then, that so many servants, who at best can only lay claim to *one or two of them*, should find that whatever they look forward to, disappointment constantly attends them.

The thought may seem too whimsical for an old man to have entertained, but Grandfather Gray has thought that some servants are very much like chips floating upon a mill-pond, driven here or there just as any wind or eddy may affect them. Whoever has an object in view, *they* have none; they see a joint dressed, a pudding or a pie made, a dessert prepared, a table laid, ten times over, and yet, forsooth, are the same dull and unobservant mortals which they were a year before!

Do such poor creatures look with astonishment upon the young woman who enters a situation with the determination to be *the best hand at her business*, doing all that she knows how to do, and asking for information whenever she feels her deficiency;—the old man inquires, do the inattentive and the careless look upon such a young woman with surprise when they hear that she has advanced from one situation in the family to another, at each succeeding step getting

less work and better pay? Let them know that her promotion is the natural result of her praiseworthiness: by God's blessing—for He alone gives health to labour—she is “the founder of her own fortune;” and those who do not imitate her conduct, must not look for her reward.

OLD THOUGHTS ABOUT NEW FACES.

“I DON'T like new faces, wife,” said my Uncle Jonathan, as he seated himself by the fireside in the old oak chair which had been the favourite of his great-grandfather, “I don't like new faces, wife, for it's better to put up with a few faults in a servant we know, than to take a stranger who, for aught we can tell, may have ten times as many.”

Now, my uncle was a good-tempered old gentleman, and seldom interfered in what he jokingly called “the business of the *Queen's Government*,” “for,” said he, “if a man is such a fool as to marry a woman who can't rule the kitchen, he'll only get into hot water if he tries to show her the way.” It was his practice, therefore, to let my aunt Bridget have *her own way* in those matters, which she was pleased to say “*exactly suited her temper*,” but a servant had just left my uncle's hospitable roof, who had almost invariably afforded him so much satisfaction, that he was much vexed at her departure, and was evidently on the verge of breaking his own rule.

It is surprising how powerfully trivial things sometimes demonstrate the secret emotions of the heart,

and show to those who are familiar with us the feelings of displeasure which our better judgment prompts us at least to conceal from strangers. Such was the case on this occasion with my uncle Jonathan, who had scarcely uttered the words, "I don't like new faces, wife," in reference to the new servant who had just spread the supper-cloth, when he struck a huge coal, which had not been half-an-hour on the fire, such a blow as broke it into a hundred pieces, and thus, to the great annoyance of my aunt, completely overspread the hob with coals. This was in itself a very trivial circumstance, but it spoke a language which the old lady fully understood, showing that my uncle's displeasure had, at least for the instant, usurped the place of his judgment, since, in his cooler moments (and he was *usually a quiet man*), it was a perfect abomination to him to break up a fine coal until the wasting fire absolutely required such a sacrifice; and nothing but his fondness for my aunt would have secured to her the undisputed privilege of indulging this propensity, to which she was more than ordinarily addicted.

I must confess that my uncle was a prime favourite of mine in my boyish days, and probably these early prepossessions in his favour may have caused me to overlook some of his failings, whilst those of my aunt produced an impression which remains with all the freshness of yesterday's events. Indeed, it is surprising how slightly we are affected by the infirmities of those whom we love, whilst, on the contrary, a too permanent impression is made upon us by the foibles of such as have not sought or secured our esteem.

I will not, therefore, permit myself to do injustice

to the memory of my aunt, for, with all her particularity as to cleanliness, order, and punctuality—which did not at all accord with my schoolboy notions of propriety—and her *almost* unconquerable love of *talking*, she had this merit, that *she could sometimes “hold her tongue,”* which I have since found is not a universal accomplishment in the female sex. For when my uncle Jonathan was *really* out of temper, and, as I have hinted, *that* was but seldom, my aunt seemed determined not to be so too; on the contrary, like a wise woman as well as a good wife, she kept silence, until, as she used afterwards to say, my uncle’s fire had burnt out; or, if she spoke at all in return, it was with so much kindness, that the old gentleman has often said his “anger fled like snow before the noon-day sun.”

Her usual discretion was called into exercise on the occasion referred to; and by calmly meeting the regrets of the old gentleman by what she considered satisfactory explanations for having dismissed, or rather parted with, a servant who seemed to have produced in his mind the conviction that such another could not be procured, my aunt completely succeeded in convincing him that she had acted a most judicious part. On the contrary, had she replied to his complaints with warmth or anger, it is most likely that my kind-hearted uncle might have said something which, in his better moments, would have called forth expressions of sincere regret.

The significant words, “I don’t like new faces, wife,” were again repeated, and were followed by an inquiry, why she could not have retained Jenny White in her service: “for of all the tidy, industrious

girls we have had," said my uncle, "there has not been one to be compared with her."

Now, all this was true enough, and my aunt Bridget was quite ready to bear the same testimony respecting her; but the old gentleman, whose time was chiefly spent in looking after his hothouse, and in visiting the poor people in the village, knew so little of Jenny's general proceedings throughout the day, that his opinion of her merits was formed chiefly from her cleanly appearance when she waited at table, or let him in at the hall door.

No better opportunity could have been afforded to the old lady to justify herself than was afforded by the praise just bestowed on Jenny White; for, strange as it may appear, her *tidiness* seemed to have been the chief cause of my aunt's dissatisfaction, and led to the dispute between her and Jenny, which ended in the removal of the latter from a quiet and a happy home.

I must correct myself, however, in saying that Jenny's *tidiness* led to this result. No! such was *her account of the matter*, and such, perhaps, she tried to persuade herself was really the truth; but the fact was, she was *too fond of dress*; and, although she had not then gone so far as to avow the opinion that no respectable servant should be seen, when dressed, in anything worse than a black silk gown and lace cap, there was too much reason to fear that she would very soon have been as foolish in this respect as some of her acquaintances. For no servant and her mistress could have gone on more harmoniously together than might Jenny and my aunt, had not the former insisted on the privilege of wearing at least four white aprons per

week, and as many pairs of white stockings, so long as she continued in my aunt's employ.

"Oh! Jonathan," said my aunt, "that's a foolish mistress who don't know how to value a good servant, or who makes too much of trifles; but Jenny's fault was not a small one: her extravagance in white aprons and white stockings only would have cost us not a little, and those who are wasteful in small things are not to be depended on in larger ones. Besides which, there can only be one mistress in a family, and Jenny seemed determined to have her own way *here*, or to go where she could.

My aunt Bridget's remarks on the folly and extravagance of Jenny White were really unanswerable; but my uncle Jonathan, like many other *even good men*, seemed *at first* rather disposed to yield to the influence of *temper* than to the dictates of *reason* and *judgment*. My aunt paused, and a short interval of unbroken silence followed, for my uncle was evidently at a loss what to say. By this time the fire, which had been so bountifully supplied with fuel, began to burn intensely bright, and seemed to be fully repaying the old gentleman's warmth of temper in smiting the large coal as I have already described. In this dilemma, he pushed back his great arm-chair a few inches farther, and stooped to loose the bright steel buckles on his shoes.

I have before spoken in praise of my aunt's ability to keep silence when circumstances required it; nor was my uncle a whit behind her in this respect. Well indeed do I remember the noble calmness with which he bore the ingratitude of some, whom he had sought to serve, and with what happy self-control

he sometimes replied to others, when his benevolent motives were impugned by them.

The wheels of time have borne my dear old uncle onward to his journey's end, and his perishable body lies silent in the grave; but his conduct and counsel still live in the fondest affections of my heart.

It is delightful to look back on seasons spent in such society, and to let one's imagination call back the sweet recollection of his words. "Be sure to *do* what is right, boy," he used to say, "and then *never mind what the world thinks.*" "One *whisper* of an approving conscience is worth more than all the *noisy praise* of this deceitful world." "Never let angry words provoke an angry answer; any fool can act thus, but he that rules his spirit is greater than he that takes a city;" "it is *natural* to fight and quarrel, but it is *Christ-like* to pity and forgive." "The heart *scarcely approves* of a quarrelsome tongue *in the moment of anger*, and when passion is over *it always condemns.*"

But I find that the remembrance of my good old uncle has led me unconsciously to digress; I must therefore resume my story.

"That's true, Bridget, that's true," said my uncle Jonathan, when he at length broke the silence, "there *shall* be only one mistress here; but did Jenny ever *refuse* to obey you?" "Yes," said my aunt, "she was in the *daily* habit of doing so—not, indeed, by *saying so*, but by *doing* what she had been desired *not to do*, and by *leaving undone* what she had *engaged to perform.*" "But," said my uncle in a tone which seemed as if it would hope my aunt had *misconceived* Jenny's conduct,—“you never *told* me so.” “No,

Jonathan," she replied, "I have always spared you that trouble; it is yours to meet vexations *out of doors*, it is mine to bear such as are *at home*; besides, however mortifying such behaviour may have been to me, I have felt that to disturb *your peace* would not have restored mine. I have therefore *reasoned*, and *rebuked*, and *borne* with Jenny, until she could no longer be endured."

"That's right, wife, that's right," said my uncle, "I like to hear that you have *reasoned* with her, and your duty is now done." "It is," replied my aunt, "and pity prompted me to do it, because she is a comely girl, and therefore more exposed to snares and dangers; but my remonstrances were always answered by a pert reply, that "*she wished to see the world and meant to do so too.*"

It is pleasing to reflect on the conduct of my aunt in this matter, and to mark how carefully she had concealed from my uncle the folly and rudeness of one whom he had considered so good and praise-worthy. Who will not admire the feeling which prompted her thus to leave *his* mind unruffled when her *own* was grieved? But it was *wise* as well as *kind* to do so; for she knew his nature well. He was, as I have said, a kind-hearted man; and the *mere outline* of Jenny's follies so distressed him, that as he heard my aunt recount them, tears of pity and regret started from his eyes.

"Ah! Bridget," said my uncle, "that girl is at best like the dog that dropped the substance to grasp at a shadow. She has left a home of order, of religious privileges, and peace; and who can tell but that in her next situation she may find confusion, ungodliness,

and sad inducements to sin? But since this is not *our fault*, let us pity and pray for her. "And now," said my uncle, "let me tell you something to *soothe our sadness*, for since you have so kindly spared my feelings until now, the least I can do is to tell you what made my heart rejoice to-day when I called to see poor Perkins, the saddler, in the village. You shall hear, Bridget, what a noble-hearted servant girl his daughter Betsey is."

But I must not proceed to relate my uncle's account of Betsey Perkins without previously stating that it was his practice to visit the houses of the poor in his neighbourhood, in order to lend religious and instructive books, and to relieve the wants of the sick and infirm, or such as from *unavoidable misfortunes* were without employment. It was a principle with him that every good man, possessing a fortune, is bound by a solemn obligation to *make himself acquainted* with the spiritual and temporal condition of the poor whom Providence has placed around him. Happy indeed will it be for *the poor* when this sentiment shall be generally felt; and, if I may judge from the testimony of my dear old uncle, happy will it be for *the rich also*. Never shall I forget his tears of grateful joy when referring to the goodness of God, who had been pleased to entrust him with the means of doing good; and often has he said to me when departing from the dwelling of the sick and the dying, and when the blessing of those who were ready to perish has followed him, "Oh! boy, there is indeed *a luxury in doing good*; none but those who visit the abodes of want can fully know that '*it is more blessed to give than to receive.*'"

The reference I have just made to these happy days revives in my remembrance the delight sometimes expressed by my uncle as he sat down to his own repast, that in his morning's visitation he had been God's messenger in supplying food to the hungry and consolation to the sick. Nor can I forget his oft-repeated sentiment, which deserves to be written in letters of gold,—“The value of life, my boy, is to be estimated by the *number* and *goodness* of our actions: he who lives to glorify God and to promote the happiness of his fellow-men, *may be truly said to live indeed*; but he who spends his time and money for the gratification of himself, though he should reach threescore years and ten, is *dead while he lives*, and dies at last unlamented. The youngest, weakest, poorest creature on the earth, in whose heart the love of God is found, is more precious in the sight of Him *who estimates things as they really are, and not as they seem to be*, than all the dazzling splendours of this transitory world.”

It was on one of these morning visitations of my uncle that he learned the character of Betsey Perkins, the saddler's daughter.—“As I entered the cottage,” said he to my aunt, “there was Perkins as mute as a mouse in the little back parlour, and there was Jane Perkins seated by the homely table with her eyes full of tears as she gazed on a letter which lay upon her lap.—Well, thought I, what now? has Betsy Perkins lost her place like Mary Phipps, whose mother's heart is almost broken, lest her daughter's indiscretion should end in disgrace and ruin; or have they heard that she has met with some accident—for I knew they loved her as their own souls: ‘Why, Perkins,’ said I, ‘what’s

the matter, man?' and so saying down I sat; as they were both so full of their own trouble that neither of them offered me a seat as on former occasions they always had done.—'What's your trouble, this morning?' said I, 'that you look so downcast, when the sun shines so brightly, and the birds sing so sweetly, that they seem to invite us to lift up our hearts and voices to the skies.'—'Oh Sir,' said Jane Perkins, who was the first to break the silence, 'I hardly know *what* to say; for though, as you see, Sir, I and my husband are both sad, perhaps, we have *more reason for joy than sorrow*; but nature's nature, Sir, after all, and we can't help fretting at the thought of losing our dear Betsey.'—'Why, what now?' said I; 'where is she going that you talk of *losing* her?'—'Oh Sir,' said Perkins, who had now somewhat recovered himself, 'we have just had a letter from her kind mistress, which has both surprised and—and—I really don't know what to say, Sir; and yet I ought, Sir, for it is what we have prayed for night and morning, and the Lord has now given us the desire of our hearts. Sir, we are strange creatures, for we ask the Lord for gifts, and when they come we feel surprised at their bestowment, and sometimes behave ourselves as if we didn't want them.'

"'Now all this time, Bridget,' said my uncle, 'my own heart told me that Perkins' theology was quite true; but when he left off, for his heart seemed full, and Jane began to cry again, I was as ignorant as a post what they had heard to trouble them. However, I knew that there is no sorrow which the blessed Bible cannot soothe; so in order to comfort them I repeated those cheering words, 'He that goeth forth weeping

bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again *re-joicing*, bringing his sheaves with him.'

“ ‘Ah! Sir,’ said Jane Perkins, ‘that’s a blessed promise, and it just meets our case; we have borne our dear Betsey on our hearts ever since she was a babe, and have sown the holy truths of God’s Word in her mind, and followed her in all her pursuits with our affections and our prayers, and now the Lord is blessing us with the harvest: that letter, Sir, ought not to make us sad but joyful; it is from her good mistress, Sir, and it tells us that ever since Betsey entered her service she has been a good girl. It is true she was at first a little awkward, but she went from home determined to be *a thorough servant*; and as her mistress always said, ‘*What is worth doing is worth doing well*,’ Betsey took up the idea and used to say, that, if there were only *two good servants* in the world *she would be one of them*. Now, Sir, she has been five years in service, and her mistress has sent this kind letter to say, that, although *she can’t bear new faces*, yet she likes Betsey so well that she must part with her.’—‘Well,’ said I, ‘that’s a droll way of showing fondness, but’——‘Oh! Sir,’ said Jane Perkins, ‘but she is not going to part with her yet, only she has written to say that she feels so much regard for our dear daughter, that she wishes to consult us on something that will either make her *happy or miserable for life*. It seems, Sir, that a young man, who lives just by the house of Betsey’s mistress, has been watching the behaviour of our daughter for some time; and having been pleased with her modest appearance, and learnt that she is a religious young woman, wrote to ask her to receive his addresses. To satisfy her that

his intentions were honourable, he entered into many particulars about his family, and connexions, his wages, and his future prospects; and begged her to consult with her mistress, whom he knew to be *as good* as she was *kind*. Now, Sir, Mrs. Smith not only knew him to be a young man of good character, and industrious habits, but she was so pleased with his openness of conduct, that she at once advised our Betsey to think favourably of the matter; for, said she, a young woman may well SUSPECT THE SINCERITY OF ONE WHO COMES BY STEALTH TO WIN HER AFFECTIONS; but a young man who acts like George Thompson, and *comes with such a character as his*, is worthy of attention. However, said Mrs. Smith, your first duty is to your dear parents, Betsey, and *their opinion* must be asked; therefore write to them at once and tell them all that I have heard about him, and *I* will write to them on the same sheet of paper, and that will save postage, girl.'

" 'You see, Sir,' said poor Perkins, 'how the Lord is answering our prayers; for it has been our hearts' desire that when our dear girl settled in life, her husband, however humble his station, might at least have *the grace of God in his heart*, and a pair of *industrious hands*.' 'You're right, Perkins, you're right,' said I, 'for though a *good-looking face* and a smart dress may please *the eye*, they are like *fading flowers* when compared with a diligent hand, and a devout heart.'

" 'I was so pleased,' said my uncle Jonathan, 'with Mrs. Smith's letter, that I requested Perkins to let me read it to *you*, Bridget, and as I have only told you a small part of the good character which she gives of Betsey Perkins, you shall now hear the remainder.' "

My uncle Jonathan was just putting on his spectacles to read Mrs. Smith's letter when the village clock struck nine, and at the same moment the new servant tapped at the parlour-door, and, entering, took her appointed seat in order to unite with us in the act of evening prayer.

The moments had evidently passed more rapidly than my uncle had been aware, whilst thus conversing with my aunt; and he now looked at his watch as if suspicious that the clock had gained time, and seemed *half inclined* to read the letter before taking supper. But my uncle's house was a place of the strictest regularity, and for this he was chiefly indebted to the excellent management of my aunt, who was one of the most punctual women in the world. There was no uncertainty in the hour for breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, at my aunt Bridget's:—each, and all, were ready to the minute; and if my uncle chanced to forget the time when engaged in attending to the flowers in the garden, or the plants in the hot-house, the servant, or my aunt, was sure to be seen the next minute coming down the gravel path to convey the information.

It was a saying of my aunt Bridget's, that there is *little domestic comfort without order, and little order without punctuality, and no punctuality without good management*, therefore any of her servants who happened to be untidy in their habits, or failed to keep time as regularly as the mail coach, were sure to find their mistress a "*tiresome fidgetty creature*." Nor was my uncle less regular than my aunt, in observing the hour for *family devotion*; for although he seemed, on the occasion just mentioned, to wish that time

had fled less rapidly, he was too great a lover of order and consistency, to allow the reading of a letter to occasion the postponement of an important duty. Besides the supper was on table, and my uncle invariably read a portion of Scripture and engaged in family prayer *before that meal*. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered at his particularity in this respect, but have since been fully convinced *how far preferable* it is to unite in such exercises *before* the stomach has been satisfied and the body has become weary, *than afterwards*; and when my uncle Jonathan has been sometimes requested to give a *reason* for his preference, he has justified the practice, by simply quoting the words of the Apostle, in reference to another subject; "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God *that you present your bodies a living sacrifice*, holy, and acceptable unto God." "Mark that, friend," he would say, "*the body* is to be a *living sacrifice*, not *sluggish and feeble* and yearning for repose, or rather I might say *half dead*."

Most sincerely do I think that my uncle Jonathan was right, and I am sure there is nothing like family devotion when properly conducted, to sweeten the intercourse of friends.

After prayer, my uncle, my aunt, and myself sat down to supper; and I could not help observing, what has often struck me since, that *mere bodily refreshment* goes a great way to equalize the temper; for whilst the conversation into which my aunt had so judiciously drawn my uncle, served to abate his peevishness *on seeing the new servant*, his frugal meal completely restored his ordinary cheerfulness and kind behaviour.

It is not my present intention to inquire into the *manner* in which the mind and body affect each other ; but I think that many worthy people, when faint for want of food, sometimes *indulge a fit of peevishness* and *ill-humour* by abstaining from refreshment, when a slight repast would shortly restore their usual evenness of temper.

As soon as the cloth had been removed, my uncle proceeded with Mrs. Smith's letter to John Perkins, thus :—

“It will, I am sure, afford you pleasure to learn that from the time your excellent daughter came under my roof, now five years since, her conduct has been altogether such as to merit my warmest approbation.

“From the commencement of her service, she perceived that I was most particular both as to the *time* in which her work was performed, and her *manner* of doing it ; and it gives me no small pleasure to say that, unlike some servants who *determine to do things in their own way*, your daughter Betsey has done not only *just as desired*, but with such cheerfulness and *good humour* as to prove that she *wished to please me* : indeed, it required no very great foresight to perceive that she would be a really good servant, and not find it necessary to shift from place to place as some servants are obliged to do, as soon as the excuses commonly made for a new servant are withdrawn.

“I can readily conceive how much you will rejoice to learn, also, that your daughter has had, and deserved to have, *my utmost confidence for more than two years past*. It has been my happiness to know that my property was in perfect safety when under

her care, and that, as far as she was concerned, no locks or keys were required to preserve it untouched; and I am persuaded that *an open letter* was as sacred in her custody *as one that had been sealed*. With such feelings I have sometimes left my home to enjoy the society of friends on the sea-coast, and on my return, my expectations respecting her have not been disappointed; in short, she was *no eye-servant*; but possessing a truly noble mind, which scorned to do in the absence of her employer any action which she would not have done before her face, and I trust, influenced by true Christian principle, she has performed her duty in singleness of heart '*as unto the Lord*.'

"Although an unerring Providence has hitherto pointed out a state of servitude as that in which she is to move, I cannot but regard her as possessing true *nobility of character*; and, for her *moral worth* as a member of society, deserving the highest esteem.

"There is one feature in her character which I cannot but mention with the warmest commendation; namely, her *frank* and *generous confidence* in myself, as soon as she had *reason to believe that I was governed by principles that would not mislead me*; and the free communication of her little troubles and causes of perplexity, whether of a religious or worldly kind, has naturally secured my counsel and esteem: in short, I am only giving vent to my feelings, by saying that she has so studied to promote *my ease and comfort*, that *mere wages* would not be a sufficient return. I feel that the same Providence, which has favoured me with *such a servant*, requires

that I should study *her comfort and happiness in return*. An opportunity of doing so is now, I trust, at hand ; and therefore I will at once proceed to relate to you, most fully, the character and prospects of a good young man in my neighbourhood, who, as you will learn from Betsey's letter, on the other half-sheet, is anxious to pay his addresses to her if agreeable."

Big tears of joyous satisfaction stood in my uncle Jonathan's eyes as he concluded this part of Mrs. Smith's letter ; and my aunt Bridget evidently uttered the honest feeling of her heart, when she said, " Well, Jonathan ! that is a pleasing letter, I know not whom to admire most, the servant or her mistress, for each appears equally conscientious and worthy of imitation."—" You are right, Bridget, you are right," said my uncle, " they are *both* good ; Betsey Perkins deserves a good husband, and if life be spared, depend upon it we shall see her have one ; and as for Mrs. Smith," he continued, raising his head and glancing from beneath his spectacles with a playful smile, " as for Mrs. Smith *she* should not be a widow twelvemonths longer if Providence had not blessed me with *you*." My aunt being accustomed to these good-natured jokes, merely replied, with a significant nod and a smile, that "*perhaps* Mrs. Smith, *might not wish* to have a *conceited* old man !" " Well," replied my uncle, who found that my aunt was always a match for him, " enough of joking, Bridget ; she is a kind Christian mistress, and Heaven reward her for her conduct in this matter,—let us now hear what she says of George Thompson and his intended courtship."

My uncle then turned again to the letter which proceeded thus:—

“Believe me, this communication is made to you with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret; of *pleasure*, because I feel persuaded that a prospect of future happiness awaits your daughter in accepting the offer of the young man I am about to describe: but of *regret*, because as *I do not like new faces*, the separation from my faithful servant will be a truly painful one. However, *when duty requires a sacrifice, feeling must not be considered.*

“I will now state a few particulars respecting George Thompson, which I have learned from his master, and also from his parents and some of their neighbours.

“One of the most pleasing features in his character, and to which all parties bear the same testimony, is, that he has always been *a most dutiful son*; and I am, therefore, not only satisfied that *he will make a good husband* for your daughter, but I have a firm conviction that no young woman can *expect to be treated well* by a husband who has *failed to discharge the duties of a son*; and had I not the best reason to believe that *your daughter is a dutiful child*, no consideration should keep me from persuading George Thompson not to commence the intimacy he proposes; indeed it gave me no mean opinion of his prudence to find that he had made inquiry on this subject before he had made known his wishes to her.

“I have also learned with equal satisfaction that *as a servant*, his *fidelity* has been most exemplary, and as he has served a master who knows how to value such conduct, and is therefore disposed to re-

ward it, Divine Providence seems to be providing for him such a mode of future subsistence as will justify his incurring the expenses of a married life; but of this matter I will speak more particularly hereafter.

"There is one circumstance which really excited my *admiration*, and as it forms such a noble trait in his character it affords me more than ordinary pleasure to mention it. I have been informed that some years since, when a little cottage by the Heath in our parish was put up for sale with other property, George Thompson having said, in conversation with his master, how happy he should feel if it were in his power to buy the cottage for his parents. Mr. Melton, his employer, very kindly offered to *lend* him the money; this he gratefully accepted, and for the sum of 50*l.* purchased the comfortable dwelling, and gave it to his father and mother for their future abode.

"This act of filial generosity, whilst it greatly promoted *their* comfort, so raised him in the estimation of his master that he has long been employed as a confidential assistant, and obtained a material addition to his wages.

"By this means, and the judicious management of his income, he has now, I am informed, *entirely repaid the sum borrowed*, and saved a few pounds besides, which are placed at interest in his master's hands.

"I am quite aware that the same amiable feeling may influence the conduct of many a son and daughter, who have not an equal opportunity of showing it, but moral goodness is determined *by the nature of an action* rather than by its *magnitude*; and the so

whose heart beats with warm affection, and whose hand affords the smallest bounty to a needy parent, is as deserving of reward as George Thompson, and will *assuredly* obtain it.

"Before I close these remarks, it is proper I should give a short account of the religious character of this young man, which I am sure will afford you much satisfaction."

"Ah, Bridget," said my uncle Jonathan, as he raised his eyes from the letter for an instant, "*that* is the most important matter she has yet touched upon; for a young man may be dutiful as a son, and faithful as a servant, but if the fear of God be not the ruling principle of his life, *he is quite unfit to marry.*"

My uncle's frank avowal of this his favourite sentiment frequently involved him in a warm discussion, but however skilful his antagonist might be, it always appeared to me that my uncle came off victorious in argument. His general reply to an objector was this—"They who marry ought to calculate on having a young family; and let me tell you, that to provide food and clothing, is a duty of *inferior importance* to that of training children in the fear of the Lord:—and mark me, friend, however useful the *words of sound instruction* may be, this training consists rather in *example* than *precept*. The father and mother must *live* like the people of God, if they wish their offspring to love and obey him."

"I pity the poor babes who are carried in their mothers' arms on Sabbath-breaking pleasure-parties, or led by their fathers as soon as they can walk, to theatres and tea-gardens. I know these parents love their children dearly, but their own ungodly example

is almost sure to make their children irreligious and unhappy."

"Besides, friend," my uncle Jonathan would say, at the same time drawing his chair a little closer, as if he intended driving his antagonist into a corner, "Besides, friend, apart from all considerations of a family, how sad to contemplate two parties forming a union for life whilst either of them is destitute of that principle which can alone fit us to live, and prepare us to die."

"But," said my uncle Jonathan, "let us now proceed with Mrs. Smith's letter."

"In so delicate a matter as the religious character of this young man, I have felt it necessary to proceed with much secrecy and caution; for although I might have obtained from himself the fullest information, it appeared to me most judicious to propose a few questions respecting him to our excellent minister. I was led to this course from the impression that George Thompson had partaken of the sacrament at church on Easter Sunday last, and I therefore felt persuaded that some correspondence of a religious nature had taken place between himself and Mr. Beldon. My application to that gentleman was received in the kindest manner, and as he not only admitted the importance of a strict inquiry before so serious a matter was entered upon by your daughter, but kindly favoured me with a sight of one of George Thompson's letters on the subject of attending the communion, I requested permission to copy a short portion of it, as it seemed to supply a more faithful portrait of his religious experience and sincerity, than it would otherwise have been in my power to give you.

"In speaking of his earlier years, he thus writes :—

"I cannot sufficiently express my thankfulness to Him who appoints the bounds of our habitations for his goodness in placing me, when a child, in circumstances so favourable to my future welfare ; thanks to his name that my parents are both amongst those who keep his commandments, and let their light so shine as to glorify their Father who is in heaven. To their *consistent conduct* I chiefly attribute the advantage I derived from early instruction and advice. I saw the Christian character exemplified in them, and therefore felt that religion was not an imaginary thing.

"My grandfather, too, still survived, and breathed the same spirit of devotion as his child, my mother, but with this difference, that, as his silvery hair seemed to say his earthly course was almost run, so he was more meetened in spirit for the inheritance of the saints in light. However, I have much, very much, to lament that, with such examples before me, so long a period elapsed before a desire to imitate them was awakened in my bosom. I never felt that by nature there is 'none righteous, no, not one;' nor did it occur to me to think that the natural depravity of my heart could alone be controlled and subdued by God the Holy Spirit ; neither did I feel that to be destitute of love to God is to live in sin and under condemnation.

"Frequently as I then read the Holy Scriptures, and familiar as were its truths to my *ear*, it becomes me now to confess that my *heart* was then unaffected by them ; I felt not that man must be pardoned through the merits of the Saviour, or be for ever lost !

"The years of my childhood passed away without

supplying any evidence that I had even *begun* to regulate my conduct by religious principle. No open act of sin, however, had disgraced me, for few temptations were placed in my way; but if at that time my heart ever formed an estimate of its own character, my ignorance of the Divine law must have led me to suppose that obedience to my parents and attention to religious ceremonies would *of themselves* fit me for heaven and eternity. But, Sir, early instruction was not bestowed on me in vain; for long as it remained comparatively unproductive, it pleased Him who alone can make it fruitful at length to impress my heart with his truth.

“‘I have recently been led by the events of Providence to very serious reflection; and my purpose now is, by the grace of God assisting me, to give myself to his service, and to his Church, according to his will.

“‘Your kindness will, I am assured, excuse my present intrusion; but my mind is so powerfully impressed with a sense of sorrow for the past, and especially with my guilt in neglecting the institutions of my gracious Saviour, that I feel emboldened by a consciousness of need, as well as by a conviction of duty, at once to address you; and if any other consideration were required to induce me *to delay no longer*, it is the persuasion that, unless obedience be rendered to the command of my Redeemer, “Do this in remembrance of me,” I cannot otherwise so fully prove the sincerity of my desire to be identified with his people.

“‘With this intention it becomes me now to enter somewhat more at length into the circumstances which

revived the instructions of my childhood, and awakened new feelings and desires in my heart.' ”

My aunt Bridget could not help expressing admiration of Mrs. Smith's kindness and forethought, in thus seeking to obtain for the parents of Betsey Perkins so full an account of George Thompson, especially because she had proceeded with so much Christian delicacy in acquiring it; and whilst my uncle Jonathan placed the letter on the table to wipe his spectacles and to rest a few moments—for reading so long a communication had somewhat fatigued the old gentleman—my aunt remarked that a really amiable character always gains by investigation, and that, whilst many a young woman who consents to receive the addresses of a pretended lover, without a thorough acquaintance with his history and character, finds abundant reason in after-life to be sorry for her folly, it seemed as if the character of George Thompson presented fresh excellencies the more it was inquired into.

My uncle Jonathan having again put on his glasses, and drawn somewhat nearer to the lamp, in order to make out the small writing, which filled and crossed three pages of a large sheet, resumed the letter of this good young man to Mr. Beldon, his minister, in the following words:—

“It may be truly said that from a child I have known the Holy Scriptures, but I have learnt that it is one thing to credit the facts and doctrines recorded in the Bible, and another thing to *feel* that they apply to one's own individual circumstances, just as if there were not another human being on the earth besides. I trust, Sir, that I now *feel* as well as *know* that Jesus

Christ came into the world to save *sinners*, and am persuaded that, separate from Him, it would be presumption to hope for salvation; but in Him I have hope, and He is now all my salvation, and all my desire.

“It is not in my power to refer to the particular period when I first perceived the indispensable importance of personal religion; in all probability, the blessing of early instruction produced this result so *gradually* that its commencement cannot be ascertained; but I have a powerful conviction that the holy example of my parents, and especially that of my grandfather, coupled with my early knowledge of the Word of God, have, through his Holy Spirit, produced in my heart what may, I trust, be regarded as a fixed religious principle.

“I have a strong impression, however, that the dying experience of my grandfather was rendered by Divine Providence chiefly instrumental in reviving my early impressions, and in recalling to memory resolutions which had been long forgotten.

“It was my privilege to be with him during his last illness, and in his happiness I saw that religion can make

‘A dying bed feel soft
As downy pillows are;’

whilst the free confessions of his guilt caused me to feel that, however *blameless* the life of man may be *in the sight of his fellow-creatures*, a consciousness of sinfulness in the sight of Him *whose law extends to the thoughts and intents of the heart* shuts out all hope of salvation, except that which the Gospel imparts. It was this hope which sustained my grandfather in his

dying moments, and left a heavenly glow upon his countenance, even when he had expired.

"Frequently have my thoughts recurred to this solemn hour, and I trust that my reflections have ended in a solemn dedication of myself to my gracious Redeemer.

"With these feelings I now venture, Sir, to solicit your counsel; and if on a personal interview it shall please you to sanction my approach to the Table of the Lord, it will be my anxious endeavour, by watchfulness and consistency, to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things."

"Having thus far," said Mrs. Smith, "supplied you with a tolerable description of the religious experience of George Thompson, I have only to state what I have also learnt in reference to *his ability to keep a wife*."

"An important part of the business, too, Bridget!" exclaimed my uncle Jonathan, as he again raised his head and glanced at my aunt from beneath his spectacles; "an important part of the business, too, Bridget; for although godliness with contentment is, truly, great gain, and the comfort of a couple does not always depend on *abundance*, there is a great deal of truth in the old Proverb, 'where poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.' But understand me, Bridget, I do not mean to say that true religion cannot make us happy even if our fare be only bread and water; but this I will maintain, that where young people, *even if they be religious*, marry, when common prudence seems to say, '*keep single*,' they may at least expect *pinching poverty*, and so much *self-reproach* as will sadly mar domestic comfort. For my part, Bridget," said my uncle, "I am inclined to think that

poverty may lessen or increase happiness, just according to the circumstances under which we are overtaken by it ; or in other words, it may come as a *rod to chastise us for our folly*, or as a *messenger of mercy to point us to the true riches*. But let us finish this interesting letter. 'I have learnt,' continued Mrs. Smith, 'that Mr. Melton, who fully approves of this young man's intended courtship, has proposed to open a shop in the adjoining township next harvest twelve-months. It is his intention to supply an abundant stock of every description of goods suited to the village, and he offers to place George Thompson and his wife, if your Betsey should have become such, in charge of the concern.'

"As an encouragement to them both, he has kindly promised to allow them, after deducting expenses, one-third of the profits instead of wages ; and as an evidence of his desire to promote the welfare of his faithful servant, he has also offered to surrender up the concern whenever George Thompson shall have saved sufficient money to purchase the stock at cost price.

"With such a prospect, I think you will readily consent to your daughter's acceptance of this good young man's addresses ; at any rate, I am sure you will make so important a matter the subject of prayerful consideration, and with the facts I have stated before you, it appears to me there can be little difficulty in deciding what course Divine Providence would have you pursue."

"I quite agree with Mrs. Smith, Jonathan," said my aunt Bridget, "in this opinion ; and when you return the letter to John Perkins in the morning it

will give me no small pleasure to go with you, and congratulate them on the prospect which seems to be opening to their daughter."

My uncle and aunt set off betimes in the morning to carry their resolution into effect; but as I fear the relation of the facts already stated have almost wearied my readers, I shall briefly say, the parents consented, the courtship commenced, and ended in a happy marriage, on which occasion Mr. Melton gave Betsey Perkins away, and my uncle and aunt felt so much interested as to travel from their home to the church on the wedding morning.

As it will doubtless afford some pleasure to my readers to know how far the expectations formed respecting the young couple were realized in after-life, I cannot refrain from giving a few more particulars.

Perhaps no persons in their station ever entered into business with a better prospect of success than George Thompson and his young wife. They were both, as I have said, pious, industrious, and careful, and commenced their undertaking in the fear of God, and in reliance on his gracious providence.

"Depend upon it, Bridget," said my uncle Jonathan, when he sat down to dinner on returning from George Thompson's marriage, "depend upon it, Bridget, Betsey Perkins, or rather Betsey Thompson, will make a good wife. Did you mark, Bridget, how neatly she was dressed this morning, and how seriously she repeated her engagements at the altar?"

"Yes," said my aunt, "I *did*, and her manner pleased me exceedingly; indeed, I could not help thinking what a contrast she presented to many young women on such occasions, and I was deeply impressed

with the conviction that *if all who enter upon a married life* were to do so with the *circumspection and seriousness of these young people*, there would be very few unhappy couples.—How seldom do we hear a young woman and her partner speak, on such occasions, as if they felt their marriage pledge to be *a solemn oath* before Him in whose presence they must one day stand to render an account of the manner in which it has been kept. Alas! it is too often a time of the greatest frivolity; but unseasonable mirth is like the crackling of thorns, there is much noise and it is soon over.”

“And what else can be expected, Bridget,” said my uncle Jonathan, “for if the solemn pledges at the altar be entered on with wantonness and merriment, who can expect the parties afterwards to feel that their engagement has the sacredness of an oath?”

I must not suffer myself to digress, however, but proceed at once to notice the young couple in their new character as man and wife.

It will not be supposed that the parents of either party were able to assist them in furnishing their new abode, nor had they calculated on any such assistance; on the contrary, George Thompson had prudently determined not to marry until he had saved sufficient to accomplish this in a plain but comfortable manner, and Betsey Perkins had, with equal prudence, settled in her mind to provide herself before marriage with a more than ordinary stock of clothes; indeed her weighty trunks when taken to her new home proved how fully this intention had been kept.

They were, however, not altogether unaided, for Betsey's mistress presented them with a new set of

Windsor chairs, and my aunt Bridget felt so interested in their comfort that, *with my uncle's hearty concurrence*, she gave them one of my late grandfather's round oak tables, a copper tea-kettle, and a mahogany framed pier glass.

I need scarcely say that their little dwelling was furnished with strict economy, but with every necessary convenience; and with regard to the shop, Mr. Melton supplied *that* with goods, according to his promise, in the most ample manner.

By strict attention and civility the undertaking soon prospered; but, like all other men of business, George Thompson met with some losses, and much to exercise his faith and patience. He treated these matters, however, as amongst the all-wise dispensations of Providence, and would sometimes tell his young wife that but for the occurrence of such trials they would have few opportunities of judging whether they were sincere in employing the language of the Saviour,—“Thy will be done.”

In the course of five years Betsey Thompson became the mother of three fine children, two girls and a boy, who are still alive, and likely to prove a comfort to their parents.

Every station has its cares, and the life of Betsey Thompson has been a busy one; but by early rising and good management, to which she had been long accustomed, she was able, with the assistance of a neighbour's little girl, to attend to her young family, and greatly to assist her husband in his business; indeed, it has been frequently remarked that she seemed as handy in the shop as if she had been trained to serve. By this means, as her husband would say,

his hands were *quite untied*, and he could go to market, or wait upon the customers, without an anxious thought respecting home.

He had been telling his wife one evening, that as Providence had prospered them so much, he thought they might allow his widowed mother a few shillings per week, in addition to the house which he had given to his parents as a residence; but life is truly a chequered scene, and all our plans are sometimes frustrated in a moment; for his kind intention had been scarcely carried into effect when his aged mother sickened and died.

By this event a new prospect unexpectedly opened before the young couple, as the little cottage was left untenanted, and they found themselves in a situation to sell it.

It happened too, at this time, that some public improvements were about to be made on the Common, to effect which George Thompson's cottage was required to come down; and as property had improved in value since his purchase, he received on the resale almost double the amount he had originally given for it. This sum, with the savings of seven years, proved sufficient to enable him to purchase the stock-in-trade which Mr. Melton so liberally continued, and which he at first so generously offered to part with *at cost price*, whenever George Thompson should be able to make it his own.

No man could have shown more heartfelt joy than was displayed by Mr. Melton when his faithful servant waited on him one morning to announce his ability to buy the stock-in-trade. Mutual congratulations passed between them, and both were forward to acknowledge

the kind providence of God to which they were both so much indebted.

The goods were appraised and paid for, and the young couple from that day were able to call the stock their own.

It is pleasing to reflect on their course of honourable industry and Christian conduct; they have laboured hard, and lived with economy, and Providence has crowned them with success. Few men have been more prosperous than George Thompson, and, I may add, there are few more ready to do good.

His children are patterns of neatness and order, and his home is one of peace and comfort.

His *usefulness* has long been felt in the parish, especially by the poor, as the prosperity of the Sunday-school may be traced to his efforts; and *every Institution* intended for the improvement of his neighbours has found in him a steady friend.

Perhaps I cannot conclude my notice of this interesting couple with more propriety than by giving the words of their own minister, when speaking of them in private. "They remind me," said he, "of the common proverb, 'God will help those who help themselves;' they *began rightly*, Sir, and every future step seems to have been taken in the right road. The fear of God has governed them; his Word has been their rule of life; they have *both* been dutiful and affectionate as *children* and faithful as *servants*; and as members of the Church they have walked in all the commandments and ordinances of God blameless." "Their courtship was entered upon with caution, with prayer, and with the purest motives; it proceeded with consistency, and, as might have been expected,

ended happily ; and now I regard them," said he, "as instruments raised up in this parish to aid me in my efforts to do good, and they give full evidence that they are not unmindful of the obligations which a gracious Providence has laid upon them. They have helped themselves by industry, and God has helped them by his blessing. May He still bless them a thousand fold, and may the abundance of their temporal gifts when compared with their spiritual blessings be only like the dawn of the morning in comparison with the splendours of the noonday sun !"

KITCHEN MUSIC.

WHO will say that in this musical age an article from Grandfather Gray on *Kitchen Music* is unseasonable ? Besides, is not our Christmas festival at hand, when our pantries are to welcome the arrival of turkeys and chine, of geese and capons, from cousins and kinsmen of all sorts, until the very dish-covers will seem to rejoice in the abundance beneath them ? Let an old man have his own way, then, as old men like to have, and he will say a few words about kitchen music.

"And a silly old man too," methinks I hear somebody saying, "to think that servants have not enough to do without the indulgence of music ; I should like to know what he will wish to give them next ?"

Well, well, let them say so. This is not the first time poor Grandfather Gray has been set down for a meddler, nor the only time he has been misunderstood and unjustly scolded. But, never mind, his

back is quite broad enough to bear a good trimming; and therefore he will not be deterred from his lecture on music.

You will be vastly mistaken, however, if you think that Grandfather Gray is about to propose the purchase of a harp or an organ, a piano or a lute for the kitchen, or that Jane and Emma, or Kitty and Mary, are to be taught the art of fingering, to qualify them for a duet when the family are out. No, no, Grandfather Gray is too fond of servants, to recommend any such inconsistencies as these, and therefore he will not be so silly as to propose anything that will unfit them for their station, and tend to make them unhappy.

To speak plainly, he is not about to recommend that servants should be *taught music*, but rather to complain of that in which *some of them* too frequently indulge.

"Well, I never heard anything like that;" says one, "what will the old fellow say next?"

Why, he will tell you, with all the sincerity of his heart, that some servants are really too fond of one kind of music which *his* nerves cannot bear.

But to be plain: Grandfather Gray has been musing in his old arm-chair, on some of the causes of domestic strife, and his thoughts have been directed more especially to a few things which seem to be remarkably productive of kitchen music, and which not unfrequently end in discord between servants and their masters.

Without more ado, then, let the old man confess that he has been calling up in imagination the servants of his friends; and whilst he must acknow-

ledge that most of these lasses are clean and tidy in appearance, civil and attentive whenever he calls at their employers', and are, as he sincerely hopes, honest and trustworthy in all their transactions, the *tempers* of some of them appear to be so finely balanced, that the weight of a straw will sometimes destroy their amiability for a whole day.

Grandfather Gray will not tell where she lives, but there is Jane Morton, as nice a little body as ever served up a cup of tea; so punctual in her movements that the mail coach never kept better time; but only let an unexpected visitor come in after Jane has made the toast, and put what she considers the right number of cups upon the tray, and away goes the smile from her good-looking face, dash goes the kitchen poker at a blazing coal upon the fire, whilst the tongs and shovel fall down clattering as if frightened into fits by the ill-usage of the poker. Nor is this all; for as if Jane had to pay for the provender, she serves up the remainder of the toast in so ungracious a manner, and bangs into and out of the room with such rudeness, that no one can fail to see she has been offended by what she considers the visitor's intrusion.

Take another instance of the same kind. There is Ellen Booth, a careful, industrious, and honest young woman, much valued by her mistress for her general good conduct, but her irritable temper brings down all her good qualities to half their value, and sometimes leads her employer to threaten her dismissal.

It was only last Monday, that she put herself into such a tantrum, that one might have thought a bull from Smithfield-market had come in to take an inven-

tory of the plates and dishes ; but, on inquiry the next day, Grandfather Gray was informed by her mistress, that all the noise had been produced by her *amiable* servant, who had treated the company to so much kitchen music, for the following very serious provocation. It appeared that just before Ellen served up the dinner, one of Mrs. Magnay's friends called in, bringing with her a little boy about four years old, and a babe at the breast ; the friend was of course invited to dine, and accordingly seated herself and her little boy at the table.

Mrs. Magnay was too well acquainted with the temperament of Ellen, not to expect some outbreak on this occasion, and was therefore not surprised to see the gravy slopped upon the cloth, as the joint was placed upon the table, nor to hear the door slammed noisily as Ellen left the room ; but she was quite unprepared for the crash of crockery which arose from the kitchen in the evening, and which almost frightened her into fits.

As may be supposed, as soon as her alarm had subsided, she hastily ran down stairs to inquire what could have caused so much disturbance, when she found that the dog had sprung upon the dresser to share with the cat the cleansing of the dishes, and whether in imitation of the *amiable* Ellen or not, Grandfather Gray will not say, but the cat scratched the dog, and the dog bit the cat, and in the midst of the affray, down fell the dishes smash upon the floor.

"And pray Ellen," said her mistress, "why were not the dishes washed and put upon the shelves as usual?" And why were they not? Ellen knew that there was no just cause why they should not

have been, but her ill-temper had induced her to leave them about, and her pride now tempted her to tell a falsehood, rather than confess her fault : she therefore pretended that the *company* had made her so much work, that "she could not get through it," when the real truth was, that only two plates a-piece had been used by the visitor and her little boy more than would have been on table had they not called in.

Grandfather Gray could tell a long story of this kind, but he trusts his object will be accomplished without further exposures ; he will therefore say nothing about dirty hands and faces, dirty dresses, curl papers, and such things, in the evening, when cleanliness and neatness ought always to be seen. No, no, he does not wish to hurt the feelings of anybody, but if by pointing out a sad fault—a fault which always brings its own punishment—he can induce those who are guilty of it, to watch and pray against its indulgence, he will not regret making these remarks on the discordant sounds of kitchen music.

THE DYING OUTCAST.

Most of the inhabitants of London are aware that on the spot now occupied by the St. Katherine's Docks and warehouses there once stood some hundreds of dwellings of the lowest description. Broken windows, partly stopped with rags and partly with paper ; doors and shutters almost without hinges ; bending walls and almost tileless roofs, with here and there a pole

projecting from the upper windows for the purpose of drying clothes, met the eye in every direction; and, if the reader will imagine that he sees the roads and footpaths of this degraded neighbourhood abounding in mud and filth, he will have some faint idea of its external character. A multitude of thieves and other bad characters were the inmates of these wretched abodes; and many a tempest-tossed sailor, on escaping from the dangers of the ocean, took up his residence there in the society of profligate and abandoned females, who plundered him of his hard earnings, and then cast him forth on the world a beggar both in money and morals.

The remembrance of that wretched neighbourhood recalls to the memory of Grandfather Gray a short but affecting story, which was related to him when young by a fellow-apprentice, whose father was by trade a publican, and had ventured to take a house in that business in the neighbourhood of St. Katherine's.

On one Sunday evening, as the youth alluded to sat within the bar in company with a relative, they were startled by the sudden entrance of two women of bad character, who, in the greatest hurry and distress, inquired of the publican if he could lend them a Prayer-book for a wretched creature like themselves, who, having spent her life in licentiousness, was then lying in a neighbouring abode, filled with remorse in the prospect of eternity. She felt herself to be a polluted, helpless, hopeless wretch, unfit to live, and more unfit to die. She wanted to pray, but knew not the character of Him to whom prayer should be directed, nor the Saviour, through whom alone she

could expect to be answered. She was not alone; but those who surrounded her had no comfort to administer,—no instruction to impart. Alas! like herself they were all polluted outcasts of society, and could only stand around her miserable bed and regard her awful condition as the representation of that which awaited themselves.

No father, mother, brother, or sister was at hand to sympathize with or help her, and no Christian teacher to point her to the Saviour's "all-atoning blood." There, in the agonies of death, she lay,

"Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day."

It has been remarked that she had no comforter. There were, however, amongst her companions the two individuals who fled from the melancholy scene in an agony of distress to beseech the publican to lend a Prayer-book, in order that they might read her one prayer before she died! The book was lent: and it is *possible* that light was communicated to her depraved mind by the Divine Spirit in the last hour, and even through the instrumentality of the book read by these poor outcasts. But, oh! how *unlikely*, and how much more reason there is to fear that she who *lived unholy and unchaste, died* in spiritual darkness, unpardoned and unhappy!

One's imagination tries to sketch the probable history of one so miserable—so undone; and thought follows thought in quick succession, until, almost in an instant, the mind has asked, by what steps could this unhappy female have come to so miserable an

end? Was she not once a *virtuous* woman? then, how had she become so fallen and polluted? Had she in her youth been placed in circumstances of moral danger? did the unthinking, cruel sensualist beset her way? did promises never intended to be kept allure her from the path of virtue, and cause her to forget that HE WHO TEMPTS TO SIN MUST BE A DEADLY FOE? or, did she cheat her soul of happiness by wandering *of her own accord* into the society of the thoughtless and depraved *on the day when she might have sat within the house of prayer* to hear of Him who saves from sin and woe?

But these imaginings are fruitless: the old man knew her not, and cannot tell. She is dead, and her spirit has departed and gone to render its account of the deeds done in the body, and of opportunities for ever lost.

And what, may we imagine, would be the counsels which her departed spirit would now give, could its admonitions be heard by mortal ears? Surely it would warn her sex to lead a life of virtue; to repel the first incitement to sin; to flee from the sensual and depraved; and to store the mind with the sacred principles of that Word which are "as frontlets between the eyes," and as "an ornament of grace about the neck."

GRUMBLERS.

"THERE is a sad propensity in man to grumble at the ordinary events of life," said my uncle Jonathan, when he returned one evening in summer from his visits to the poor, "and even those who ought to know better are too much influenced by the world's repinings." "Why, Bridget," he continued, addressing my aunt, who was knitting, "I have been into *fourteen* cottages this evening, and in *twelve* of them the inmates are as dull as dolts from the apprehension that we shall be all starved for want of bread."

"John White, the hedger, is sure that the wheat has got the smut, and is not worth reaping;—George Smith, the mason, has heard that the corn has been so beaten down by the heavy rains, that the ears have all sprouted;—Tom Gooch, the wheeler, says that if there is any harvest, not one man in ten will clear the expense of reaping;—Ben Jones, the carpenter, has no doubt that bread will be sixteen-pence a loaf before two months have gone by;—whilst all the rest, except master Perkins, and widow Laney, unite in the general lamentation, and are quite sure that all the poor must starve, or apply to the Union."

"I declare, Bridget," said my uncle, laughing, for he evidently felt that all these murmurings were unreasonable, "I declare, Bridget, that I have had to administer *comfort* this evening, as it were *by the quart*, for smaller doses would have been quite useless."

"Now George White is at least most inexcusable, as I remember that he has croaked in this manner for many past seasons, and I have each time reminded him of the abundant harvests which have been always gathered in, notwithstanding his repinings."

"Oh," said my uncle, with much feeling, "if the blessed God were in anger to let things turn out as ungrateful man continually predicts, we should indeed be brought to pining misery; but though he hears our murmurings, he rebukes them by the abundant bestowment of his mercies! O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

"There is much distress, no doubt," continued my uncle, "in the *manufacturing* districts, as there always has been when any circumstance has occurred to cast a gloom over trade and commerce; but the persons into whose dwellings I have been this evening, are altogether unaffected by this calamity; they procure a subsistence by the wants of their own locality, and can always have work if they are willing to do it."

"Besides, I believe there is no probability of a scanty harvest after all. Corn-dealers, speculators, and other interested persons may have foretold a scarcity in order to increase the demand for what they have in store, and by which they may otherwise expect to lose through the abundance which they see preparing by the bounteous God of heaven; whilst ungrateful people, such as those whom I have visited this evening, are always ready to echo back the misgivings which they hear."

"But mark my words, Bridget, if we do not hear before the harvest moon is gone that a gracious Pro-

vidence has once more blessed our land, ungrateful as it is, with a harvest as abundant as any we have had in Linton Dale ; this is not *my opinion* only, for Thomas Matthews, whom I met this morning, has just gathered in such a crop of wheat off the Grangemead Farm as he never had before, and he says that even if there should be a failure in some places, yet the abundant increase of other produce, which has resulted from the frequent showers, will more than compensate the nation for any loss of wheat.

“To hear men talk about the seasons, one would almost think they felt themselves more competent to rule the universe, than the infinitely wise and gracious God ; and such is the unbelief and infirmity of man, that he is always mistrusting, or presumptuously prescribing limits to his Maker. Alas ! how blind and stupid is the creature, until the Divine Spirit enlightens and sanctifies the mind ! Then, indeed, man perceives that the omniscient God is not bounded by the little hedgerows which circumscribe our view of things, but surveys with one glance all the interests of his creatures throughout the vast universe, and so orders the arrangements of his Providence as to promote the good of all.”

“I will not generalise, however, by speaking of the world's ingratitude ; but look into *my own bosom*, and search out my own culpabilities. Alas ! alas ! how much unthankfulness and inconsistency are *there* ! The Lord's mercies are ever new ; but how slow is my heart in observing them ; and whilst with my lips I acknowledge the omniscience, the omnipresence, and unceasing goodness of Jehovah,

how prone I am to think, and speak, and act, as if the times and seasons had been abandoned by the God of Providence to the never-ending changes of perpetual chance!

"Let us lift up our minds in prayer to Him who gives us rain and fruitful seasons, to fill 'our hearts with food and gladness,' and let us try to look *not* upon the fogs and mists and blights which *occasionally* come down upon our fields, but upon the glorious Sun which every day invites our affectionate dependance on our Father in the skies.

"Up to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

"God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.

"He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsel and his cares.

"Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

"O! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to his grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps his praise."

"IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE TOO LONG IN
ONE PLACE."

It is very commonly said, that "*a bad excuse is better than none at all*;" but Grandfather Gray has no hesitation in reversing the sentence by declaring that *no excuse at all is better than a bad one*.

Alas ! that our nature, which is so prone to do wrong, should be so unwilling to *confess* a fault ; but so it was even from the first, for Eve *blamed the serpent*, and Adam tried to appear faultless by *blaming Eve*, or rather, the gracious God who gave her.

The old man has not passed through the world thus far without having heard all sorts of reasons as defences for silly conduct, but he must say he has generally come to the conclusion, that the parties who uttered them were secretly ashamed of their own folly, and only attempted to supply a reason for it, to escape the censure of the wise and prudent, which they were conscious of deserving.

Grandfather Gray is not rummaging about for causes of complaint against servants, but he will never fail to tell them of their faults, if by so doing he can save them sorrow and promote their joy.

The fact is, the old man hates bad excuses, and when such are urged by servants in defence of conduct which he *knows* to be absurd, he must and will take up his pen to expose their folly, and though it be with a trembling hand, he *will* record their condemnation.

Do you ask, What has disturbed the evenness of his temper now ? he will tell you ; it is that most ridiculous

excuse for leaving a good situation, that '*it is possible to be too long in one place.*'"

Grandfather Gray is quite aware of such a *possibility*, but he is equally certain that the *probabilities* all lie the other way, for as "a rolling stone gathers no moss," there are few chances of a servant's advancement in the world if she is continually changing places; and if *that* be true which some assert, that there are more *bad* situations now than *good* ones, common sense will attest, that in shifting continually about, there is almost a certainty of changing for the *worse* instead of for the *better*.

The old man has been forcibly reminded of the fable which represents a dog crossing a stream, with a piece of flesh in his mouth, and because the *shadow* of his prize appeared larger than the substance, he dropped the solid flesh to seize *that* which proved to be a *shadow*. "Ah! stupid dog," we exclaim, "he deserved to be disappointed!" True; but how much more stupid and blameable is the conduct of the servant who is conscious that whoever else may have a *bad* place she has a *good one*, and yet simply to try her fortune in the world, and to see what *may* be her lot next, gives warning because "it is possible to stay too long in one place."

It ought never to be forgotten that the first few months of servitude are a time of mere probation; after that, if a servant give satisfaction, she begins to gain esteem and confidence; and then an increased value is attached to her, to which no *new* servant can lay claim; she has in fact begun to lay up a capital, not of *money*, but of *character*, and by *that* her destiny in life will thenceforth be improved.

Let it not be said that Grandfather Gray, like some old men, is too fond of old sayings, if in attempting to expose the folly of abandoning a good place he refers to that much-used proverb, "*money makes money.*"

But what, you ask, has that to do with servants and situations? Why just this much; that as money is the merchant's capital, and *the means of getting money*, so a servant's *character* is her capital and the means of gain.

Now what the old man wishes to enforce is this, that character is made up by time and circumstances, and that while it is too precious to be *bought with money*, the possessor of it *never fails to gain by its possession*. She who has been *longest* in a place may fairly be presumed not only to have had a good employer, but to have been a good servant; and whilst the old man will not say there are no exceptions to the rule, he believes that those who do not *stay* in any situation cannot be good servants; and so forcibly is he impressed with the importance of steady perseverance that he would lay it down as a general rule for the guidance of those who are in service, that it is *not* "possible to be too long in one place."

THE MISSING SPOON.

"THIS is a sad business, Bridget," said my uncle Jonathan, as he seated himself in his old arm-chair, on returning from his usual visit to the poor; "this is a sad business, indeed, and I can't think how he will bear it!" "Bear what?" said my aunt, who was quite ignorant of the subject he referred to, and could

only gather from his serious looks that he had heard some tale of woe, and was sympathizing with the sufferer. "What, indeed!" replied my uncle, who still seemed more disposed to sigh over the subject which distressed him than to explain the cause of his disquiet; "what, indeed, Bridget;—why, what is enough to break poor Anson's heart, and to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. There's his daughter Jane come home from the Mansion at a moment's notice, and with no other character than that of a thief and a liar."

"Dear me!" said my aunt, "that is sad, and do you think she deserves such a character?"

"I hope not," said my uncle, "but I fear she is guilty. There is *something* wrong at any rate, for she has first said one thing and then another, and therefore she cannot be believed."

"That is sad, indeed," said my aunt, "and the more so, as she has been brought up religiously. But tell me the particulars, for I had thought well of Jane Anson; and this news has both surprised and grieved me."

"Why, the story poor Anson tells is simply this :— That Jane's mistress had a large party at the Mansion last Thursday, and that, next morning, a dessert-spoon was missing. On inquiry, the butler was positive he had seen Jane using one that evening, and he felt no doubt that she had lost it. Jane admitted that she had used one, but on her part declared that she put it in its place again. Thus matters stood, when another of the servants, who was envious of Jane, stated that she had seen her purchase some ear-drops that morning, and insinuated that the spoon had most likely been

given in exchange for them. 'I will know the truth of *that*, Mary,' said Mrs. Matthews, and immediately ordered Jane to be fetched up-stairs. There she confessed having purchased the ear-drops of a Jew pedler, but denied that she had given anything in exchange for them but her own money. The spoon was gone, however, and Jane's unfortunate purchase of such foolish finery only served to strengthen Mrs. Matthews's suspicions.

" 'And pray what did you give for them, Jane?' said her mistress, who determined, if possible, to detect her supposed dishonesty.—'Only two shillings, ma'am,' she replied, reddening with shame, for she had before boasted to her fellow-servants, who now stood by, that they had cost a crown.

" 'Two shillings! and what money did you give?' said her mistress. Jane replied, 'The money Mr. Peters gave me this morning before he left for college, ma'am.'

" 'Very well,' said Mrs. Matthews, 'we will learn the truth of that by-and-by; for the present, Jane, you may go down-stairs.'

" Jane accordingly curtsied and retired, but her mind was deeply agitated by the reflection that she had told a falsehood to her fellow-servants, in order to make the ear-drops seem more valuable.

" It has been truly said that 'lying lips are but for a moment,' and as soon as Jane had left the room, her falsehood was disclosed by another servant, who felt a mean pleasure in degrading her in the eyes of her mistress.

" 'Well,' said Mrs. Matthews, 'if that be the case, Mary, I shall not pursue the matter further now:

there can be little doubt but that something will transpire to detect the thief, and, if any further deceptions are found in Jane's conduct, she shall certainly be sent home.'"

"Now, it seems," said my uncle Jonathan, "from the girl's own statement to her father, that this Mary is a very bad woman, for it appears that she prompted Jane to do wrong the first day they met, and then led her into further sin by telling her to lie in order to conceal it."

"Oh!" said my aunt Bridget; "how I pity a young girl who falls into such society on her first going out to service; and what a mercy it is where such a girl has principle enough to speak the truth, notwithstanding such a tempter!"

"It is, Bridget," said my uncle; "and the snare would be at once broken if young people would only steadfastly avoid everything which needs concealment. This is the evil, Bridget: they consent to do *that* which will not bear inspection, and Satan then leads them onward in a course of cunning and deception.

"Just as one might have expected, Bridget, from such a tempter as this Mary. It seems she soon disclosed to her mistress several of Jane's improprieties, but artfully concealed her own participation in them; and she so completely awakened Mrs. Matthews's suspicions and alarms, that she speedily determined upon Jane's dismissal."

"What a degradation and a scourge is a lying tongue!" said my aunt Bridget; "Jane's sin has brought its own punishment, but perhaps she may not have been guilty of the theft."

"I hope she has not," said my uncle; "but a liar is

supposed to be capable of anything ; and if the story she now tells about the spoon has any truth in it, there is only just a possibility that her innocence of the theft may some day appear."

My aunt Bridget's curiosity was awakened by this last remark, and she eagerly inquired what my uncle so particularly referred to.

"Why, Bridget, the foolish girl tells her father that after dinner on the day of the party at the mansion she shook the table-cloth at the kitchen fire, and now remembers having heard something chink upon the hearth, but, according to a bad habit which she does not deny, she determined on *seeing what it was by-and-by*, and thus forgot the matter altogether."

Three months passed away, and Jane Anson continued a burden to her widowed father. She was destitute of character, and, without one, had no prospect of a situation. There was one feature, however, in her conduct which ought to be recorded: she was sorry for her folly and her falsehoods, and, so far as man could tell, sincerely repented of her sin. But she felt that it would take years, *perhaps her whole life*, to regain the character she had lost, and to enjoy the delightful satisfaction of feeling that to speak would be *to be believed*.

It too often happens that those who take one false step and suffer degradation, give up character as altogether lost, and in despair abandon all attempts to regain their former station in society ; but, happily for Jane, she felt that, whilst her conduct furnished ample cause for deep humiliation, it also yielded urgent reasons for watchfulness and prayer.

Many were the assurances which she gave her poor

father, that if an opportunity were afforded her of showing the sincerity of her sorrow, she would prove by a new life her gratitude to that God who promises forgiveness to the penitent.

It was a bright morning in the spring season when my uncle Jonathan set out on his usual visit to the cots in the vale, with his heart full of good-will for their lowly tenants, and, if possible, with more compassion for John Anson, the thatcher, than for any of his neighbours.

"Well, Master Anson," said my uncle, as he raised the latch and stepped across the threshold, "how fares it with you this lovely morning, when all nature looks so full of joy, that the very hedge-rows seem to stretch out their budding beauties, and ask the passing traveller to praise the wondrous works of God, whilst the warbling skylark soars above and carols as he goes, as if to call our contemplations to the skies?"

"Ah, Sir," said Anson, "that is just where our thoughts ought to go, and our praises too, for God's thoughts and blessings are always coming this way, or we should miss many comforts, or rather, sink beneath our troubles. Oh! Sir, if ever a young creature wept tears of sorrow for the past, my Jane has done so, and you know, Sir, the Lord has more delight in pardoning the penitent, than in punishing the guilty. I hope, Sir, there is some good thing in store for us to-day, as we have had a letter from the Mansion, which says that Jane is to go there at once and she will hear of something in her favour."

"Indeed," said my uncle, "I am very glad to hear that, and the more so, because there is reason to expect that if a gracious Providence should dispose Mrs.

Matthews to give Jane another trial, her future conduct will be blameless."

Poor Anson shed tears when my uncle made this remark, and thanked him heartily for the favourable opinion he expressed.

After giving Jane some kind advice, my uncle left the cottage, promising to call the next morning and learn the result of her visit to the Mansion.

The bright beaming sun of yesterday, and the warbling of the birds, were succeeded by a dark gloomy sky with sharp pelting showers; but my uncle felt too much sympathy for poor Anson, to be deterred by such trifles from the performance of his promise. He accordingly bustled off in his antiquated greatcoat, buckskin breeches, and top-boots, with a broad-brimmed hat which almost rendered an umbrella superfluous; and thus equipped, soon reached the cottage.

My uncle had scarcely got within the door when poor Anson seized him by the hand, and with more warmth than ceremony, exclaimed, "Oh! Sir, God is very good, God is very good; my daughter is forgiven and restored, and—and it now appears that *she has never been dishonest!*"

My uncle Jonathan had too kind a heart to feel displeased at poor Anson's freedom, which evidently resulted from excessive joy. He therefore sat down by the casement window, and at once inquired what had happened at the Mansion.

"Why, Sir," replied Anson, whilst he turned down his shirt sleeves as if he had just remembered being more free than respectful, "why, Sir, my heart has been rejoiced at the manner in which a kind Provi-

dence has appeared for me. Ah ! Sir, Jane did very wickedly in listening to bad counsel, but she has been truly penitent, and God has heard her cry, and mine. It seems, Sir, that Mrs. Matthews wrote to Mr. Peters to know if Jane's story had any truth in it ; and I am glad to hear that he confirmed her word. Besides this, the wickedness of Mary, who first urged poor Jane to do wrong, has been discovered, and her mistress has discharged her as a person who cannot be believed ; and to crown the whole, Sir, it seems that Master Burgess the chimney-sweeper, called on Friday at the Mansion to ask if they had ever lost a silver spoon, as he had found one amongst his soot. Knowing that it must have been the property of a customer, he had called upon those whose names began with M., but without discovering the owner, until at last he recollected Mrs. Matthews, and brought it to her house.

" You may guess her surprise, Sir, to have the spoon brought home by Burgess, and that she eagerly inquired where he found it. The poor man replied, that it must have lain amongst his soot for some time, as it was three months since he had attended at her house. On inquiry it appeared that it must have been in his possession ever since the morning when the kitchen chimney was swept. It was therefore evident that the spoon must have gone amidst the soot, which had not been sifted by the sweep until the day he called to make inquiry at the Mansion."

" Well," said my uncle, " what a merciful discovery for poor Jane, and what a noble act of integrity on the part of old Burgess !"

" It was indeed," said John Anson, " and thanks be to God for giving him such honesty, and leading him

to think of Mrs. Matthews; for if he had not remembered her, Jane's innocence might have remained undiscovered until the day of judgment."

"And what has Mrs. Matthews said to Jane?" asked my uncle, as he glanced across the room into Anson's little kitchen, to see if Jane was there.

"Oh Sir," he replied, "she has given Jane a very serious talking to on the wickedness of lying, and finding that she was as sorry for her sin as for the punishment it had brought upon her, Mrs. Matthews has taken her again, and says that if her conduct is in future what it ought to be, she shall never be reproached for what is past."

It is unnecessary to say that my kind old uncle expressed his happiness at the favourable turn things had taken in Jane's prospects, and after wishing her poor father much comfort from her future course, he bade him good morning, and departed.

As years rolled on my uncle's visits to John Anson's cottage were frequently repeated, and often did he return to my aunt Bridget with a countenance beaming with delight as he repeated the tidings which he heard of Jane's integrity, and her grateful conduct to Mrs. Matthews and her family.

"TWO IN ONE HOUSE SELDOM AGREE."

GRANDFATHER GRAY has not such an uncharitable opinion of his fellow-creatures as to assert that "*two in one house seldom agree.*" The sentiment is not *his*, nor will he be answerable for it; but as it was uttered

in his hearing, he feels disposed to consider if there is any truth in it. The fact is, that Grandfather Gray has been chatting with aunt Deborah on the merits and demerits of servants, and it was *she* who let slip the sentiment upon which he is now commenting; not that it was *her opinion*, but one which she had heard expressed in reference to servants where two of them dwell under one roof.

"That is not the truth," said the old man to himself as he pondered over the old lady's words, "that is not the truth," and Grandfather Gray will at least try to disprove it.

To be candid, much as he abhors discord and quarrelling, he has been trying to bring to his remembrance all the instances which have come to his knowledge of disagreement amongst servants, that he may not rashly deny what may after all prove to be a truth.

It is a sadly-constituted mind which *delights* in reviving the remembrance of one's fellow-creatures' infirmities, but it is sometimes *needful* to do so in order to form a just estimate of character. Let such be the justification of Grandfather Gray for disinterring events which ought otherwise to have remained buried in oblivion.

He must say, then, that he has heard of sulky cooks and irritable housemaids; of lordly butlers, and of tattling ladies'-maids; but, after all, he cannot subscribe to the sentiment that two in one house *seldom* agree.

It may be true, and the old man fears it is, that in a thousand instances the happiness of one servant is destroyed by the unkindness of another; since there

are too many whose bad tempers are so unhappily indulged, that they have neither any peace themselves, nor has any other person who is obliged to dwell with them.

But after this frank admission he does hope, for the honour of humanity, that the *majority* of households are not so unhappily circumstanced, and he will still cherish the persuasion, which his own observation justifies, that *servants* are not less kind and harmonious than *any other class* of persons in the community.

Grandfather Gray must be permitted, however, to say, that where two in a house cannot agree, there must be a lamentable want of right feeling on the part of one or both; and he cannot but add, that idleness, selfishness, or bad temper, must be the secret cause of their discord.

Such calamities are amongst the evils which must be expected in society when the depravity of human nature is considered, but the old man is sanguine enough to hope that the number of these evils may be diminished if employers will more carefully point out the duties of each servant, and occasionally see that each one discharges the duties she engages to perform. He would also suggest to *servants* who are most particular in doing *all their own work*, but who are also conscious of being exceedingly exact in *not doing any part of their fellow-servants' duties*,—he would suggest to such, that a less rigid adherence to *their rule of right* would not lessen their own happiness, whilst it would increase that of others. To induce a compliance with this suggestion, he would remind them that a kind action done for a fellow-

servant will never be bestowed in vain ; for the exercise of right feelings must do themselves good, even if it meet with no greater return.

Above all, the old man would wish to inculcate that lovely disposition which the Saviour has enjoined upon us all,—"*to love our neighbour as ourselves*;" for she who tries to yield obedience to this divine precept will not only agree with those of the same household in all that is honest and praiseworthy, but will also seek to suppress discord, and to promote the harmony and peace of all who are around her, even if it should cost her some self-denial in making the attempt.

Before the old man concludes, he must say that he has known some servants to be *too well agreed*, not in the discharge of their daily duties, or in rendering offices of kindness to each other, but in *idle gossip, lolling out at window, standing at the door, or passing the hours of the Sabbath in frivolous pursuits*. To such he would affectionately say, that the sooner they begin *to differ* the greater probability there will be of their future happiness ; not that he would set even such at loggerheads, but he would have the very *first* who may read the warning of his pen resolve that, whatever her fellow-servant may say or think, *she* at least will act up to the principles of that Book which commands her to form *no friendships*, and to have no *needless fellowship*, with the wicked.

THE KINDRED SPIRITS.

NEVER did the woodlands near the Clyde look more lovely than on Easter-day, as Katherine and Rachel closed the door of the Manse and pursued the meandering path through the glen to the kirk on the hill. The scene which surrounded them seemed silently rejoicing in the rest of the Sabbath; their own inward feelings being in delightful harmony with the lovely prospect, as they were both disciples of the Saviour, and therefore at "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It was no servile feeling which prompted them to turn their feet towards the house of God; they could each say in sincerity, "I love the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth;" and as they entered the humble portal of the sanctuary their hearts glowed with the feelings of him who said, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

With hearts thus prepared for worship in the sanctuary, it is no marvel that they felt like the Psalmist,—"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee" (Psalm lxxxiv. 4); or, that the service passed away so swiftly that, when their beloved master, the minister of the kirk, ended his discourse, offered the concluding prayer, and pronounced the Benediction, they both felt regret that the time had arrived for departing. Their pleasure and profit, however, in attending this Divine ordinance

had not ended, for, as they returned through the glen, the subject of discourse,—“My son, give me thy heart” (Prov. xxiii. 26), supplied them with many interesting reflections.

Katherine, the elder of the two young women, began the conversation by referring to the fact that the worthy minister had introduced his sermon by stating that he did not intend to treat the text as spoken by king Solomon, but as the language of the King of kings, the great Father of the human family, and that as every heart by nature is estranged from God, we ought to consider Him as speaking not to sons only, but to daughters also, whose tenderest affections He demands, and whom He waits to bless.

Rachel.—And our beloved minister added, “There is something peculiarly endearing in this personal appeal of our Creator; it is as if He who has elsewhere said, ‘Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father?’ here condescended to repeat the entreaty by saying, ‘My son, give me thy heart.’”

Katherine.—Yes, Rachel; and I was deeply impressed when our master added, “And mark, my dear hearers,” as his voice trembled with tender feeling and his bright benignant eye glistened as if the fulness of his heart longed to find utterance in words more tender and persuasive, “mark the condescension of Jehovah in still regarding us as sons, notwithstanding our daily departure from his laws. Alas! He might justly have disowned us for ever, but He still speaks to us as children. Nor is this all; for if He acknowledge us as sons, then is He still our Father: there is still the tie of fatherly affection binding his divine

nature to his fallen ones, and calling on them to give back to Him the hearts which ought always to have been his."

Katherine.—That sentiment filled me with delight, Rachel, and I felt that next to his gracious invitation, and the Saviour's obedience, death, and resurrection, poor sinners can have no greater encouragement than the assurance that the Lord Jehovah is their Father!

Rachel.—And I was not less cheered by our master's observation, that the language of the text might fairly be considered as addressed to those whose hearts are now given to another, the wages of whose service is death.

Katherine.—And my heart felt the force of our Minister's remark, when he said so earnestly, "Who can conceive the condescension of Him, whose eye, penetrating the inmost recesses of our sinful nature, and whose divine mind, observing every action of our lives, yet looks upon us with such feelings of fatherly compassion, as to say, *My son, give me thy heart.*"

Rachel.—The subject seemed to me full of persuasion and encouragement, and I could not help praying that those who have hitherto shown, by their thoughtlessness and folly, that they have never yielded obedience to the text, may be led to do so to-day.

Katherine.—I felt humbly grateful, I trust, dear Rachel, that we have both been led, by God's Spirit, to make this surrender, and can now rejoice in his love; and I could not but put up the prayer, as master proceeded, that all who had not done so, might then give their hearts to the Lord in his sanctuary.

Rachel.—And I thought there was no ground for any one, even the most guilty, to despair; for you will remember that master said—and his words deeply impressed me—that our Heavenly Father would not have asked for our hearts if he knew we could not give them, nor say, “Come now, and let us reason together,” if he knew we could not go :—“No,” said our beloved master, “the unconverted cannot give Him *pure and holy hearts* such as He delights in, but they *can* feel that He alone deserves their obedience and affection; they *can* go to Him, with weeping and supplication, acknowledging their guilt and seeking his forgiveness; surrendering their hearts to his renewing grace, and asking to be cleansed; and they who do so shall find that ‘a broken and a contrite heart He will not despise.’”

Katherine.—That is delightfully shown, as master said, in the conduct of the father to the prodigal, as related in the beautiful parable, Luke xv. 20, 24.

Rachel.—Oh! yes, Katherine, it is; and it was delightful to hear our master remark, for the encouragement of those who feel how sin has defiled them, that “as the father welcomed his returning son,—stripped him of his filthy, tattered garments, and invested him with the best robe a son could wear, so the Lord Jehovah welcomes his returning children, and, while He pardons, *cleanses* them from sin!”

Katherine.—And the observation which succeeded that remark filled my heart with mingled feelings of thankfulness and awe; namely, that, “whilst the Lord *will* have the heart *given* to him, though, alas! there is nothing in it worthy of his notice, so that he says, whilst contemplating the poor sinner, how shall

I put thee amongst the children?" (Jer. iii. 9 :) yet, when it is taken at his bidding, he receives and pardons it, and gives the rebel the feelings of a child; for, it is added, thus saith the Lord, "Thou shalt call me, My Father; and shalt not turn away from me." (Jer. iii. 19.)

Rachel.—I trust, Katherine, we shall never cease gratefully to feel that by the grace of God we are what we are; and whilst our gracious Saviour still appeals to those who have not listened to him, "My son, give *me* thy heart," we may remember, as we have just been told, "that to do so is not a mere formality, an utterance of words, or the submission to a ceremony, as baptism or confirmation, or even partaking of the Lord's Supper; but a separation from the wicked, (2 Cor. vi. 17,) a surrender of the *will* to God, to be controlled and guided; of the *understanding* to be enlightened; of the *imagination* and *affections* to be purified; and a *consecration of all our powers* to the Divine glory: for to such, whether young or old, wealthy or poor, He graciously declares, "Then shall ye be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 18.)

Whilst pursuing this profitable conversation, Katherine and Rachel had passed through the winding path up the Glen, and were just entering the garden of their peaceful home, when the sun sank behind the distant hills, and shed the glory of his golden rays on the outspread landscape. They paused a moment to contemplate the lovely sight, and, whilst doing so, Rachel repeated to her companion and fellow-pilgrim in the path to heaven, those beautiful lines of the poet:—

"How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,—
How lovely and joyful the course that he ran ;
Though he rose in a mist when his race he began,
And there followed some droppings of rain :
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

"Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array."

"PRAY DON'T TELL ANYBODY."

"WHAT an indiscreet girl that Ellen King is!" said my uncle Jonathan, as he took his seat at the tea-table opposite my aunt Bridget, on returning from his afternoon visit to the poor. "The silly creature," he continued, "would certainly have been dismissed from her place without a character, or with such a bad one as would not have procured her another situation, if Mrs. Claridge had not been a most forgiving mistress, and very anxious to promote Ellen's welfare."

"Why, what is the matter now," replied my aunt, "it is not six months since Ellen was dismissed from the Rectory for *tattling*, what has she been doing at the Grange?"

"Oh," said my uncle, "the very same thing again ;

and though it is *little enough* that she has said, a great deal has come from it."

"Tattling, again," said my aunt, "why one would have thought the grief which she occasioned her late kind master by her inconsistent conduct, and the injury which she did him, though quite unintentional, would have taught her when to keep silence, and when to speak; especially as by her folly she lost a situation which in all human probability would have been her home for life."

"Such ought to have been the effect of her dismissal from the Rectory," replied my uncle, "but bad habits are not easily discarded, and young persons are often so unguarded that they are made to smart *again* and *again* for their folly, before they learn prudence and care."

"It is a sad pity," said my aunt, "that Ellen should have acted in this manner, for there are many good points in her character, and, but for this tattling propensity, I do not know a lass whom I should better like for a servant than Ellen King. She is so industrious, honest, and cleanly; so obliging in her manners; so willing to be taught; and so frank and artless in acknowledging her deficiencies, that one cannot help feeling a regard for her, and the more regret that any failing should tarnish the brightness of her general character."

"Why, Bridget," said my uncle, as he took off his spectacles and deposited them with his usual care in a smart shagreen case, "I am inclined to think that her very *artlessness* is to a great extent her misfortune; not that I would wish to see young persons without this feature of character, for in my opinion it is one of

the brightest ornaments of their nature; but I would have it combined with such wise reflection, caution, and foresight, that would lead them to consider the *character of the persons with whom they converse*, the *consequences* which may result from their communications, and whether it is their duty to speak, or to be silent."

At this moment my uncle's servant entered the room with a letter, and whilst she waited by desire for an answer, he took the opportunity of expressing an opinion, which he uttered with a sincere desire for her welfare, that in the instances where Ellen King had received censure she had supplied evidence that *she was conscious of having spoken imprudently*, for on each of those occasions she had said, "*Pray do not tell anybody.*" "Oh, Bridget," said my uncle, with a deep sigh, "what happy creatures we should be if we always spoke and acted under a deep conviction of this sentiment: that *that* which ought not to be told to anybody, ought not to be told *by* us, and that *that* which will not bear examination, ought not to be *done* by us. May we be assisted so to think, and speak, and act, that the pure and spotless angels which encompass us may see in us more that resembles themselves, and that the Divine Being may look upon his image as it is feebly reflected in our lives, and daily fit us for his presence, where no imperfections in ourselves or others will be permitted to distress us."

"But I must not merely sentimentalize," said my uncle; "let me tell you, Bridget, what has brought Ellen King again into disgrace.

"In doing this, I must remind you of the close amacy which existed between the family of Ellen's

mistress and the Smithsons at Park House, but which has for some months been broken off, no one knowing why.

"Now I am informed that good Mrs. Elliott, their mutual friend, who has long deplored their disunion, but feared to interfere lest she should make matters worse, came at last to the conclusion that, even if she failed to re-unite them, it was her duty as a Christian to make the attempt. She resolved, therefore, not to lose another week without inquiring of both parties the cause of their abated friendship, and offering her services to effect a reconciliation.

"Her first visit was to her friend Mrs. Smithson, who manifested some hesitation in explaining the matter; but at length said, that, as Mrs. Elliott had shown so much sympathy, she would tell her all about it."

"And I suppose," said my aunt, "that when that was told it amounted to very little, as it probably resulted from mere idle gossip."

"You shall hear, Bridget," said my uncle, "and judge for yourself. It appears that, some months since, Esther Claridge expressed a wish to her mamma that she might have a velvet shawl like the squire's daughter, or even such an one as that worn by Jane Smithson, upon which Mrs. Claridge replied that she hoped her daughter Esther would carefully guard against a *love of dress*, adding, that she saw no impropriety in purchasing expensive garments, where persons were able to dress expensively without curtailing their charities; 'but,' said she, 'Esther, you should not look at the squire's daughter, or at Jane Smithson, as patterns of propriety in this respect; our means

are not to be compared with theirs, and, therefore, *they* are not to be our guides in reference to dress. Besides, my dear,' continued Mrs. Claridge, 'you will do well to remember that *utility* should be our first consideration in matters of this sort, and that we ought only to yield to *fashion* so far as to avoid eccentricity.'

"I am quite disposed," said my aunt Bridget, "to concur with Mrs. Claridge in her opinion upon dress, and am inclined to think that *neatness* of attire affords the greatest satisfaction to the wearer, not only because it is least expensive, but because it secures the approbation of others *more than mere finery*, by leaving more pleasurable impressions on their minds."

"Why, Bridget," said my good old uncle, "now you speak of the impressions produced on one's mind by the contemplation of *fine* dress, I must say that, whenever I see a young person attired in a way which is unbecoming her station, it leads me to think she wishes to cheat the world into a belief that she is greater than she really is; or I conclude she is so ignorant and unamiable that she feels a little finery is *requisite to make her attractive*. But I suppose," continued my uncle, "this folly was always too prevalent, or the apostle would not have felt it needful in his day to give this warning to his female friends, and to all others to the end of time, 'Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.'"

"It is a most humiliating thought," replied my aunt,

"that the follies of mankind are so carefully perpetuated, and I must confess that the folly which relates to dress is, to a large extent, handed down to successive generations by the female sex. In that respect, therefore, female folly is a great sin, because it does not begin and end with her who is guilty of it, but affects a multitude who may follow her example. But, Jonathan," said my aunt, "you have not told me how Mrs. Claridge's remarks caused so much coolness between her and the Smithsons."

My uncle replied: "It appears that after Mrs. Claridge had made the observations upon dress, which I before related to you, Ellen King was sent into the village on an errand, and, on her way thither, met with Mrs. Smithson's servant at the haberdasher's window. After the usual salutations of 'How do ye do?' had been exchanged between them, their conversation immediately turned upon the beautiful articles in Mr. Morgan's window; and then, for want of something better to employ them, each gave the other a catalogue of her mistress's dress; next followed their opinions as to which *they* would have preferred, and how very much such attire would have become them; and, last of all, a little bit of chit-chat on family affairs, in which Mrs. Claridge's observations to her daughter upon dress, and on the impropriety of making Mrs. Smithson's or the Squire's family her example, were related by Ellen, who summed up her report by the common admonition, 'Pray don't tell anybody.' Having occupied about a quarter of an hour in this kind of gossip, each bade the other 'good-bye,' and hastened back to her mistress.

"It happened that morning that Mrs. Smithson was

in her kitchen preparing some pastry, and as Dorothy, her maid, was one of those contemptible beings who seek to ingratiate themselves into favour by retailing scraps of chit-chat, and by misrepresenting facts in order to serve their own purpose, she immediately alluded to her meeting with Ellen at the haberdasher's, and added, in a tone of assumed sympathy for the honour of her kind mistress and her daughters, that 'she should have thought it would have been proper for any respectable family to *imitate them in dress*, but it seemed *everybody* was not of that opinion.' Such a remark naturally awakened Mrs. Smithson's curiosity, and, although she was not accustomed to gossip with her servant, she could not refrain from asking, 'who had thought it worth while to talk about their dress?' Now, Bridget, as you have already heard, there was nothing improper or offensive in Mrs. Claridge's remarks; but, as it was not Dorothy's intention to convey a correct version of them, she replied in her usual wheedling manner, 'Oh! ma'am, you'd hardly think it, but it comes from the Grange, and Mrs. Claridge says that Miss C. must not look here for an example, for you and yours are no patterns for anybody.' It is needless to tell you, Bridget," said my uncle, "that Mrs. Smithson felt much astonished that her old friend could have spoken so unkindly, but having heard Miss Claridge say, when in company with Miss Smithson, how much she should like a shawl like hers, Mrs. Smithson unwisely came to the conclusion that Dorothy had told her the truth, and accordingly resolved to be affronted. Nor would the two families have visited again, had not Mrs. Elliott stepped forward like a true Christian and made peace

between them ; first by going to Mrs. Smithson to ascertain the cause of offence, and then to Mrs. Claridge to ask if her words had been correctly reported. You may judge, Bridget, of her surprise when the matter was related to her, and how grieved she must have felt that a prudent caution to her daughter, not vainly to imitate those whose means were much more ample than her parents', should have been so meanly and wickedly perverted by Dorothy into a reflection on the propriety of conduct of Mrs. Smithson and her family. It was well for Ellen King," said my uncle, "that Mrs. Claridge was so forgiving ; as, instead of dismissing her for her idle gossip in the street, she has merely rebuked her for her folly, and cautioned her to store her mind with more useful subjects for conversation, and to be more careful with whom she converses in future."

"IT WAS GIVEN TO ME."

It is a melancholy reflection that the first step in sin generally conducts to a second and a third ; for when we resist the monitor which the Divine Being has implanted in our bosoms, and wilfully commit sin, shame—not for the sin, but lest we should be discovered—too often suggests the invention of a lie to conceal our guilt, and when that lie is told, another and another become necessary to give completeness and consistency to our tale. We have been led into this train of thought by meeting with the following narration :—

A young female, who bore an excellent character with her mistress, had been occupied in sweeping the

drawing-room floor, when, to her surprise, she discovered a diamond ring. She at once recognised it as the property of an old lady, who had been on a visit to her mistress, but had returned the day before to her own abode. The first thought which crossed the mind of Mary, for such was the servant's name, was, that she should hand it to her mistress for its owner; but then she hesitated, and said to herself, "Why should I do so? the old lady has been here six weeks, and I have waited on her all that time without at last receiving any present; it will just serve her right if I keep the ring." This was a very wicked thought, and a very sad determination; and yet I believe that if all her mistress's property had been left in her keeping, Mary would not have taken the least article. No! that would have been *actual stealing*, and in doing such an act as that, she would have felt like a thief, and expected a prison. But Satan tempted her to regard as a little sin, the keeping of a ring which she found on the floor, and he tried to make even that sin appear less, by reminding her that the owner had not made her a present.

It was stealing, however, for the ring was not hers. She knew and felt this;—her conscience told her that to keep it she must tell a lie, and that she could not enjoy the possession of it as if it were her own. No! it was as great a sin, as complete a theft, to keep that ring from its proper owner, as it would have been to take a jewel from her mistress, or to steal one from the counter of a shop. Need I say that Mary was unhappy when she had resolved to retain it notwithstanding she had these convictions. Alas! it proved like a viper in her bosom; for she had been too well taught

to be able to sin without sorrow, and yet she was too wicked to yield to the dictates of her conscience.

From this time her cheerfulness forsook her, and she lost that honest frankness of manner which had before endeared her to her mistress.

Her kind employer had no suspicion, however, of the real cause of this sadness ; but, supposing her to be fretting on account of the well-known poverty of her parents, kindly despatched her with a present for their help.

On her way thither she stopped at the pawnbroker's shop in the market-place, with the intention of selling the ring, and giving the money it might produce to her parents.

It must be acknowledged that her object was good ; but the ring was not hers, and a consciousness of that fact smote her heart and made her ashamed. She entered the shop however, placed the ring on the counter, and requested the pawnbroker to buy it.

"Pray where did you get this ring ?" said the man, as he looked her sternly in the face ; and to his mind her guilt was at once established, by the faltering reply—"Sir, it was given to me." "Given to you—never!" said the man ; "impossible ! it is too valuable for that ; who would ever think of giving such a valuable ring to you ?" Mary's voice faltered out, "It was Mrs. —," but she felt that her tongue was uttering a lie.

The pawnbroker was too much accustomed to such excuses to be thus deceived, and therefore sent for an officer, in whose presence Mary was compelled to say who she was, and whence she came, and the man

accompanied her back to her mistress, to whom her theft was at once disclosed.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that if Mary had possessed all the riches of Peru she would have freely given them to escape from the grasp of the policeman. But her cries, and tears, and entreaties, were all ineffectual; she had been committed to his custody as a thief, and therefore he was answerable for her safe keeping.

Thus degraded in her own estimation, she appeared before her mistress, to whom the ring was produced, and by her instantly recognised as that which had been worn by her friend.

Oh, Mary ! she exclaimed, more in surprise than in anger, how did you become possessed of this ? Why, madam, said the policeman, she says that it was given to her, and she was stopped at a pawnbroker's in an attempt to part with it, for nobody could believe such a barefaced falsehood.

Mary stood trembling and confounded ; unable to reply to her mistress or to contradict the policeman ; until at length she burst into a flood of tears, and falling at the feet of her mistress, implored her forgiveness.

If the policeman had not been present it is quite possible that Mary might have been pardoned, and had an opportunity afforded her of regaining the character she had now lost ; for her previous conduct had so wrought upon the feelings of her mistress, that she would have made almost any reasonable sacrifice to promote her young servant's welfare. Even now she felt more pity than anger for the young

creature who had thus fallen into sin, and, therefore, she replied, "*I* will forgive you, Mary, if my friend will do so, provided you promise to be more prayerful for the time to come, that God may keep you from temptation."

This kind assurance had scarcely been uttered when Mary was about to pour forth her grateful thanks, but her hopes were at once scattered by the stern interference of the policeman, who said, "Madam, that may not be; your servant has been guilty of a theft, she has been committed to my custody, and it is more than I dare to consent to its being hushed up in this manner; you must appear before the magistrate against her: and if he should discharge her, let it be so, but I can consent to no such thing."

This announcement came to Mary's heart like a dagger, and she felt that by one false step she had lost her reputation and identified herself with all the thieves and abominable characters who had ever been arraigned at the bar of justice.

Thus disgraced, and beyond the friendly interference of her mistress, she was placed in confinement until the next day, when the magistrate, after hearing the witnesses, and expressing his regret at seeing a young woman, who had previously borne so good a character, now in so degraded a position, said he felt compelled to send the matter to the sessions, and the lady whose property had been stolen was bound over accordingly to prosecute.

Mary now became the inmate of a gaol, and the unavoidable companion of persons, from whose society she would have fled but a few days before. In the course of a fortnight the sessions were held, she was

placed at the bar as a thief, the indictment was read, her trial proceeded, and a verdict of guilty returned.

It would be difficult to describe her anguish, when, instead of being permitted to return to her beloved home, and to give proof of her sorrow for the past by a life of undeviating honesty, she heard the judge sentence her to twelve months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary at Millbank.

To add to her distress, there stood her weeping parents, poor, indeed, but honest, and now feeling that the child from whom they had expected comfort, had inflicted a disgrace upon them which they could scarcely survive.

There is hope, however, even for their fallen daughter; for hard as it is to establish a character, and easy as it is to ruin one by a single false step, yet true repentance, even in a prison, is like a star of hope amidst the gloom of midnight darkness, and a prayerful resolution to flee from all evil, will result in the re-establishment of character, however late, and the return of happiness, however slow. It is at least cheering to state, that Mary seems to be sorry for her crime, not merely because it has entailed upon her deep suffering and disgrace, but because she has been guilty of the *sin* of theft, and the not less awful *sin* of lying to conceal it.

CHARMS.

MUCH has been said on the absurdities of *charms*; and although the superstitions of our forefathers in reference to the subject may well excite the pity of the

present generation, there is still on the part of many whom we might have expected to be more enlightened, an evident inclination to believe that there must be *something* in charms.

It may be that they would laugh at the practice of nailing a horse-shoe above a stable-door to keep out evil spirits, or that they would be equally amused at the custom of tying the head of a mouse in a silk bag round an infant's neck to promote teething; but a dream about rats satisfies them that they are born to fortune; and the guttering of a candle in consequence of its standing in a draught, alarms their imaginations with the picture of a winding-sheet, which has all the awfulness of a dread reality; in short, the upsetting of a salt-cellar gives them more concern than the utterance of an oath, and they suffer more regret from having had to pass beneath a ladder than from having told a falsehood, or from being unfaithful with their neighbour's goods.

It is not our intention to enter largely into the absurdities to which we have just referred, our time and space not permitting such an undertaking; but while we do not hesitate to denounce *all such charms* as absurd, false, and certain to disappoint the expectations of those who trust in them, *there is a charm* on which we would stake the value of a thousand worlds, and which, if worn *next the heart*, will be a sure antidote against all the calamities of life.

But even about this charm we have not space to say much; we remark, however, that it may be used at all seasons and in all countries, being as cheering and delightful amidst the snows of Iceland, as it is when found upon the burning sands of Africa.

It may be worn by all ages ; and well becomes the time-worn pilgrim, whose grey hairs and tottering steps indicate that he is hastening to the country

“ From whose bourne no traveller returns ; ”

but it is an especial ornament and safeguard to the young, the beautiful, and the active, before whom life seems to present an almost endless path of fruits and flowers, but who often find it thickly set with snares, and thorns, and briars.

It is as precious to the *Prince* amidst the splendours of his palace as it is to the *peasant*, whose humble dwelling scarcely protects him from the peltings of the winter storm ; for the prince, if he feel aright, is *poor* without this charm, and the peasant is *rich* in the possession of it, though bread and water be his only fare.

It is the comfort of the *employer* under losses and vexations, and imparts calmness and dignity where, but for this charm, dissatisfaction, irritability, and revenge, would torment and degrade.

It soothes the mind of the *servant* under injustice, disappointment, and sorrow, and when her prospects are hidden by the darkest clouds, this charm gives its possessor a cheering glimpse of the sunshine beyond.

It is the comfort of the *dying* ; for when heart and flesh are failing, when earthly friends are weeping and departing, it whispers to the fainting spirit that undying friends are waiting to convoy it to Jesus, to the house prepared by him, “ not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Do you ask, dear reader, what this charm is ? We

will gladly answer the inquiry ; but let us first say what it is *not*.

It is not the rosy tinge which seems to tell—but often tells deceitfully—of health for years to come. It is not the sparkling eye which beams delight, but is soon quenched in overwhelming sorrow. It is not the music of the voice which flows forth in charming sounds like streams of joy ; nor the graceful flowing hair in which the heart sometimes prides itself ; nor the ornament of dress, however beautiful or becoming ;—no ! it is none of these, for they are all short-lived and unsatisfying. It is a sense of interest in the work and death of Christ ; a consciousness of being reconciled to God through him ; and a conviction that for Christ's sake all the attributes of God are engaged to promote our salvation. It is a childlike dependance on the providential care of God ; a belief that no event can befall us without his notice and permission, and that if we love Him all things shall work together for our good. It is a humble hope that when we have fully acted out the part on earth which our heavenly Father has assigned us, we shall not be left to perish in the grave, but shall, through his mercy and grace, be raised from the dust of death to a life of perfect happiness, holiness, and love. This charm, reader, is *religion*, and we can say of it what can be said of no other charm, that it *never* disappoints, but exceeds the highest expectations of its possessor.

“ 'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply,
Solid comforts when we die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my joys will never end."

"WHAT ARE SERVANTS MADE OF?"

It is an ungracious task to dwell upon the faults of one's fellow-creatures, and Grandfather Gray can lay his hand upon his heart and declare, with all sincerity, that no task is more uncongenial to his taste; but when duty prompts, the old man must act his part, and whether homely words be palatable or not, it shall be his concern to speak the truth in Christian love, and he will leave the consequences with God.

Unless his heart deceives him, he would not intentionally hurt a worm; yet he feels that, even should the faithful declaration of truth give offence, it would be criminal to be silent, and more especially so if by speaking he can correct but one fault in the community, and thus leave it better than he found it.

To come to the point, then, the old man, who never cloaks a *servant's* failings, now feels constrained to say a word, with all respect and kindness, to those who are *employers*.

Let no one say, "Ah! now he is about impertinently to meddle with that which does not concern him," since there is a *Divine command* to tell our neighbour of his faults, that sin unrepented may not rest upon him.

He is quite aware that in a thousand cases his

censures will not apply; but if a tithe of those who read his homely admonitions should feel their application and profit by them, Grandfather Gray will have reason to rejoice that he has put his thoughts on paper, instead of allowing them uselessly to smoulder in his own bosom.

"Well, well," say you, "if we must hear his complaints, let them be unburthened; but can they have anything to do with the title of his story, 'What are servants made of?'" Give the old man time, and he will tell you in his own homely way.

The truth is, then, he has been musing in his arm-chair upon aunt Deborah's article, "Do as you would be done by," in the last number of the "Servants' Magazine;" and whilst he felt the justice of the condemnation there passed upon the want of conscientiousness in a *servant*, his thoughts irresistibly brought to his remembrance some cases in which *employers* have been equally reprehensible; and as he believes it is with *them* as it is with *their servants*, that injustice is sometimes done through thoughtlessness rather than intention, he trusts that the exhibition of the facts which have pained him will induce those who have done wrong to do so no more.

Before he enters into particulars, however, Grandfather Gray must premise that, as his intention is not to disturb the harmony of households, or to hurt the feelings of those whose conduct he reproves, he shall not mention the names of the *injured* or the *injurers*, but leave those who are conscious of deserving his rebukes to make the application.

The first instance of injustice to which the old man would refer, is that of a young girl whose pare

both died before she had attained her fifteenth year, leaving her the eldest of a family of three. Thus destitute, she at once sought and obtained a situation which was represented by the mistress as one of considerable ease, but which was in truth one of such excessive labour that she was very soon compelled to abandon it, censured by her employer for undertaking duties which she would not have engaged to perform if they had at first been fairly represented to her.

The next case is that of a servant, and she a young person also, who was engaged to a place of all-work by a mistress who represented the family to consist of *only four persons*, when, in fact, there was another family of lodgers, of four also, whom she had to serve, the labour being thus double what she had been led to expect.

The next case is one of twofold injustice, and, for the honour of humanity, Grandfather Gray hopes it is of rare occurrence. A place was vacant in a family of reputation, but one in which several men of low character were boarded, and on a young female applying for the situation, she was informed that four pounds per annum were the wages to be given, whilst the men referred to were to be her evening companions. In fact, she was to undertake a laborious employment for a sum insufficient to pay for her clothing; and for this she was also to risk her moral welfare with men from whose society a preceding servant had gone forth a degraded outcast.

There are many instances of gross inconsideration and wrong on the part of employers, to which they would be feelingly alive if their own children were concerned; but Grandfather Gray does not intend

tediously to lengthen out his catalogue of complaints, and will therefore only mention one more case which he thinks calls for amendment. It is one, however, which he refers to with considerable diffidence, inasmuch as an old man can know but little *practically* of such matters;—he has in view the slavish toils of *washing-days*, and the laborious *ironings* which follow.

Now, he would not for a moment suggest that such matters can be accomplished without labour, or that every family can pay to have these things *done from home*; but he must say that some help ought to be provided on such occasions, and that it is too much to expect servants to rise at two, three, or four in the morning, and to stand to the wash-tub until late at night, besides performing their ordinary duties in the family; and still less ought they to resume the fatiguing task, as is sometimes done, on the very next day.

The old man may, perhaps, be laughed at for prescribing in a case which he does not understand, but he must give it as his opinion that, with good management and a considerate division of labour, even the *comfortless season of a washing* may be got through without exacting such excessive work from servants as they are too often made to perform.

Far be it from Grandfather Gray to say one word which shall make servants dissatisfied, or which shall lead employers to think that he would excuse their domesticities from any reasonable service, but he must say that the grinding exactions in the shape of labour which have come to his knowledge, have led him to think that some employers have never asked the question, "What are servants made of?" or if, perchance.

such an inquiry has occurred to them, they must have forgotten the reply which would suggest that, whilst the providence of God has appointed their domestics to labour with cheerful industry, they have in their persons the same weakness and infirmities as their employers.

"THEY ALL GAVE HER SOMETHING."

GRANDFATHER GRAY was much interested, a short time since, by the words which have induced him to write the present brief article. They were spoken by one who was relating to him the loss which a mutual friend had sustained in parting with a servant; and after expressing how deeply the family regretted the separation, and adding that Ellen, the servant, could not refrain from weeping on the occasion, the old man's informant proceeded to say that Ellen was "*going to be married,*" and that on the particular evening when her intended husband came by appointment to conduct her to her sister's, previous to the wedding, the master, mistress, and children, shopmen, and boys, all, from the highest to the lowest, *all gave her something.*

These were simple, but expressive words, soon uttered, but not soon forgotten, for they sank down into the old man's heart, and produced a glow of satisfaction which it is delightful to recall. They brought before his imagination a circumstance and a scene quite congenial to his taste—a worthy servant valued, as all such servants deserve to be, and receiving a sort of farewell blessing from those to whose comfort she

had long administered. Highly privileged are the families which have such servants; and happy they, who, on parting, receive such tokens of esteem.

Ellen wept! and why? Because she felt that she was quitting a comfortable home, and was about to separate, *perhaps for ever*, from those whom she had not only served, but loved!

And there was another circumstance connected with this event which gave Grandfather Gray more than common satisfaction, namely, that Ellen's intended marriage had been *no secret*. No; her lover was a reputable young man; *she knew him well*, and that his intentions, when first addressing her, were to make her his wife. Having reason to be satisfied with his honour, and knowing him to be sober and industrious,—the old man hopes he was also pious,—she modestly asked permission of her employers to receive the young man's occasional visits; and they, having satisfied themselves respecting him, felt pleasure in gratifying her wishes.

There was thus no dishonourable concealment, no clandestine meetings, no pretences of going to the house of God, but really meeting with a suitor; no, all was understood, and respectable; and that which was thus well *begun*, as might be expected, *ended well*.

Happy, thrice happy! thought the old man, as he heard the short but simple story of Ellen's leaving to be married; happy, indeed, would it be for ten thousand servants if they exercised the same *caution* in receiving the attentions of young men, and exhibited the same *openness* and *candour* on this momentous subject towards mistresses who really feel for their welfare. But, alas! thought he, too many are *only*

anxious to be married, without once thinking that to be married *unsuitably* is to be doomed to *misery for life*, and, too probably, to misery beyond the grave. Nor could the old man forget, whilst ruminating on this subject, that thousands allow themselves to receive the attentions of young men—aye, even strangers—without one anxious wish to know whether their motives are honourable or not—thus wilfully exposing themselves to the designs of the wicked, and risking, not only their own happiness, but that of parents, relatives, and friends, by recklessly associating with those who only seek to ruin the unguarded, and then abandon them to woe.

HABITS OF ACTIVITY AND ORDER.

GRANDFATHER GRAY is aware that in writing his present brief article, he will incur the risk of being set down as a meddling old man ; but he comforts himself with the thought that his intention is upright, and that some good may result from his plain speaking.

To come to the point, then, he has been set thinking about habits of activity and order by hearing of a servant whom he now has in his mind's eye, and who is, unfortunately, very destitute of the habits he refers to.

Let it not be thought that Grandfather Gray is about to *pull her character to pieces*, if he may use that very significant expression ; no, no, he could find no pleasure in such an unwarrantable proceeding, and would rather throw the veil of charity over a multitude of faults, unless by exposing them he could do good.

He is prompted, then, to speak by the hope that, if his words should meet the eye of the individual he has in view, she may try to amend; and he is also encouraged to trust that what is written expressly in reference to one of whom he *has* heard, may be read by, and lead to the improvement of others of whom he *has not* heard, but who may be equally destitute of habits of activity and order.

In speaking of the lass whose failings have led the old man into his present train of thought, it becomes him to say most frankly, that she is good-tempered, sober, honest, and industrious;—no mean traits of character in any one, but especially in a servant. She is, moreover, very *willing to be taught*, obliging in her manners, and so careful in the use of her employers' property, that in these respects she may be held up as a most excellent example; and besides all this, if Grandfather Gray be not much mistaken, she is of that fond and grateful disposition that is readily affected by an act of kindness bestowed, and which prompts its possessor to render little services, which may not have been bargained for, without reluctance or murmuring. Alas! alas! that any one who deserves to have said of her, all that the old man has now said, should be destitute of *any* qualification which is needful to make her a good servant. But such is the fact; for the individual he refers to is so slow and so destitute of system in the performance of her duties, that she is toiling when she might have rest, and incurs censure in spite of her good intentions, when a more active servant would receive praise.

Grandfather Gray trusts he will not be called prying *old man*, if he enters into a few particu-

in support of what he has just said. For instance, this young woman is frequently down in her kitchen at half-past six—quite early enough he thinks at this cold season of the year—and her duty is, after lighting the kitchen and sitting-room fires, to prepare the breakfast; but it has been found in more instances than one or two, on the family coming down at half-past eight, that she has forgotten to prepare the breakfast; having spent the time after lighting the fires, about something useful enough perhaps, and very praiseworthy, but altogether out of season.

The old man will give another instance, and in doing so, he must say that no one is more pleased than himself, to see bright candlesticks, dish covers, coal skuttles, and tins; but the lass of whom he is speaking, unfortunately devotes so much time in giving brilliancy to even *one of these articles*, that unless her mistress were to do a good part of the servant's ordinary work, the order and comfort of the family would be seriously disturbed.

He is almost afraid to venture on the task of suggesting a *cure* for such sad defects, lest those who understand these matters better than himself, should consider he is intruding into things which belong exclusively to females; but an ardent wish to smoothe the path in life of many excellent young women, who have perhaps had no early household training, whose education may have been neglected, and who as a usual result of such neglect, are not the subjects of much sound thinking—for the sake of such as these, he would venture to suggest, that after learning all the duties which attach to the situations they undertake, and hearing their employers' wishes as to the

days on which certain special duties should be performed ; they should arrange in their own mind, as to the very best means of doing them, and *the order in which they should be done*, never forgetting that a service however good in itself, may incur blame, if done at the *wrong time*, and that a thing very thoroughly done, may also beget censure, if in the doing of it, so much time has been occupied as to cause the neglect of *other duties*.

The old man would only add, for the benefit of slow servants, that to prevent time from gliding away unperceived, they should consider how many minutes they can afford to give to *this*, or *that*, in order to accomplish *all* they have to do, in the time allowed them. They will thus *keep up* with their work, and if any thing should occur to hinder them for five minutes, they will be urged, like the racer, to increased speed in order to regain that which they have lost.

Time and tide wait for no one ; but they who watch time, may "take him by the forelock," and those who wait for the tide, will find it come and bear them smoothly along.

THOUGHTS ABOUT OVERSEERS.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of persons who are more generally set down as hard-hearted and unjust, than those who are styled overseers ; and it is not the old man's intention to attempt to disprove the accusation.

If, indeed, he were called upon to speak in their defence, he might urge,—first, that there are many honourable exceptions to the rule ;—secondly, that

the part of individuals who most frequently resort to overseers for relief, there is so much improvidence, vice, and lying, that an overseer had need be omniscient to avoid sometimes confounding the innocent with the guilty;—and lastly, he might say that the repeated discovery of attempted deception, is very much calculated to blunt the feelings of the most humane, and to produce, without great watchfulness, the frame of mind which led the Psalmist to exclaim, “I said in my haste, All men are liars.”

But it is not Grandfather Gray’s purpose to speak of *parish overseers* at all; he has another class in view, and will at once unburthen his thoughts respecting them. To be plain, then, he has been reflecting on the course of conduct pursued by some *upper servants*, whom he has thought fit to style *overseers*, because, in his opinion, they really seem to manifest in their treatment of those who are beneath them, the harsh and unkind spirit which has made overseers a bye-word in the land. But lest any one should think the old man is about to enter on a crusade against upper servants, he will at once declare, that, as a body, they are persons whom he holds in the highest estimation; and so far from desiring to say a word that would degrade them *as a class*, he feels that to them, must, in a great degree, be attributed the good order, comfort, and respectability of very many families. Well, indeed, can Grandfather Gray recall to mind the honoured name of one such matron, who, after being long spared to occupy a sphere of usefulness in the family to which she was an ornament and a blessing, passed from her servitude below, to take part in that service in the skies, which is the lot of all such as fear God and keep his precepts. Oh, that all upper-

servants were such as she! then would there be more happy families, and more *under servants* living in the bonds of Christian unity and love.

It is no pleasing task to Grandfather Gray to turn away from such scenes as the recollection of this excellent woman recalls to his thoughts for the purpose of referring to individuals of an opposite character; but duty prompts, and he must obey. Let the old man say, then, that he has been painfully reflecting on the unhappy lot of some servants, who, it may be, have kind employers and a comfortable home;—no, he recalls the expression—a home that *might be comfortable*, since it is pleasantly situated, and abounds with God's mercies, but it is not *comfortable*, because the overseer will not suffer it to be so.

Grandfather Gray has been picturing to his imagination—and how thankful would he be if there were no counterparts in *real life*—he has been picturing to himself a young female, brought up, perhaps, with no prospect of ever going out to service, and therefore untrained to discharge the duties of a servant; but the events of Providence drive her from her home, she enters upon a new sphere as under-servant, and above her is one much older than herself, who ought to be her pattern, guide, and friend. She is, perhaps, active, industrious, and teachable, but the overseer is impatient, sullen, and unkind; the young servant knows scarcely anything—she would be grateful for instruction; but no, she is only blamed for doing wrong, and can get no guidance as to what is right;—if quick at work, she is said to slight it, and if slow, her care to do it well is ill-naturedly found fault with as “*miserable crawling*,” or as time thrown away.

And as it is with the work, so also it is with the food. The old man knows human nature too well not to be aware that where a peevish, unkind temper is indulged, it will always find some cause for complaint. Let the young creature he has been speaking of be punctual in the preparation of the meal, it is condemned as "*only half done*;" and if to avoid this censure she take a little extra time the next day, then, forsooth, it is said to have been "*burnt to a cinder, and not fit for the dog*." Alas! that one human being should feel a sort of fiend-like satisfaction in planting thorns in the bosom of another; but so it is.

And can nothing be done for the victims of such tyranny, or to restrain these overseers from adding to their crimes? yes, truly, there may; and at the risk of being smiled at by some, and sneered at by others, Grandfather Gray will venture to prescribe for the case. In the first place, he would recommend that without too frequently entering their servants' apartments, employers should take pains to learn how far their humbler domestics are treated with propriety by those who are set to control them; for the great Master of the world will not excuse the indifference of masters to the well-being of those whom Providence has placed beneath their roof. Secondly, he would say to those who are persecuted in the manner he has detailed,—Be not cast down, but persevere in doing what is right, and *deliverance will come*; lay your burthens before that Being who is tenderness and pity, confess that *your* hearts are too much influenced by the being, whose sad influence is so apparent in the wicked temper and unjust conduct of your inconsiderate oppressors; ask of God to forgive your offences for the

sake of the Redeemer, and to sanctify your soul through the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit; then will you be his children, and precious in his sight; no one shall hurt you unless he permit; and "not a hair of your head shall fall to the ground without his notice."

Nor would the old man be unconcerned about the *oppressors*, for they are really more pitiable than their victims. No! he would remind them of the great Master of the universe—the God of all—who shows his creatures, by his own gentle government, how he would wish them to rule one another; who bears with ten thousand infirmities in the best of his creatures, and who is so long-suffering and merciful as to spare for repentance those who *know* that they have had no patience with their fellows; and whilst the old man would still wield his feeble pen in admonishing such transgressors, that through a crucified Saviour, *even they* may be forgiven; he would warn them, that if they persevere in cruelty to those who are beneath them, the day will come when the righteous Judge of all will call them to a strict account, and will declare that they who have shown no mercy to their fellow-servants, shall die without mercy from him.

KILLING TIME.

If the consequences of the world's deceptions were not too serious to be looked upon with mirth, Grandfather Gray could sometimes indulge in loud laughter when he reads in the advertising columns of a newspaper of medicines warranted to extend the short span of ordi

nary life until it shall equal Methuselah's, whilst perhaps in the very next column there is something disinterestedly announced to *kill time*, because it passes so sluggishly away !

Alas ! that unsuspecting mortals should be cajoled into the belief that any *universal medicines* are capable of imparting the length of days which they promise ; and how deplorable the ignorance which yields to the enchantments of the wicked for killing time, only to conceal the eagle-pinioned advances of eternity.

Kill time ! Forbid the thought of killing that which is *always dying*, since each moment, before we can think of its arrival, has fled for ever, and to us is *dead* and gone.

Kill time ! No : shall we wilfully destroy *that* for one short hour of which a dying man, if unprepared to die, would give all that he possessed, though his wealth were more vast than the treasures of Peru ?

The old man has said that each moment as it flies is dead ; but he recalls the expression, that he may qualify and explain it. There is a sense, indeed, in which it is dead ; for no *new* thought, word, or action, can be associated with it ; but it is, if he may so speak, *alive*, and will live for evermore ; it has gone to be added to the moments of the world before the flood, and of all the vast train of moments which have flitted past short-lived man up to the present hour : and there they are all present in eternity with the great I AM, telling, oh, solemn thought ! of all the good and evil they have seen.

Yes, there is not one mis-spent hour that has not borne, ay, that is not now bearing, its testimony of having been abused, a record of which will be found

in the book of God's remembrance, when time shall be no more !

Grandfather Gray has not forgotten, whilst penning these thoughts, that it may possibly be said of his readers, " they have no time to kill ;" he will readily admit that there may be a *few* such, but he fearlessly asserts that there is a vast number, who without wickedly *intending* it, actually do kill time, or, in other words, destroy precious opportunities of preparing for eternity, by the negligent discharge of duties, and the want of order, arrangement, and punctuality in their plans. There is, alas ! an awful multitude besides, who feel that they have *time to spare*, and who eagerly catch at any pastime to while away their infinitely precious moments, instead of seeking the improvement of their minds and the sanctification of their immortal souls. To all such he would echo the words of inspiration, "*time is short!*" and would intreat them to consider that if the months and years which have passed by them into eternity with the swiftness of an eagle in the pursuit of prey, have not witnessed the tear of penitence and the prayer of faith, there is too much reason to fear that their few remaining moments will only bear testimony to hearts hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, and at last, to souls *lost* in *eternity* through the *waste of time*.

" I MAY AS WELL SAY IT AS THINK IT."

It is really surprising how many of the common sayings which have come down from former genera-

tions, are found, when examined, to be frivolous excuses for doing wrong.

Who, for example, has not often heard the expression, "I may as well *say* it as *think* it," uttered with all imaginable complacency, in order to justify some remark which envy or ill-temper has suggested?

There is to Grandfather Gray's mind much in this excuse, which shows the pride and meanness of those who employ it:—*pride*, because it claims for rude bluntness the praise which is due to honest candour;—and *meanness*, inasmuch, as, beneath such boasting, it is not difficult to discover a consciousness of guilt from which a wicked heart has no desire to refrain.

Say not that you may as well *utter* evil as *think* it.—Oh, no! While the sin is kept within your own bosom, it is but poison to yourself; a poison seen by God to be exerting its deadly influence upon *your own soul*; but only *speak out the sin*, or "say it," as you so complacently express yourself, and another soul may partake the deadly poison, and become still more injurious than yourself in spreading vice and misery in the world; until eternity itself will be too short to gather in the harvest which shall spring from such accursed seed.

The old man will readily admit that there are occasions when we may not only "*as well*," but *better*, "say a thing than think it;" and happy would it be for us, if those who witness improprieties in our temper or behaviour, were with Christian fidelity to tell us our faults, "between us and them alone," rather than ruminate over them in their own bosoms; but there is

not a greater difference between light and darkness, or food and poison, than there is between the faithful, loving, admonitions of a friend, and the harsh, insulting, and venomous remarks of some, who rather boast than feel ashamed of *saying what they think*.

In the old man's opinion, this much-used expression is only good to a very *limited extent*; for they who take it for their invariable rule, will find themselves pointedly referred to by Solomon, who says, it is the "*fool who utters all his mind*."

Alas! alas! how little can they who thus speak have reflected on the daily *proneness* of the heart to *think* evil, and of the lips to *utter* folly!

It is an almost overwhelming reflection, that to the heart-searching God all our *thoughts* are as fully known as our *words* can be to our fellow-mortals; but who could bear that *all* his thoughts should *speak out*, or that they should be so embodied as to be discernible to human sight? Alas! the best of men and women have such a consciousness of infirmity, that they would shrink from such disclosures, to any one but Him who can see penitence as well as guilt, and can cleanse from sin as well as pardon it.

No! we may *not* "as well speak as think," if the thought spring from the sinfulness of our own hearts, and the *speech* be intended to inflict a wound on another.

But Grandfather Gray has suggested that there are circumstances and occasions when the sentiment upon which he has been remarking may be fitly adopted. Are you conscious of instances when you have injured your fellow-creatures by slander, unkindness, or dishonesty? *Confess* your faults, and seek forgiveness

both from God and man. Have you *thought* that to be *happy* you must be *holy*, and that to be holy a mighty change must take place in your thoughts, affections, desires, and pursuits, and have you *thought* that no one can effect this change in you but that Spirit who at first "caused the light to shine out of darkness?" If these be your thoughts, let the old man intreat you to *speak* as well as *think*, and let your speech be fervent, humble, prayer to Him, whose Spirit is now striving with you, that you may *not cease to think* of your own guiltiness, or of his love to you in Christ Jesus, until you can bless his pardoning mercy, and give yourself to him, unworthy as you are, for ever.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

AN old man is often allowed more freedom of speech than a young one, and therefore Grandfather Gray will not be afraid of plain speaking.

To be frank, then, he is not one of those who think that imperfections are alone to be found amongst *servants*: no, no, *they* have faults enough to answer for; but, after all, we must not charge them with every misdeed.

Grandfather Gray would not lightly busy himself with other people's matters; but if he can accomplish any good by so doing, he will feel himself amply repaid.

He will give a short chapter, then, on his "*likes and dislikes*," and, perhaps, some of his readers may gratify the old man by leaving off what now grieves

him, and in future so act as to light up a smile on his old wrinkled face.

He *likes* a servant whose manners are kind and courteous; not cold, repulsive, and rude, as if the feared that a civil answer would lead to undue familiarity. No; it is possible to be very kind in manner, without surrendering that modest dignity which is the glory of the female sex.

He *likes* a servant to be dressed *in doors* in the way which best suits her employment, and *out of doors* so as not to attract particular attention.

He *likes* her to have very few companions, and those such as no reasonable employer could find fault with.

He *likes* her to act in her employer's absence as in her presence, and he is sure that no servant can be respectable or happy who acts otherwise.

He *likes* a servant to use her employer's property with as much care as she would her own, as by so doing she fulfils a divine command, and is gradually training herself to employ her own property in the best manner, if Providence should alter her condition in the world.

He *likes* a servant to feel that her *time* is the property of her master, and that she cannot fritter it away while her work is undone without committing an act of positive dishonesty.

He *likes* employers to feel that while they pay servants to wait upon them, and are therefore not to wait upon themselves, they are yet to be considerate in their expectations and requirements.

He *likes* employers so to *feed* their servants as *they* would wish to be fed if Providence were to call *the*

to serve; and he would like them to remember that servants not only need food, but time to eat it. He has heard of some employers who, in a certain sense, have seemed to treat their servants as if they were all soul and no body.

He *likes* employers not to pay as wages the smallest amount which a needy servant may be willing to accept, but such a sum as will enable her to procure apparel suited to her station, and with due care to lay by "a penny for a rainy day."

He *likes* employers to take care that nothing in the kitchen or the servant's bedroom shall undermine her health, and endanger her being cast upon the world a rheumatic cripple or a poor helpless sickly being.

He *dislikes* to see a servant loitering at the door, especially in the evening, as it affords an opportunity for vicious characters to intrude their conversation, and in a thousand instances leads to the loss of a servant's reputation, of her home, and her happiness for ever.

He *dislikes* to observe a servant walking out without a bonnet; for if she is dirtily attired she looks doubly disgraceful, and if very smart, her fine cap and streamers seem to be put on only to invite some man to speak to her.

He *dislikes* servants who receive visits from *anybody* unknown to their employers, as such conduct is a breach of confidence, often leads them into other acts of cunning and deception, and, to say the least of it, makes such servants sink even in their own estimation.

He *dislikes* monthly holidays for servants (*and yet he would not do away with them*), unless they are

spent in innocent and healthful recreation ; for Grandfather Gray cannot forget that on these occasions too many servants fall into company with such persons as lead them into misery and ruin.

He *dislikes* employers who have such an ear for music that they seem to be never happy but when tingling for the servant, and who, instead of trying to condense their requests, so multiply them that their poor domestic is up and down stairs all the day long.

He *dislikes* employers who spend on their own persons any part of what is justly due to their servant, and who stint her so unjustly, that one might suppose they expected her to get apparel gratuitously from the sky.

THOUGHTS ON AUTUMN.

It is impossible for a thoughtful being to look upon any of the works of God without perceiving much that is instructive ; and Grandfather Gray is only one of a multitude who could pass an hour pleasantly with no other companions than roses and lilies, snowdrops and violets. He would wish, indeed, to be able to learn wisdom from all objects ; but, alas ! his thoughts, when they ought to be fixed upon things of importance, so frequently wander after trifles, that he like many others fails to gain instruction when it might be learnt from the meanest things around him.

These are humbling confessions for an old man to make ; and yet the truth is, that if Grandfather Gray were to confess to a fellow-creature all that his heart tells him he has to lament before God, he would be

less reason to expect the forgiveness of his erring fellow-man than of Him who is rich in goodness, and whose "tender mercies are over all his works."

It is good for a traveller to look back sometimes upon the road which he has trodden, and to recount his past mercies whilst he rests his weary limbs on some green bank, or on the stone which marks the distance he has yet to go. Grandfather Gray will therefore, as through mercy his life has been protracted until the fruits of autumn are again cast around him, look back for a few moments on the spring, when the fields were covered as with a carpeting of green; when the genial sunshine seemed to exercise almost a magic influence upon the trees, by causing them to bud forth until they were dressed in living green, and adorned with fragrant blossoms. But his review must not stop here; for though all nature appeared to unfold its charms, and even the hedgerows which no man tended seemed to rival in luxuriance, in sweetness, and in beauty, the shrubberies and gardens, the bountiful Creator did not confine his goodness to that which merely gratified the sight and smell, but blossoms were succeeded by abundant fruit for the sustenance of man. Grandfather Gray would recall to mind some of his delightful rambles, and though the fruits of summer are now gathered in, he would review in imagination the gooseberries and currants, the plums and cherries, the peaches and nectarines, and last, but not least, the pears and apples, which have met his eye in such profusion during his perambulations, that it seemed as if each tree were striving with its neighbour which should bear most fruit, and call forth most gratitude from man.

Grandfather Gray would also desire to remember with thankfulness the gentle rains and genial sunshine which have secured to his beloved country such an abundant harvest, and he would cordially unite in the act of public thanksgiving which has been appointed to be offered up in our churches for the goodness of God in favouring the husbandman with such seasonable weather.

And now the tints of autumn are falling on the trees, and the various hues of green which adorned our hills and dales have become changed into so many shades of brown and yellow, Grandfather Gray would desire to be impressed by the lesson of the prophet, "*We all do fade as a leaf.*" Ah, yes! the trees which were a few months since covered as with the garments of youth, are now but partially clad with a faded dress, and every passing breeze renders them still more bare, and the shortening days and chilling damps of evening, proclaim to Grandfather Gray that the pinching blasts of winter are rapidly advancing, and that another year of human life has almost ebbed away.

Well, well, be it so, the flight of time is only to be dreaded when it leaves behind it traces of privileges abused. Then let it be our endeavour to live in grateful remembrance of the Divine goodness, anxiously striving to improve the hours as they fly, trusting all our concerns to Him who orders the seasons in so much wisdom, and, above all, looking for the Divine mercy through the merits of the spotless Redeemer.

"On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be stayed;
That alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade."

"I MAY AS WELL BE HANGED FOR A
SHEEP AS A LAMB."

THERE are, perhaps, few *sayings* which have been more extensively used than that which Grandfather Gray has now taken for a text, and upon which it is his purpose to make a few homely observations.

The vulgarity of the expression might induce the supposition, in the minds of those who have never been accustomed to hear it used, that none but extremely low-bred persons would employ such language; but the fact is, the saying has obtained extensive currency; successive generations have adopted it as smart and clever, and hence it has been often uttered by a class of persons who ought to have known better; ay, the old man must confess with shame that in past days he has done so himself.

If Grandfather Gray is not greatly deceived, the individuals who *act out* the sentiment conveyed in this saying try to satisfy themselves by its employment that it justifies their conduct; but, like many other sayings, it will not bear the test of calm and close examination.

To show its fallacy, there is nothing so much to the old man's fancy as a case from real life; and therefore he will refer to one, such as, alas! too frequently occurs.

Emma Phillips is an interesting young servant, neat, cleanly, and rather pretty; she is also cheerful and fond of company. On a certain day she is sent on an errand to the draper's, and, on her way back, calls to see a female friend. As they have not spoken to each

other for some time, they have mutually much to tell, and half an hour imperceptibly flies away. The clock strikes, and Emma, in an instant, remembers that she ought to be at home; her conscience faithfully admonishes her to be gone, but she resists the suggestion, and yields to the temptation to say she has been "*kept at the draper's.*" The gossip between herself and friend continues, and the chimes of the village clock again remind her that half an hour more has fled. The thought of her mistress and her own duties cause the blood for a moment to redden her cheeks; but he who is ever ready to tempt suggests the thought that, though it will be useless *now* to say she has been detained *only* at the draper's, there is no occasion to mind, for, if she must be censured for staying on an errand, she may as well "be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." She yields again, and, after staying some minutes longer, returns with a lie on her tongue, and with a bold indifference to the consequences of her folly, which only fits her for future sin.

She has only been a few weeks in this her first situation, and no circumstance has before occurred to give her mistress so fair an opportunity of ascertaining her servant's integrity. Emma rings the bell; the door is opened, and she enters; and, after handing to her mistress the articles purchased, is asked what has caused her to be so long away. She pauses a moment, and, by her confused look, her mistress sees there is something wrong; but Emma resolves on defending her conduct with a lie, and *tries* to sustain herself with the thought that, if found out, she "may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." She therefore

declares, *upon her word*, the shop was so thronged that she could not get served sooner. Her mistress replies rather by her looks than by her words; rebuking her mildly for not returning sooner, but suppressing the expression of her fears that her young servant had forgotten the solemn admonition, that "Lying lips are but for a moment."

Emma leaves the room, a poor, unhappy, conscience-stricken, guilty girl; fallen in her own estimation, because she feels her guilt, and perceives that her mistress knows it too. Ah! this is the time to *cherish her convictions*; the moment to lift up her heart to God for pardon, and to return to her mistress with confession of her sin; but no! pride prompts her to persist in concealment, and, feeling that she has begun wrong, she wickedly exclaims once more, "*I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb*," and, so saying, goes down stairs.

It is not Grandfather Gray's intention to disclose the subsequent history of poor Emma Phillips; it is enough for his present purpose to show that the *saying* of which she was rather fond served to strengthen temptation, and to encourage her in the neglect of duty. It induced her to act under a *false rule of conduct*; for the sentiment it contains shuts out all integrity of purpose, all respect for the feelings and the rights of others; it excludes the very thought of God's omniscience and power, and only recognises man's agency, so far as he is able to avenge injustice and wrong. It urges the *first false step* as a *reason* for a second and a third; and allures its victim on from sin to sin, until the ear becomes too deaf to listen

to the friendly voice which admonishes to tremble at the first departure from the path of rectitude and truth.

SHE ENTERED, AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT.

As I passed through the Old Bailey one evening, a few months since, my attention was drawn to a concourse of persons who were standing by the felons' door of Newgate. The van for conveying prisoners from the Metropolitan Police Offices was drawn up, and the assembled crowd were waiting with anxious curiosity to see the prisoners alight.

To many of the spectators it was, perhaps, no uncommon sight, but it was otherwise to me. I had never seen the van at that awful place before, and, therefore, my curiosity was *painfully* excited.

The guard descended quickly from his seat, and unfastened the door to let the prisoners out; when, to my surprise, only *one* appeared, and that one *a young woman*, dressed like a respectable domestic servant. Her legs seemed to tremble as she alighted, but the guard, taking her by the arm, conducted her up the prison steps; the massive key was turned to permit her entrance; she passed in, and the door was shut.

I could not help inquiring of the man, as he returned to the van, if he knew for what cause this unhappy woman had been thus consigned to gaol; but he repelled me with rudeness, and I turned away, musing on the sad sight I had witnessed.

Assuming that the female on whom I had just looked with so much pain had been a servant, I could not help

desiring to know whether the act, most probably a *dishonest one*, for which she had just been imprisoned, was the *first* deviation from the path of integrity, or whether she had been led on by *many undiscovered sins* to commit *that* for which she now incurred disgrace and suffering.

In either case, I could not help exclaiming to myself, how sad a course is that of sin ! for there is sometimes but *one false step* between safety and danger, respectability and ruin, a comfortable home and a gaol ; but should sin go undiscovered until it has been frequently repeated, disgrace and punishment *must come at last*.

Thus musing, I pursued my homeward way, and my thoughts naturally turned to that holy book whose precepts are the only safeguards from evil. Ah ! thought I, how privileged are they whose minds are stored with God's Word, and who try to act under its guidance : they love truth and pursue it ; the fear of detection never troubles them, for they can say to the Searcher of hearts, "Thou upholdest us in our integrity ; and they are not likely to be mistaken for the profligate and vile, for they "walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful."

I could not help thinking that perhaps she who was then weeping in her lonely cell, or mingling with the offscouring of society in the prison ward, had been the child of parents who despised the book which they should have loved and trained their daughter to obey ; or possibly, which is still worse, that she had heard the Word of God, but wilfully disregarded

it, or had been one of those who even *lie* to their employers, to conceal their non-attendance at the house of God, and who wilfully expose themselves to the great tempter, by keeping company with such as "make a mock at sin." Reader, be not of their number !

"MISTRESS MUST ANSWER FOR THAT."

So said Mrs. Robinson's pretty little housemaid, Rebekah, to a lady, who was coming from the church, and whom she met face to face, one summer Sabbath evening, at the stile leading to the Vicar's field.

Mrs. Silvester, for that was the lady's name, was a truly excellent woman, and, though of exalted station, felt so affectionately concerned for the religious welfare of servants, that she seemed almost to forget her rank when an opportunity offered of doing them good.

Rebekah was a girl whose appearance rendered it more than ordinarily important that she should become a subject of real godliness,—the only safeguard from sin. So pleasing was her countenance and figure that Mrs. Silvester was sensibly impressed by the conviction that, unless religion should prove the shield and buckler of so interesting a young female, there was too much probability that some unprincipled tempter might entice her from a course of respectability into paths of sin and woe.

Thus feeling, and fearing at the same time that Rebekah had absented herself from worship, she kindly asked if such were the fact.

The question was put too affectionately to give offence; besides which, Rebekah saw by Mrs. Silvester's attire that she really was a lady. Blushing with surprise at so unexpected an inquiry, Rebekah frankly confessed that she was almost a stranger to public worship; excusing herself, however, by stating that her mistress generally had company on Sundays, and that, although she was told she might go to church after washing up the tea-things, it was then too late; and that, therefore, she generally took a pleasant walk instead.

Mrs. Silvester did not feel at liberty to make inquiries into the domestic management of Rebekah's mistress; but offered many serious remarks on the sin of neglecting God's worship, and the great danger of falling into bad company when strolling through the lanes and fields, instead of frequenting his sanctuary.

Rebekah evidently felt the force of Mrs. Silvester's observations, for the colour came into her face, and went, and came again; at length, whilst smarting under the just remarks of her kind instructress on the desecration of the sacred day, she said, as if to ward off the blame of her neglect, "*But mistress must answer for that;*" and so saying, curtsied to the lady, and rather abruptly wished her good evening.

There are few minds so insensible to moral right and wrong as to be able to violate the law of God without feeling some check of conscience; and this operation of the inward monitor was manifested by the expression—"Mistress must answer for *that*:" but, alas! whilst it seemed to recognise the Divine law, Rebekah uttered it with as much composure as

if she had really removed the guilt of Sabbath-breaking from her own head, and placed it upon that of her mistress.

Whether she reflected further upon the subject we know not ; but her flippant manner, in cutting short the admonitions of her kind adviser, shows the native sinfulness of the human heart, and its readiness to adopt the shallowest excuse for doing wrong. And is it really so, that "*Mistress must answer for that*" ? But for what is she to answer ? aye, let conscience reply, for the expression is an admission of a *crime*, or why have to answer ?—And when, oh when, is this answer to be given ? Does not the light of conscience flash, like lightning, through the thin covering of sin's excuse, and discover, however indistinctly, the very dawning of the day of judgment, when the reckoning will be made ? But still more strange, even the heart-searching Being who is to be the judge, is recognized, in this excuse, for sin ; for if Rebekah's conduct is to be answered for at all, then to whom is that answer to be given, but to Him who shall sit upon the great white throne, and before whom all kindreds and nations are to stand ?

But what, it may be asked, is a servant to do, when required to absent herself from God's worship ? We reply, that there *may* be occasions when it is her duty to be absent, as when sickness, or any unlooked-for circumstance, arises upon the Sabbath-day ; but as *a rule* it is her duty to attend the house of prayer, at least once, and oftener, if the convenience of her employer will permit. And in order that she may have this privilege, she should stipulate most clearly, on

making her engagement, that some portion of the Sabbath shall be sacred to God's worship.

To secure the advantages of religion, however, servants should seek to be inmates of *religious families*; for it is too much to expect that employers who do not keep the Sabbath will sympathize with those who would wish to reverence the sanctuary.

There must be real consistency of conduct, however, in all those who wish their religious scruples to be respected, for they who set at nought the precepts of the Divine Word during six days of the week, must not expect any one to believe that they are anxious to conform to those precepts on the seventh. No, there must be no eye-service, no wilful waste, no indisposition to unite in daily family devotion, but fidelity, cheerfulness, and readiness to comply with the lawful wishes of employers: and where such traits of character are manifested, we think, an opportunity for attending Divine worship on the Sabbath will seldom be denied.

But if it should, what then are servants to do? We reply, let them take care that, like Daniel, no other fault can be found in them, except in regard to the law of their God: let the subject of their complaint be carried, in the moments of their retirement, to the throne of Him who knows our sorrows and listens to our complaints; let them implore that his providence may direct them to some new situation where their reasonable desire will be granted, and let them wait and expect the fulfilment of his promise, "in all thy ways acknowledge me, and I will direct thy steps;" and in proportion as they seek to deepen the convic-

tion that *every human being must answer for his own conduct*, and that the guilt of doing wrong can by no means be shifted to another, will they be enabled to persevere in the fear of God, and enjoy the peace which results from keeping his commandments.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

THE servants of Sir John Gray were all gathered round a bright blazing fire on a winter's evening, and congratulating each other on the comforts of their home. There was, indeed, a marked difference between their lot and that of the peasantry on Sir John's estate; for although he was a good landlord, yet many of his poor tenants had married so early, and were encumbered with so many children, that with a low rate of wages and the dearth of provisions, many of them were hard put to it to get a living. Besides which, the winter had been unusually severe, and those who had not laid by a good stock of faggots, found themselves sadly pinched by the frost.

On the evening referred to, the north wind blew fiercely, and gave additional intensity to the cold; whilst the moon which strove to beam forth, was at times obscured by black clouds, and falling snow which descended in large flakes upon the earth. The servants of Sir John were, as we have said, seated before a blazing fire which seemed to bid defiance to the season, and if one might judge by their countenances, they were as happy as servants ought to be, who have so good a home.

It is not our intention, however, to speak of

particularly, further than to say that the establishment consisted of a respectable matronly female, who had long sustained the character of housekeeper, the lady's-maid, butler, coachman, footman, gardener, two house-maids, and the cook.

To avoid useless, or worse than useless conversation, it was the practice of these servants, when thus assembled in the evening, to read some good and edifying book for their mutual improvement, and each was at liberty to offer an opinion when the book was closed; but on the present occasion a trifling circumstance gave rise to an interesting conversation, which engaged their attention until supper-time. We must here remark that the matronly female just referred to was a woman of respectable connexions, of good education, and of a very superior mind; in short, she was manifestly *competent* to move in a sphere far more elevated than that in which Providence had placed her; but she felt, that however adverse the circumstances might appear, which had led her into servitude, they had not at all deprived her of *substantial happiness*, or excluded her from contributing to the happiness of others. No; she was a godly woman, and she felt that the influence of her conversation and character should be, to induce her fellow-servants to love God, and to keep his commandments. It will not surprise our readers, therefore, to learn that any remark which she made was sure to awaken and secure attention.

In the course of the evening in question, one of the servants had rather thoughtlessly expressed a wish that they might never want such a fire as that which then blazed before them, and which indeed literally

illuminated the extremities of the spacious kitchen of Harlington Hall; and as Mrs. Carter (for that was her name) never failed to correct a remark which seemed to be made without due reflection, she took this opportunity of saying that she "hoped they would all be disposed, not only to *wish* for the comforts of life, but wisely to *provide* for them."

Every eye was turned towards the speaker, and each countenance seemed to inquire what lesson she intended to convey.

Mrs. Carter continued—"I have been thinking that *the mere animal desire to be comfortable*, prompts such a wish as we have just heard, but as *we* cannot always expect such a home as this, God requires *the exercise of care*, that when no longer able to labour, we may, like the ants, have a store for the winter of life." "I know not," she continued, "whether it was the bark of the woodman's dog which bounded past the window just now, that reminded me of poor Sam his master, and his half-starved family, but I could not help instantly contrasting our state with his, and asking myself whether his circumstances might not have been better than they are, if he had acted with more prudence; and this thought led me to the subject of Savings' Banks.

"You are all aware," said Mrs. Carter, "that an Institution of that sort has been recently established in the town, but as none of you have talked of accepting its advantages, I fear you have not paid attention to the subject." She then explained to them that to induce saving habits amongst the humbler classes of society, banks had been established in many places where the smallest sums might be deposited, and for

which as soon as they amounted to *one pound*, interest would be paid. "There is, therefore," said she, "every inducement to make an effort to save, and a frugal expenditure will enable almost every one to save something. Benjamin Franklin has observed that 'six pounds a year, are but a groat a day.' For this little sum (which may be daily wasted, either in time or expense, unperceived) a man of good character may, on his own security, have the use of one hundred and twenty pounds. This refers to the borrowing of capital for the purposes of trade;—and many humble men, who have acquired the habit of saving the groat a-day, have risen to wealth from such small beginnings. Many, however, continue to spend the groat unnecessarily and are always poor."

Mrs. Carter then took up a little book which referred to the subject, and read as follows:—

"The possession of a small sum of money beforehand, conduces very much to substantial comfort and independence. However small may be a person's income, there is one certain way of increasing it—that is by frugality; and frugality, commenced early in life, will prevent nearly all the miseries and degradations that invariably accompany improvidence. The habit of saving is not only of value in itself, but it leads to habits of sobriety, order, and general good conduct; and these habits will not only enable one to enjoy life with more zest, and to live longer than the short and dearly bought gratifications of personal indulgence, but will cause us to pass through the world with the approbation of our own conscience, and to leave it with that inward peace which is in itself a rich reward."

"I am sure there is no one here," continued Mrs. Carter, as she raised her eyes from the book; "I am sure there is no one here who will suppose that I have any unkind intention if I say that it becomes persons in our station, above all others, to be saving in our habits, and yet, perhaps, there is no class of individuals so likely as ourselves to be extravagant."

"Do not say so, housekeeper," said the cook; "I am sure that it has always been my care to avoid both extravagance and waste, but you know that Sir John always wishes us to fare well."

"You are quite correct, Mary," replied Mrs. Carter, "respecting Sir John's liberality, and I do not say that you are intentionally wasteful, but the abundance which our master's affluence supplies is in itself, to say the least, more likely to produce negligence than economy in our habits. I am not blaming you for *that*, cook; you have done your duty to Sir John, or I should have told you of your fault. Our duties, however, are twofold; the first we owe to our master—the second to ourselves; *justice* demands a fulfilment of the *former* as *his* right—*prudence* requires attention to the *latter* as *our own*. But think," continued Mrs. Carter, "of the countless blessings we partake of throughout the year, and you will soon perceive that whilst none of us may be chargeable with using them in any way that is inconsistent with fidelity to Sir John, yet their constancy and abundance are very likely to lead us into habits that would ill-prepare us for living at our own cost, if circumstances should cause us for a season to be out of employ."

"Well," said Edward, the butler, "I think Mrs. Carter is quite correct, for conscience tells me that I

have too often acted as if the comforts of this house were to be *always* mine."

"And I am sure that you have not been singular in that respect," said Mrs. Carter, as she glanced round upon those who were listening to her, "but we will not refer to our failings at present, further than to *improve the future* by thinking of the past."

"I referred just now," she continued, "to poor Sam, the woodman, but it may not be unprofitable to allude to him again, as it is possible we may learn wisdom by his folly. Some of us can remember Sam when he first entered Sir John's service; he was then about eighteen, and resided with his mother. Sir John gave him 10s. weekly, and he continued at those wages two years, when he had 2s. more. He then married, and soon began to have a young family rising up around him, and has felt the consequences of his imprudence in the poverty which daily stares him in the face. Suppose, however, that he had continued unmarried until six-and-twenty, and that, instead of spending all his earnings until that time, he had saved three shillings weekly for the first two years, and four shillings weekly for the next six years; he would then have laid by a sum which, with interest in the Savings' Bank, would have exceeded eighty pounds. Out of this money he might have then expended ten pounds in furnishing a cottage, and the mere interest on the remainder would have *more than paid his rent all through life.*"

"Dear me!" said the gardener, with surprise, as Mrs. Carter concluded this remark, "what a many comforts poor Sam might have had if he had only done as you have just said."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carter, "and there is another part of the subject upon which I would wish to remark, and which led me to refer again to poor Sam: it is this, that early habits of care and forethought not only enable us to lay by for the future, but teach us also to employ our savings *afterwards to more advantage than if the money had come to us in any other manner*. Let us then at once ascertain, how much each of us can spare, and resolve that nothing shall induce us to omit placing that sum in the Bank for Savings."

"Well," said one of the housemaids, a smart, pretty-looking young woman, "I should like to try, but really my ten pounds *seem* no more than just enough for my clothes, and I don't know how *I can save anything*."

"Ellen," said Mrs. Carter, "you have rightly said '*seem*,' and it is possible that if your wages were twenty pounds instead of ten, the larger sum might not *seem more than enough*; but *resolve on saving*, and each quarter the act of doing so will become easier. It is one thing to save *on going into service*, and another thing to do so when a stock of clothes has been obtained. You have now been five years in your present situation, are well stocked with clothing, and need spend but little for the future; and, therefore, I shall put down what you ought to do.

"Your wages, which are two pounds ten a quarter, should be appropriated thus:—

	£	s.
Savings' Bank	0	10
For Christian Charity	0	5
Clothes and necessary expenses	1	15
	<hr/>	
	£2	10

"There, Ellen ! that is the way to lay out your money, and as you sometimes get presents from the ladies, I propose that you should divide whatever they amount to in the same proportions ; and see ! I have not only provided for *yourself* in this arrangement, but have taken care to remember that *if we would expect the Divine blessing on our savings*, we are not only to think of ourselves but to appropriate a sum proportioned to our means, in promoting *his* glory to whom we owe our *all*, and in relieving the necessities of the destitute."

"Well ! Mrs. Carter," said Ellen, "as you have divided my wages so cleverly, I really will take your advice ; and that you may see my sincerity, here is a crown to begin with." Mrs. Carter received the money with a smile, remarking as she took it, "*that* is just the right way to act, Ellen ; when we are satisfied that it is our duty to do anything, we should do it with promptness and decision." She then turned to the other servants and enquired which of them intended to follow the example just set them by Ellen. One replied that he would begin with five shillings, another with a pound, the gardener with two pounds, and so on, until the coachman alone remained silent.

"And what will you commence with, James ?" inquired Mrs. Carter, who almost feared that he intended to refuse saving ; for he was a thoughtless man, and it was *his* silly observation which first led Mrs. Carter to remark on the necessity for saving. "Why *nothing*, madam, and I'll tell you why. In the first place if Sir John knew that I had much to put by, he might wish to give me less wages ; and in the next place, I don't see the use of beginning to do what will not amount to anything worth having at the last."

"Oh James!" said Mrs. Carter, "I am ashamed to hear you talk so; but I trust there is no one here who will follow your example. Be assured that such a line of conduct will embitter your declining days, and result in lamentation when regret will not avail you. I have heard that amongst the male inmates of workhouses no inconsiderable number have been servants, and whilst such as have been brought there by unavoidable misfortune deserve our pity, those who bring themselves to such a home by their imprudence justly merit our contempt."

This remark evidently made James ashamed, especially as all his fellow-servants seemed to feel the propriety of Mrs. Carter's observations.

Perfect silence ensued for a few minutes, and as no one seemed disposed to resume the conversation, Mrs. Carter said cheerfully, "Well! we will say no more this evening about savings; but I must make one remark for the encouragement of all who have now determined to become depositors at the Bank, and it is this, that so far from Sir John disapproving such a course, I am sure it will give him the highest satisfaction, and instead of his lowering our wages, I am quite sure that if they were not already sufficient, no circumstance would be more likely to obtain us an increase. For my own part," continued Mrs. Carter, "if I were so circumstanced as to keep servants, and they were well conducted, their hard-earned savings in the bank would, in my estimation, greatly add to their respectability, and I should be inclined to hope that as they had learned how to take care of their own property they would not be less careful of mine.

"In my native village there is an industrious couple

carrying on business who possess at this moment at least a few hundred pounds, besides an ample stock in trade. Twelve years since Mr. Stanley, for that is the tradesman's name, married a young woman in as humble circumstances as himself, neither of them having any property. He was then employed in a warehouse at one pound a week, and like many other persons whose means are small, George Stanley thought it was of no use to save, and therefore made no attempt to do so. His wife, however, who had more forethought, often felt an anxious wish to lay by something, and at last obtained his permission to begin. She did so, and in a few weeks found herself the mistress of a pound; this encouraged her to proceed, and by a little needlework, which her anxiety to save had prompted her to seek, she so far augmented their income that in the course of four years they had laid by no less than thirty pounds.

"Besides George Stanley's ordinary income during the last three years of this period, the kind providence of God assisted his endeavours by the following unlooked-for event.

"There was a tradesman residing in the village whose wife had recently been confined, and who became so seriously ill, that her infant was ordered to be placed out to nurse. Now it happened that Mrs. Stanley had at this period just lost her babe, and was disconsolately mourning its death, when the father of the infant I have spoken of, called to inquire if she would take charge of it. The offer was gladly accepted, and the poor babe found a mother's tenderness in one who had just been bereaved of her own beloved child.

"The affliction which rendered this step necessary continued for more than fifteen months, when the afflicted mother died, and Mrs. Stanley continued to take care of little Mary whom she loved as her own. For more than three years was this little girl beneath George Stanley's roof, and during all that period his income was augmented by the sum paid for her care.

"It will naturally be supposed that George and his wife consequently indulged in many extra comforts, but such was not the fact. Mrs. Stanley had commenced a course of saving, and having overcome *the difficulty of beginning* she found that every future step became more easy.—'No! George,' she said, when her husband proposed having something extra because of their increased means, 'do not let us spend a farthing of that money if we can help it; God has given it to us most unexpectedly, and, as we were able to subsist without it, why not put it by?' Need I say that George yielded to his wife? the money was kept as sacredly as if it had not been their own, and when the little girl returned to her father, George Stanley found himself possessed of sixty pounds besides the thirty I before spoke of, and all this through prudence and economy.

"I am not aware how much this sum was subsequently increased by interest from the savings'-bank; but of this I am quite sure, that all Mr. Stanley's present property has been *gained from that sum*, aided by his own industry, and the smile of Divine providence; for in a recent conversation he declared to me with much thankfulness that his past success and present comforts were alike the fruits of God's blessing on his humble savings."

"You must allow me to make one more remark," said Mrs. Carter, who seemed deeply interested in the welfare of her fellow-servants, "and it is this: that, besides the elevation of character which saving habits generally promote, the parties who possess a sum laid by are *always ready* to embrace opportunities for getting forward in the world, and, like George Stanley, to emerge from comparative poverty into circumstances of ease, comfort, and respectability."

THOUGHTS ABOUT OFFENCE-TAKERS.

THE mind that is so disposed may always find subjects for profitable reflection, even amongst the common circumstances of every-day life; and Grandfather Gray hopes he may be able to pen a few useful, though homely, remarks upon the particular topic which has just engaged his attention.

Without further introduction, the old man will at once say that he has been thinking of some of the long catalogue of evils which mar the happiness of man, and but for which he might drink more frequently at the refreshing spring of hope, and walk more uninterruptedly beneath the shady groves of Christian serenity and joy.

Grandfather Gray is too conscious of his own infirmities to attempt combating the whole array of evils which now present themselves to his imagination; but it has occurred to him that, even in his old age, he may grapple with one of them, and, by exposing its deformities, induce some fellow-traveller to unite with him in attempting to drive it from the earth.

The title of his present brief article, "*offence-takers*," will have prepared the minds of his readers for some remarks on that great evil, the *readiness with which some people take offence* when none is intended to be given; and as it is his object to produce a better course of conduct, by exposing the sinfulness of indulging such a disposition, let him make a few remarks on its *causes, consequences, and cure*.

In pursuing this train of thought, the old man is forcibly reminded that *unrestrained irritability of temper* is a frequent cause of this evil; for he can recall to his thoughts an individual, whose bland manner and sweet tones have been as suddenly changed into violence and threats by an innocent jest, as the glassy surface of an inland lake is sometimes ruffled by the gentle motion of a passing breeze.

Undue self-esteem, which cannot bear the least contradiction, and which, whilst it will not part with its own opinion, cannot allow a friend the indulgence of having one, is also a fruitful cause of offence-taking.

Grandfather Gray is not conscious of having made many enemies; but it has been his painful lot in a few instances (and happy would it be for the world if his experience were solitary) to have friends who have taken offence at something—or nothing, for aught he could tell—and who have, in consequence, kept themselves at a distance, or, if they have met him, it has been with a mysterious coolness and reserve.

The old man does not hesitate to say that such conduct is disgraceful even to a worldling, but to one who professes to be governed by the principles of religion it is still more inconsistent and discreditable. Alas! where is the *candour* which meekly tells a brother of

his fault, if a fault has really been committed? where the *charity* which, in the absence of indisputable proof, "hopeth all things"? and where the *humility* which is so conscious of frailty and erring, as readily to forgive as it hopes to be forgiven? Oh, for the temper of him on whose heart the Divine admonition, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," had been so deeply impressed, that, as the shades of evening drew on, he felt constrained to send this touching message to the man who had injured and quarrelled with him—"Oh, Sir, the sun is going down!" and thus changed an enemy into a friend, and drew from a heart full of unholy resentment, a gentle stream of contrition and love.

Grandfather Gray's reference to his own experience has almost led him to anticipate what he had to say on the *consequences* of indulging this offence-taking state of mind. Let him remark, however, that corroding misery must be the portion of the individual who is thus sinful; for the heart that withholds *from any one* the love which the God of love has commanded to be cherished toward all men, cannot enjoy solid peace and satisfaction until it has given back the love, friendship, good will—call it what we may—which it had no right to extinguish or withdraw.

But the result most to be deplored, as arising from offence-taking, is the distress of mind which it generally causes to those who do not deserve to be thus afflicted, and who, perhaps, are as ignorant as the unborn babe of the cause which has estranged the friend whom they love, and daily remember in their prayers.

The individual thus treated broods over the altered

manner of his former friend, until, wearied with surmises, he gives up the subject with a heavy heart, and feels that he must bear the weight of such injustice.

Grandfather Gray might easily have enumerated a long list of the causes of offence-taking besides irritability of temper, undue self-esteem, and a want of candour, charity, and humility ; nor would it have been difficult to enlarge upon the consequences of the evil he has deprecated, beyond the misery it occasions to the offended party, and the individual who has been presumed to have offended ; but if all who shall read the old man's humble sentiments should be led to guard against offending, or being offended, from the causes he has referred to, he feels persuaded that some increase of human happiness will result from his efforts.

In adding a few words about the *cure* of this evil, let the old man say, that whilst he is no believer in "universal medicines," but regards all those who profess to place confidence in such nostrums as simpletons or knaves, he does know a remedy for all the *moral evils* which blight the fair fields of man's happiness, and too often turn his blessings into curses. Yes, that cure is to be found in the sacred pages of the divine Word ; and the heart that prayerfully and sincerely resolves to be swayed by its precepts, will not, cannot, harbour resentment towards a single fellow-creature.

And let the old man add, that it is not only in the *precepts* of the divine Word that he finds a cure for this offence-taking. Ah, no ! there is also the *example* of Him who is "merciful and gracious, longsuffering

and of great kindness,"—an example which incessantly puts the heart-searching question, to him who takes offence, "*How much owest thou unto thy lord?*" and appeals to all that is noble, generous, and kind in man, to forgive and love, by exhibiting the character of Him who, with omnipotent power to punish, calmly witnesses the offences of thought, word, and deed, with which the best of his creatures are chargeable, and yet showers down upon them the unceasing supplies of his providence, and assures them that He is ever ready to forgive, and to bestow the blessings of his grace.

"I LIKE TO HAVE MY OWN."

"WHAT *can* be the matter?" said Mrs. Smithson, the housekeeper at Enderby Hall, as she hastened from her room towards the kitchen to learn what had caused such a clattering of fire-irons and crockery in that department of the building.

"Matter enough," answered Elizabeth, the cook, who was leaving the room as the housekeeper entered it; "matter enough to make one angry; there's always something to vex and disappoint me."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Smithson; "how so, Cook,—what has happened now?"

Cook.—Why, you know, Mrs. Smithson, this is my day to go out; and I had just cleared away the dinner, when three ladies and a gentleman arrived from London, and have obliged me to stay in and cook for them.

Housekeeper.—Well, Cook, that is to be regretted;

but it is no reason why the fire-irons should be dashed about, or the crockery made to clatter on the table. I suppose you do not blame either the irons or the dishes; and therefore it seems to me irrational that you should have vented your displeasure upon *them*.

Cook.—Of course, I did not blame them; but was it not enough to put me in a passion?

Housekeeper.—That is not a wise question, Cook. From what has happened, it is quite clear that *it was enough* to provoke you; but your question should not have been, "*Was it not enough?*" but, "*Ought* such a circumstance to have put me in a passion?"

Cook.—I am sure I was not in a passion without reason.

Housekeeper.—You may think so, Cook; but as I think otherwise, and wish to see you act more wisely, I will take the trouble to endeavour to convince you of your error. You have confessed that you were not angry with the kitchen furniture.

Cook.—Of course, I was not so stupid as to be so.

Housekeeper.—Well, so far we understand each other; though I must say that, if any person had knocked *you* about as you did the fire-irons and crockery, it would have been difficult to convince you that such rough treatment did not mean unkindness to yourself. But as you declare that you felt no anger towards these unoffending articles, I must presume it was intended for your mistress, or her company.

If it were really intended for the former, it was very unreasonable, as, in the first place, you are her servant, and she has a right to your services; and when you ask for a holiday you request it as a *gift*.

I am ready to acknowledge that no kind and just employer would refuse to grant such a favour when it is properly applied for and can be conveniently allowed ; but, after all, *it is a gift when bestowed*, and not an actual right. But there is another circumstance which renders your passion most unreasonable if it really were directed against your mistress, namely, that her company had given no notice of their visit, which was, therefore, as much a matter of surprise to her as to yourself.

Cook.—I am sure my anger was not intended for my mistress.

Housekeeper.—I am glad to hear you say so, Cook, for, if it had been, nothing could have been more unkind or unjust.

But if what you have already said be true, I can only conclude that this burst of anger was intended for the *guests* who have just arrived, and who are, to my certain knowledge, some of the most generous and considerate people in the world. These beloved friends of your mistress have called on their way to their country mansion, and were, of course, as unaware that my lady's cook was going out, as *she* was ignorant that they purposed spending an hour with her mistress ; to be angry therefore with *them* is not less unreasonable than to indulge ill-feeling towards your employer, or to wreak your anger on her property.

Cook.—Well, I must confess that it was very stupid to put myself in such a passion, but *I like to have my own*, and mistress promised me a holiday.

Housekeeper.—It was not only very *stupid*, but very *sinful*; and though I confess it is not pleasant to be disappointed, we ought not to let our tempers thus get

the better of our judgments : besides, you know that I would most cheerfully have supplied your place. But you have used an expression, Cook, "*I like to have my own*," which reminds me that you have long withheld from one who also likes to "have his own," something of infinitely more value than *that*, the loss of which has displeased *you* to-day ; and yet *he* is kind and gentle still.

Cook.—Indeed, I do not know who, or what you mean.

Housekeeper.—Then I will tell you, Cook. You are the creature of the ever-blessed God, who has given you a spirit that can never die, with powers capable of serving and enjoying him ; and though sin has estranged your affections from him, he still feels such an interest in you, if I may so express myself, that he cannot be satisfied until "he has his own." To tell you how much he pities you, would require more than an angel's tongue ; but he invites you to read the testimony of his Spirit, who speaks of his compassion, and his love.

If you would feel the value he sets upon your immortal soul, and the dangers to which it is exposed, you must call to mind the price he has paid to provide for its salvation.—He tells you that his pity was so great, that he sent his own Son to suffer in your stead : "For God so loved the world, that He sent his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ; for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." And now He invites you as one of those whom He created, and for whose sins He has at such a price atoned, to return to Him and be welcomed as

"his own." Yes, even you, who have, through your infancy and childhood, and so great a number of your riper years, returned ingratitude for his kindness, and rebellion for his love, even *you* he still invites to think, repent, believe, and live. But let me tell you in his name that if you still reject the offers of his mercy, and refuse to render Him the affection and obedience which ought to be "*his own*," his anger will consign you to unutterable woe, not because you were *born a sinner*, but because you refused the grace which would have rendered you a *saint*, for the solemn witness of his Word is this—that everlasting condemnation must rest upon the impenitent, who close their eyes against the light of truth, and walk in darkness, "because their deeds are evil."

These are solemn truths, Cook, and I do not mention them to make you sad ; they are proclaimed to us in mercy by the Lord's messengers, that we may "turn to Him and live," and I fervently desire that He who has made me a subject of his grace, and led me thus to speak, may so change your heart that this may be its language,

"Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of *thine own*,
For thou hast set me free ;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

"My will conformed to thine would move
On thee, my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join ;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine."

“OH, IF BOOKS COULD SPEAK THEIR
WRONGS!”

It is the happiness of Grandfather Gray to be associated with a congregation under the pastoral care of two talented and devoted ministers of Christ. May such a privileged and responsible position be long enjoyed and diligently improved !

One of these excellent men is at the present time delivering a course of lectures on the Christian Life ; and on a recent occasion, whilst preaching from the words, “ Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever,” after showing very forcibly that the new birth is an actual change from spiritual *death* to spiritual *life*, and that this change is the work of God’s Spirit on the soul of man, he proceeded to show that the instrument employed in effecting this wondrous change is the word of truth ; he then pointed out the importance of the Christian ministry, as an agency appointed by God to make known his truth, and enforced the responsibility of all who hear their message, if it accord with the written truth, to receive it not as the word of man, but of God.

To urge an instant compliance with this solemn exhortation, the Preacher dwelt with much force upon the fact that the written Word, as we have it, contains the very thoughts and words of God ; that we dare not expect him to *add* anything to it ; that no change in it can take place ; that it is full of energy to save the soul ; and that it is upon man’s soul that the Spirit must come down to enlighten, to quicken, and to

sanctify it ; and not upon the Word to give it some new power which it does not now possess.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary that Grandfather Gray should add that this sentiment was followed by a spirit-stirring appeal from the Preacher to all who heard him, not to incur the guilt of delay, but at once to improve the opportunity of coming to a saving knowledge of the truth, by a diligent and prayerful study of the Word of God.

The discourse upon which the old man is now commenting was full of beautiful thoughts, impressive sentiments, and affectionate remonstrances ; but there was one expression which came home to his heart like "a nail fastened in a sure place by the Master of assemblies," and which forms the motto to the old man's present communication—"Oh, if books could speak their wrongs, what would the Bible say ?"

With what feelings this question was heard by the congregation around him, Grandfather Gray cannot know, but if he may judge of others by himself, on the principle that "as face answers to face in a glass, so does the heart of man to man," many a heart felt that in whatsoever else it had shown due diligence, truth could not testify as much in reference to its study of the Bible.

Alas ! alas ! thought the old man, as he looked back upon the days and months of another almost expired year ; alas ! alas ! that trifles light as air should so occupy the attention whilst the infinite Jehovah still speaks, and speaks "as never man spake," in words of tenderness and love, to those whose sinfulness and folly deserve nothing but threatening and anger.

Grandfather Gray looks back with sorrow and hu-

mility on many resolutions of amendment which he made at the commencement of this year ; resolutions which then looked so promising in the bud, that the forgetful old man felt sure they would ripen into a beautiful harvest of improvement ; but, alas ! the wintry snows of bleak December challenge him to show the results of another year's cultivation in the Christian vineyard, or, to speak more plainly, they remind him of his increased responsibility, and that if he is not, he ought to be, the better for the possession of the Bible.

Accustomed as Grandfather Gray is to pen down a few homely thoughts, he could not muse seriously on the swiftly fleeting moments of the dying year, without remembering that, if life were spared, duty would call him to contribute something towards the first number of the "Servants' Magazine" for another year ; it did not need much consideration, therefore, to lead the old man to give utterance to his feelings, when reflecting on the Minister's rebuke to neglecters of the Bible.

Grandfather Gray would feel it quite a degradation, if it were supposed that in feeling this rebuke he placed himself on a level with those who leave their Bibles on a shelf, or in some box or drawer, unread from day to day, or only looked at occasionally ; no, no, the old man trusts he values that "precious gift of God to man," more highly than to treat it thus ; but he is deeply conscious that he is "a neglecter of the Bible," and that "*if it could but speak its wrongs,*" it would testify how often he has forgotten to imitate its examples ; to take heed to its warnings ; to rest upon its "great and precious promises," to wait in secret

upon its Author, to breathe the spirit it inculcates, and to cleave to the hope which it inspires ; and having this conviction upon his heart, he would humbly seek forgiveness for the past, through the all-sufficient merits of his crucified Redeemer ; and, if it should be his privilege to produce in the minds of any of his readers a conviction of the guilt of having an unread Bible, the old man prays that they may be brought to repentance and to "newness of life ;" and whilst a new year dawns upon the world, he would, for his part, esteem it his duty and his privilege to place his hand upon the Word of God and say—

"Holy Bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure! thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure! thou art mine."

LOOKING BACK.

It has been truly said that "a feather is capable of showing which way the wind blows," and in like manner the most trivial action sometimes indicates the prevailing current of the thoughts.

Grandfather Gray has been led to make this remark by a circumstance which some may think too insignificant to merit a moment's observation ; and, perhaps, the frequency of its occurrence may render it, in the

estimation of such persons, only the more undeserving of notice.

The old man has a subject on his mind, however, which he thinks worth an observation; and whether he be applauded or condemned for giving it publicity, his conscience will not censure him for so doing.

No one will surmise that a man of Grandfather Gray's years can have passed through the world thus far without seeing something of life; something of the grave and the gay, the young and the old, the frivolous and the serious; eyes beaming with expectation and delight, and eyes suffused with tears of disappointment and agonizing woe; and he can say that some of the most pensive and most profitable moments have been those when he has in imagination pictured to himself the probable end of some outburst of giddy joy, or the cause of wailing grief, which has arrested his attention.

But to come to the occasion of his present motto,—
“looking back.”

The old man, whilst traversing the streets of London, very frequently sees young females, evidently nursery servants, with children in their care; and the expression which he utters to himself, from the instinctive feeling of his bosom, is, “How perilous the situation of these young persons!” Perilous indeed! for, in addition to the tendency to evil which may exist in their own sinful nature, their very duty, which leads them to walk so slowly through the public streets, or, it may be, to promenade some pleasant and retired spot, exposes them the more completely to the

seductive arts of any well-dressed or other villain who may choose to waylay them.

But there are gradations of danger as of everything else; and Grandfather Gray has trembled for those young females who, when leading onward their little charge, are seen frequently "looking back." His mind was particularly impressed a few days since by an act of this kind. As he was hastening through one of the public thoroughfares in the pursuit of business, about one hundred yards before him was a young woman with a well-dressed child on either side of her. Coming forward in the distance was a young man, who passed without so much as looking at her; and yet, before the old man had advanced many steps further, this young female *looked back*, evidently with no other intention than to see if the young man were looking also, and, there is too much reason to suppose, with a secret wish that he might not be looking back *only*, but disposed to turn back also.

Grandfather Gray would not be needlessly severe on this subject; but his observation of those who have indulged this habit of looking back, and all that he has learnt respecting them, justifies him in saying that those who do so cast off one of the loveliest of female charms—modesty of conduct, and by their behaviour *invite* the approach of vicious and relentless men.

The subject is too delicate for enlargement, or Grandfather Gray would fain draw aside the veil which hides that downward course, to the very last step of which so many have descended who began by only "looking back;" but he dares not taint the

pages of this book, nor the pure atmosphere of those homes to which it is destined to be a visitor, by any details of the course of those who fall victims to the base and vicious by "looking back." No; he will content himself by referring those who are sceptical on this subject to the hourly habit of those poor, profligate, abandoned females, who amongst all God's creatures cannot discover one whom they may call a friend,—who can scarcely point to one spot on earth and say it is their happy home, nor fix on one promise in the Scriptures to light up a gleam of hope beyond the grave to those who live in sin; and whilst the old man would seek to rivet the attention of those who disbelieve his present observations, he would ask them to mark whether the hourly habit of the unhappy beings he has spoken of is not that of "*looking back*"?

SOMEBODY TO SPEAK TO.

It is no uncommon thing to hear servants complained of, and really there is too much reason to find fault with many of them. Indeed, Grandfather Gray, who has every wish to be their friend, has felt it to be his duty to write frequently about their misdoings.

Amongst a hundred other things it has been often alleged, and with truth, that "they are always gossiping with each other;" and that either before their employers' families are up, or at some other time, they "lay their heads together about things which do not concern them."

There is, perhaps, much truth in these accusations;

but Grandfather Gray has been thinking that a great deal might be said to moderate the anger of those who censure servants for gossiping together.

It ought never to be forgotten that human beings were made to mingle with each other, and that, as servants have the same natural promptings as their employers, it is no matter of surprise that servants should like to speak with their equals.

Besides, as the rules of propriety forbid employers to be on terms of great familiarity with their domestics, the latter must pass a life of great monotony, if not gloominess, unless they are allowed some intercourse with their fellows.

Grandfather Gray would therefore desire that those who serve should not be entirely prohibited from speaking with each other, as the wish to do so arises from one of the best feelings the great Creator has implanted in the human breast.

But whilst the old man writes thus, he would not be understood to be advocating the *indiscriminate association* of servants. No, no; he has seen too much of the world to recommend such a course, and has heard of too many instances of the innocent and unsuspecting being corrupted by the depraved and designing, not to raise his feeble voice against such a proposition, if any one should have the folly or the wickedness to make it.

If there were no other case upon record than the following (but, alas! there are many thousands) to suggest the necessity of minding whom we "speak to," Grandfather Gray thinks it ought to be a caution to every prudent young female.

In a neighbourhood not far from London, there

were in adjoining houses three young servants of very opposite characters; but, as it is not the old man's intention to mention names, he will distinguish them by the numbers, one, two, and three.

Number one was a quiet, clean, and well-conducted servant, never seen in conversation with strangers, or loitering when sent upon an errand. Moreover, she was accustomed to read her Bible, and really, not in pretence only, to attend the sanctuary on Sundays.

Number two was a giddy, thoughtless servant, continually loitering away her time in conversation with the servants in the neighbourhood—with the milkman, the policeman, or, indeed, any other man who felt disposed to talk with her; and, whilst her general demeanour showed that she had lost the modest feeling which is the grace and ornament of the female character, it was no uncommon thing to hear from her lips expressions of the most disgusting character, or to see her using her employer's property without regard to honesty.

Number three in many respects resembled number two; but there was this difference, that, so far as the old man has been informed, number two had not departed so completely from a course of virtue and integrity, though she appeared to be rapidly declining from it.

Now, it seemed unavoidable that number one should sometimes speak to number two; the want of a companion appeared to excuse it, and even the events of the neighbourhood seemed to demand it; but, thought she, there is very little difference between number two and number three, and, as I should not

wish to be the associate of *either*, I will, from this time forth, hold conversation with *neither*.

It was a wise and noble resolution which number one thus made, but still she required "somebody to speak to," and she sought three ways of gratifying her innocent desire, which the old man here records for the encouragement of others.

In the first place, she thought of One to whom she might go at all times, and under all circumstances—a friend who had both the power and the inclination to help her—and that friend was God; to Him she resolved "to speak" in prayer, asking Him to protect, to guide, and bless her; to make her contented with her station, and yet to second her endeavours to obtain advancement; to provide for her by his bounty here, and to fit her, by his grace, for glory everlasting.

In the next place, she looked at her little library, and remembered that the books upon the shelf were the works of the good and holy men whose names they bore, and that they, being dead, were yet speaking. Foremost in her row of books was her beloved Bible, and she felt that she could not be very lonely with *that* in her possession; for it contained not so much the words of *good men* only as *the words of God*. And then she felt that, though the remainder of her library consisted of but six or seven little books, yet that the writers of them spoke to her in language so devout, affectionate, and tender, as almost to invite her to reply to them.

Nor did her consolation end there; for her employers, seeing that she required and deserved to have "somebody to speak to," sought her some companions

amongst well-disposed young women, in whose fellowship she felt happy, and in meeting with whom in their Scripture classes she heard "of heaven, and learnt the way."

A knowledge of this fact afforded the old man unmingled satisfaction; and he could not help fervently desiring that every young female who might be similarly circumstanced might have employers equally desirous of finding her suitable companions to speak to,

LOOKING INWARD.

A FEW months since, Grandfather Gray indulged in some homely thoughts on "looking back" and "looking forward." He would now occupy a short time in saying something about "looking inward"—a duty of universal obligation.

Perhaps many of his readers are so unaccustomed to this exercise, that the mention of it may have called forth a smile, and led them to think that he is about to write on a subject to which none but old people would ever think of attending.

That no one may misunderstand him, he will therefore state at once that, when he speaks of "looking inward," he refers to that self-scrutiny which, however it may be neglected, ought to be the daily, if not the hourly, employment of every human being.

It is a solemn thought that, whilst the hands and feet, and indeed all the members of the body, are busily engaged with the occupations of swiftly-passing time, there is an uncared-for immortal mind within,

whose future destiny must, if serious thought and grace prevent not, be everlasting woe.

But whilst he would thus promptly remove any impression that would call forth mirth, or justify amusement, let him, with equal explicitness, declare that he has no intention of saying one word which shall cause gloom, or diminish in the least degree the innocent enjoyment of his readers. No; there is nothing *but sin* which can make the heart permanently sad, and, if its depravity has not been mourned over and forsaken, the sooner the spirit looks upon its own deformity the better.

To be merry with a heart unacquainted with its own disease, and to be at peace whilst under the frown of an offended Maker, is, alas! the condition of not a few. May the old man's feeble exhortations lead to a better state of mind!

Grandfather Gray would not insinuate, however, that the exercise of "looking inward" is, in every sense, neglected. No; there is not a human being who is not frequently "looking inward;" and perhaps half the tears which fall from weeping eyes are the result of doing so.

The old man has sometimes thought, when he has heard individuals muttering to themselves as they have paced along the crowded streets of the ever-bustling metropolis, that their anxious looks and excited feelings were but the natural indications that they were "looking inward" upon scenes and sorrows which, perhaps, were known only to themselves and God; and he has also thought, with pain, that too many of such apparently unhappy beings have, per-

haps, been strangers to the only way of obtaining deliverance from their grief.

But, although there may be none of these *outward* manifestations of a troubled spirit, Grandfather Gray is convinced there is much "looking inward," even where it is least suspected. How often, for instance, is the heart filled with remorse on the recollection of duties left undone, and of conduct pursued, which conscience witnesses to be at variance with respectability, safety, and happiness; and in how many thousand instances is there a constant "looking inward" upon a spirit dissatisfied with all man's bestowments, however ample and considerate, because the heart has never yet learned to be thankful to Him who "gives to all, and whose tender mercies are over all his works."

It is not the purpose of Grandfather Gray to attempt a description of the various circumstances which lead to such a self-inspection as often ends in sorrow and foreboding. If he had time, he could mention the mispending of the sacred hours of the Sabbath—neglect of the Scriptures, and of prayer—profane and immoral associations—and the reading of bad books—as amongst the causes of this remorse; but it is his object to refer to a different exercise of mind,—one which will end, not in sorrow, but in joy.

Ah, yes, it is possible to "look inward," and to feel the happier and the better for so doing. Not that the man who inspects his heart most carefully will find any thought, feeling, or desire, which furnishes a reason for self-praise or boasting; but, whilst he discovers much to humble him before his Lord and Master, much that needs pardon and purification, he

finds his heart glow with unutterable thankfulness, because there is a righteous Saviour for whose sake he can be forgiven, and a gracious God who waits to pardon.

To say that "looking inward," or rather, to speak more plainly, "to commune with one's own heart," is the way to become both happier and better, is not the fancy of an old man, but the experience of all God's children; and perhaps there is no duty more forcibly insisted on in the sacred Scriptures, nor one from the diligent discharge of which man's spirit has derived more lasting consolation.

Let it be our aim then, amidst the many duties, cares, and trials which absorb our time, demand our attention, and put our principle to the proof, to "look inward," and see that our hearts be not so "overcharged with surfeiting and with the cares of this life," as that the great day of account come upon us unawares; and let us look *upward* to our ever-compassionate Redeemer, and ask that His "strength may be made perfect in our weakness."

THE KNITTING SHEPHERD.

It is surprising how many opportunities of getting forward are suffered to pass unimproved, through listless inattention, or a vain conceit that, if we had the advantages of some other persons, we should *then* do as they do, or perhaps much better.

Hence, in temporal concerns, thousands would have risen from servitude to rule, who are still plodding on

without preferment,—when, by a little more activity or economy at some former season of their lives, they might have completely altered their circumstances.

There is no truth more certain than this,—that industry and care gain money, and that money, in such hands, is almost sure to gain more. Grandfather Gray would not insinuate that it is in the power of every one to become rich: he is quite aware that such a consequence does not always follow the best directed efforts, and that the infinitely wise God has not promised that it should; but the old man is not less sure that millions who suffer penury might pass their days in circumstances of comfort, if they had more watchfully improved the early opportunities enjoyed by them.

These reflections are the result of one of those way-side occurrences which are sometimes profitable to reflect upon.

Riding lately, from one village to another, with some friends, during a short sojourn with them in the country, the old man's attention was attracted by a flock of sheep peacefully grazing on the borders of a common,—on a sloping bank of which sat two farm servants. In a few minutes, Grandfather Gray passed the spot where they were sitting, and he then saw, what to him was a novelty, that one of them, who was evidently the shepherd, was *knitting*.

An expression of surprise naturally escaped the old man; and he then learnt from the friends whose hospitality he was enjoying, that it was the common custom in the country for shepherds to knit stockings, and that the articles they made were so strong and

good, that a pair of them, if purchased, would cost five shillings.

The habits of men are often shown as evidently by small circumstances as by those of a more imposing kind; and Grandfather Gray could not refrain from musing on the character of the men who thus turn their leisure moments to such good account.

Knowing from observation that idleness, dishonesty, drunkenness, and other vices, are almost always found grouped together, he was naturally led to the conclusion that such industry as he had just witnessed was, in all probability, combined with honesty, sobriety, and many other virtues. Hence, the old man followed the shepherd, in imagination, to his humble cot at sunset, and pictured to himself a clean and frugal wife, with her spinning wheel and distaff, surrounded by a group of poorly clad, but clean and tidy little ones, each engaged in some pastime, to gain a penny or improve the mind, and all rejoicing when the shepherd's well-known footstep sounds upon the threshold, and the humble latch is raised by his warm and friendly hand.

Trifling as the sum of five shillings may appear, the old man could not forget that, to such a family, it is sufficient to procure many comforts; nor could he lose sight of the circumstance, that the very habit of thus improving time not only shuts out vices, but bears with it a multitude of blessings. In such homes he felt that the friends of the humble labourer would rarely, if ever, witness scenes of wretchedness and discord, such as are common in the dwellings of the idle.

Whilst thinking of the knitting shepherd, the old

man thought he could learn this lesson for himself: *to turn each passing moment as it flies to some good account*; and that, whilst telling of the simple incident which suggested his reflections, he would urge the readers of these pages to “go and do likewise.”

THE COTTAGE TEMPLE.

AMONGST the numerous cheering declarations of the inspired volume perhaps there is no one more full of consolation than the language of the Saviour, “Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” That gracious and comprehensive “wheresoever” is sufficient to illuminate the darkness of a dungeon, and to fill with hope and joy hearts bowed down with sorrow and despair.

Apart from the teaching of the Divine Word, no man, whether civilized or savage, ever thought that the infinite Jehovah would condescend to listen to the supplications of his worshippers, “wheresoever” they assembled. On the contrary, just in proportion to the wealth of nations and their facilities for securing the pomp of worship, they have shown their profound ignorance of the fact, that if

“—gilded domes, and splendid fanes,
And costly robes and choral strains,
And altars richly dress’d,
And sculptur’d saints, and sparkling gems,
And mitred priests and diadems,
Inspire with awe the breast :

"Tis not the pageantry of show,
That can impart devotion's glow,
Nor sanctify a prayer.
The soul enlarged, devout, sincere,
With equal piety draws near
The holy house of God,
That rudely rears its rustic head,
Scarce higher than the Indian's shed;
By Indians only trod ; "

and hence the great and worldly-wise have often diverted their imaginations by the splendid ceremonies of worship, whilst they have been ignorant of the fact, or have turned away from the contemplation of it—that, "God is a spirit, and that they who worship Him " must do so "in spirit and in truth."

It is very delightful to meet with worshippers, where no external ornament or sweet sounds of music have offered an inducement to congregate together ; and during Grandfather Gray's recent short sojourn in the country he had the happiness of meeting in worship with such an assembly, under the following circumstances :

The members of a Christian Church, with some of whom he was staying, having sympathized with the religious destitution of a village about two miles distant, had obtained a licence for public worship on Sabbath evenings, in one of the cottages at that place, which the poor people had gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of attending.

Being invited to accompany the friend, whose turn it was to conduct the service on the last evening of Grandfather Gray's sojourn in the country, he gladly complied, and after an interesting walk by moonlight,

they arrived at the cottage, a humble thatched building, which stood back a short distance from the road.

Just within the little gate of the forecourt were two or three adults and young persons, standing by the cottager's wife, who stepped forward to express her regret that, by some oversight, no one had informed her that Grandfather Gray's friend would be present that evening, adding, that the poor people, after having waited till within a few minutes of his arrival, "had given him up," and gone away. But the friend was not to be disappointed of his congregation, and, therefore, requested some of the young persons to run down the village and mention his arrival. They did so; and in a few minutes the people were assembled, and the room was comfortably filled.

It was a scene of uncommon simplicity and plainness. In front of the speaker were some deal forms, and immediately behind them a few gradually ascending seats, resembling the gallery of a small infant-school; the whole tolerably well filled with poor people of various ages, from sixteen to seventy. On the right sat the cottager with an infant's cradle by his side, and on the mat near him, and in front of the fire, lay his faithful dog.

When all were seated, a hymn was sung, a chapter read and familiarly explained, prayer offered, then another hymn sung, then a text explained in a simple address to the people, and after another hymn and a short prayer the little assembly broke up and departed, many of the villagers expressing their thanks for the opportunity they had thus enjoyed.

The occasion was simple, yet solemn, and it left on

the old man's mind an impression which he hopes to retain.

To the votaries of pleasure, or the devotees of a splendid superstition, no scene could have appeared more contemptible, yet, beneath that rustic roof, there were, perhaps, some humble spirits on whom the Lord of angels looked down with ineffable delight.

How cheering the thought that "He who dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and who cannot tolerate gorgeous trappings and pompous ceremonies as substitutes for the homage of the heart, has said for the encouragement of sincere, though poor and humble worshippers, "Wheresoever two or three are met in my name, there am I in the midst," and will acknowledge that, wherever such are met, though their temple be a cottage, a kitchen, or an attic, it is the "Temple of the Lord."

But, as if the infinite Jehovah would leave no heart, however solitary, to despond, the encouragement to prayer is still more minute and particular. He goes beyond the declaration that, "Wheresoever *two* or *three* are met," there will He be also; and leaves the heart-cheering promise to those who cannot mingle their petitions with those of fellow-creatures, "Unto that man will I look, and with him will I dwell, who is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my word."

"VERY KIND, BUT VERY CARELESS."

It is almost impossible to pass through life without becoming familiar with certain expressions which are

uttered in reference to servants. That which has given rise to Grandfather Gray's present communication is one of them.

The old man is not disposed to be critical, or he would at once assail the expression as self-contradictory, and therefore untrue; but as he is aware that it is employed in a qualified sense, and is indicative of a desire to honour good *intentions*, even where duties have been neglected, he will not quarrel about words. He must remark, however, that any apparent kindness in a careless servant may rather be regarded as the instinctive acting of a *gentle nature* than as the manifestation of an upright, noble, and generous *mind*. If there really be a *kind* but *careless* servant in the world, then, in Grandfather Gray's estimation, she is rather a creature who has no positive desire to hurt, than one in whose conduct may be traced clear and unquestionable evidence of desire to do good.

The old man has been led to this subject by several very painful circumstances which have set him musing.

Not long since he read in the public papers of "a kind, but very careless servant," who, having put her master's babe to bed, left the room so hastily that the sparks from her unsnuffed candle were carried by the air to the bed-curtains, and, before any of the family were aware, the dear little one whom she had left to sleep was burnt beyond the possibility of medical relief, and its agonized parents had to attend a public inquest to give evidence as to the death of their beloved infant, who might still have been the object of their delight but for this act of their servant.

Grandfather Gray has still before his imagination

one of the most deformed of human beings he ever met with, and, if his memory does not deceive him, it was the testimony of that man that all his deformity and sufferings were the result of falling out of bed when a little child, through the carelessness of a servant.

Whilst penning this incident, he is forcibly reminded of another of which he was himself, many years since, an eye-witness, and which had well-nigh crippled an individual for life. "A kind, but very careless servant," having to fetch a jug of ale from the cellar one evening for some gentlemen who had called upon her master, threw up the cellar-flap in the floor, and descended, leaving the flap still up, although any person passing from the shop-door to the parlour must needs fall through the space thus left open. Of course she did not expect any one; but the shop-door had not been shut when she let the first parties in, and one, who came immediately after, fell through the opening, and was so seriously injured, that for some months it was doubtful whether he would ever be restored to health.

The old man has not forgotten, and will probably never forget, the agony of a father when attending an inquest upon the mangled body of his child, who had fallen down a well-staircase from the attic-story to the hall, and was taken up dead. "It was the servant's fault," said he to the jury, "for she let him have a chair on the landing, and left him leaning on the handrail."

It would be too easy to proceed with instances of this kind; but Grandfather Gray will confine himself to one which recently appeared in the public papers.

It is thus reported:—"Yesterday morning a most

dangerous, and, it is feared, fatal mistake was made by the nurse of Mrs. L——, residing in Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, who had the misfortune to give her mistress a quantity of lotion in mistake for a draught, which Mrs. L—— swallowed; but, being attacked in about two hours afterwards with most alarming symptoms, her medical adviser was sent for, and it was then discovered that she had taken the lotion, the principal ingredient in which was sugar of lead, a most deadly poison. Antidotes were administered, and the contents of the stomach were rejected, but no hopes are entertained of her recovery."

Grandfather Gray will not attempt to conceive the feelings of a servant, who by an act of carelessness, hurries a fellow-creature, possibly unprepared, into an eternal world; an act which no future watchfulness can repair, and for which no sorrow can make amends.

But it is not the old man's design to expose infirmities, except, indeed, with the view to effect amendment in his fellow-creatures, and thus to mitigate the sorrows of the world. He would say, then, and say it affectionately to servants, *Cultivate a habit of thinking*; do nothing without reflection; let special duties have especial care; if children be committed to you, never go from them without reflecting whether they are as safe as it is possible to leave them; and if medicine—that instrument of life or death—be given you to administer, try to feel that it is a most solemn trust. Be not ashamed to ask the doctor to explain to you *how* and *when* it is to be given; and if there be two kinds, as a draught, the name of which implies that it is to be *drank*, and a lotion, which means a

wash, place the lotion in a *lower cupboard*, to signify that it is of less importance than the other ; or mark it in some intelligible manner, to avoid the possibility of administering it improperly.

SANCTUARY SLEEPERS.

THE humble contributions of Grandfather Gray consist so frequently of comments on the faults and follies of his fellow-creatures, that he never takes up his pen to say anything in reference to misconduct, without feeling that many of his readers will have long since set him down as a fault-finding, hard-to-please old man. He trusts, however, that he does not deserve such a character, but is willing to bear reproach if he can lead to the practice of what is right, by exposing what is wrong. Without further preface, then, let the old man say that he has almost panted for the day to arrive when he should have the opportunity of saying something about "sanctuary sleepers."

It is a very homely, but well understood and true saying, that "*every man feels where the shoe pinches*," and it is one of those personal annoyances to which the proverb refers which has again stimulated Grandfather Gray to complain and rebuke.

In writing upon "sanctuary sleepers," he would disavow the desire to insinuate that *servants* are the only persons chargeable with sleeping in the house of God. Alas ! no ; he has, at different periods of his life, seen individuals of almost all classes and all ages guilty of this irreverence ; and, although he cannot remember to have slept in the sanctuary since the days of his

childhood, he must confess with regret that, in warm weather, he has himself too frequently felt a drowsiness, which it has required his best efforts to resist and overcome.

But the old man is not going to narrate his own imperfections, which are great and many, though sleeping in the sanctuary be not amongst the number. It is his object on this occasion to speak of two young women, evidently servants, who have both slept during public worship on the Sabbath, and so near to him, that he could not help observing them and feeling annoyed by their conduct.

He has just referred to the drowsiness sometimes brought on by the warmth of summer; but on the days when Grandfather Gray was annoyed by these *sanctuary sleepers*, snow lay upon the ground, and all the smaller streams and rivulets were fast bound in ice. In the first instance, it was a cool, clear, frosty morning; yet, even then, the young woman who ruffled the old man's temper, first snored, then nodded, then snored still louder, until with a deep full nod, amounting almost to a prostration, she awoke, aroused herself for a moment, and then snored and nodded, until with a like prostration she aroused herself again.

Grandfather Gray felt grieved at this impropriety, for four reasons.—First, it distracted his attention from the excellent discourse which the minister was then delivering; secondly, he feared that the persons who sat in the seats before and behind him might think that it was himself, or some member of his family, who had thus forgotten the sacredness of the place where they were assembled; thirdly, he felt pity for the individual who thus lost the precious truths

which were being taught with the utmost clearness, affection, and fidelity; and, fourthly, he felt that such conduct was not less sinful in the sight of God than it was careless and unbecoming.

The old man could not help remembering those words of the Jewish lawgiver, "Thou shalt in anywise reprove thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him," and he felt *almost* determined that, when the service was concluded, he would ask this young woman, kindly and considerately, if she had been up unusually late the previous night, or had been working unusually hard; alas! however, his courage failed him, and, fearing he might be thought rude by a fellow-creature, he allowed the young woman to quit the seat without a single observation, and he has seen her no more.

The following Sabbath morning such another young woman took her seat in the old man's pew, and from her wakeful conduct and general attention he fancied that she, at least, was one who knew how to value religious privileges; but, alas! alas! in the evening she went through the same round as her predecessor, of snoring, nodding, bending, and awaking, and again snoring, with as much exactness as if both parties had been taught the same exercises in the same school.

Remembering his former want of faithfulness, Grandfather Gray resolved to be decided upon this occasion; and, therefore, as often as his fair neighbour indicated having passed into a state of sleep, by snoring and the usual nod, he ventured to give her a gentle thrust with his elbow, and to accompany it with a look of reproof on gaining her attention.

He will not assert how many times he had to go through this exercise; suffice it to say that his atten-

tion was much distracted, and that he would not perform such a task every Sabbath-day for any wages that might be offered to him.

Having mustered sufficient courage to be thus far faithful, the old man resolved to *speak* to this young woman, before she left the sanctuary, on the impropriety of her conduct; but when the minister had pronounced those solemn words, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all," that moment she arose, turned her back on Grandfather Gray, and hastened from the chapel; whether ashamed of having required the old man's friendly elbowing, or angry on account of his interference, she, and He who knows all things, alone can tell.

Much as Grandfather Gray was annoyed by both these young women, he had, and still has, no other feeling towards them than that of pity and regard; and, did he not feel persuaded that thousands act just as they acted, he would not have spent his time in the narration of their fault. But alas! the old man has seen and heard, and cannot but believe, that whilst many of the wealthy, who cannot plead hard work or weariness as an excuse, sleep in the sanctuary, there are many of the class for which this book is more especially intended, who sleep away their precious moments in the house of God, merely because they have never made an effort to feel the solemnity of the place, or to realize the presence of Him who says, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary," and because they have never sought to feel their need of pardon, and so to listen that their souls may live.

If the ministry of the Gospel be the "ministry of reconciliation," how solemn the condition of the unrepentant and unpardoned sinner, who goes and seats herself in the sanctuary and there sleeps, whilst the claims of God's justice, the terrors of his broken law, the rapid flight of time, the eagle-winged approach of death and eternity, and the sweet offers of mercy through the Saviour, are all being urged with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

But while Grandfather Gray writes, he would fain hope that the exposure of such conduct will lead some who have been thus guilty to prayerful vigilance in future, and whilst communing with their inmost spirits on the past, to say—

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul;
Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.

"We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood.

"Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from the heavenly hills,
And sit and warm our hearts.

"Then shall our active spirits move—
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize."

THOUGHTS ON THE OPENING OF THE YEAR 1848.

PERHAPS no sentiment has ever met with a more prompt response from grateful hearts than this, that "new mercies demand new songs of praise." And, if ever there were a period when the sweet incense of such an offering should ascend to heaven, surely it is the present.

Grandfather Gray would feel himself lamentably ungrateful for the mercies of the past year if he could enter on a new one without calling upon his readers to unite with him in thankful praise for the bounteous mercies which have been vouchsafed to them by the great Author of all good, and for life and health so graciously protracted, whilst thousands have been hurried to the tomb.

Long, very long, is it since our beloved nation passed through a year of such marvellous vicissitudes. Its spring-time overcast with gloomy forebodings occasioned by the potato blight; its summer cheerfulness almost forgotten, amidst anxieties to send the bread that perisheth to starving millions of our fellow-countrymen; and then, what an autumn for remembrance! what fields covered with the bounteous gifts of God, telling us, with ten thousand thousand tongues, that the Lord had not "forgotten to be gracious!" And may not the old man add, that the same exuberant gifts of heaven have been wafted into our rivers, ports, and harbours, as if sent, not only to sustain the famishing, but to bring swift punishment on those whose love

of gain induced them to hoard up the precious grain, and to deny to man the gracious gifts of God.

The thoughtful mind cannot contemplate the closing scenes of one year, and the beginning of another, without emotions of deep and solemn interest. It is impossible for one accustomed to think seriously, to retire to rest just as a year is expiring, without feeling most tenderly, both in reference to the moments which have fled, and those which are to come.

Grandfather Gray has no intention of saying anything that will cast a gloom across the future ; but he feels that it is good, on starting in a new race, to see what has impeded him in the race already run, so that, by observing how far he has fallen short of realizing previous expectations, he may trace the causes of his failures, and avoid them for the future.

Let it not be thought that the old man speaks thus personally in order to parade himself vaingloriously before his readers. Alas ! alas ! he has too much reason to hide, rather than to obtrude himself upon their gaze ; and he can honestly assert that he has only spoken of himself on this occasion, because he feels that the experience of too many of his readers may bear a painful correspondence with his own.

Much as time obliterates impressions, he can remember some of the plans which he intended to put into practice when the year, which has now passed into eternity, first broke upon the world ; but, on looking back, he feels that he has fallen far, very far, short of his own imperfect resolutions ; and, alas ! how far below that which might have been required of him, the Great Judge of all alone can tell.

It is a very humbling consideration to the old man to know that, whilst he has been "encompassed about by a great cloud of witnesses," each of whom has seemed to exhort him to strive incessantly for a crown that fadeth not away, he has too often allowed his attention to be drawn off from the things that are eternal, to dwell upon such as have been, to say the best of them, but temporal.

Nor is it less a matter of regret that, whilst time has sped his way with untiring wing, and week after week has passed into eternity, the old man should be obliged to confess, with deep humiliation, that he is not altogether guiltless of having *wasted precious time*.

And then, oh, what an accumulation of responsibility does each succeeding year leave recorded and posted, if the old man may so express himself, to the debit of every human being who has long since reached the age of accountability! For himself, Grandfather Gray would make the confession, and he would do so with deep sorrow and humility, that he has *not improved his religious advantages* as he ought. Alas! no; for it has been his privilege to enjoy the devout, faithful, instructive, and spirit-stirring ministry of two most excellent pastors; and if any religious culture could make the soul fruitful in the ways of godliness, the old man must confess that such a culture has been his.

He has had so often to make these confessions, and to bemoan his unfruitfulness in the garden of the Lord, that if there had been no such promise as this,—"My strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness," he would now be ready to despair.

And are any of his readers disposed to inquire if he enters upon a *new year* with a palpitating heart and gloomy apprehensions that he shall not persevere? he would instantly reply, that no such feeling agitates his bosom. Humbled, indeed, he desires to be on the remembrance of "the things which he has left undone," and of those which he has "done amiss;" but it is his happiness to know that—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains;"

and through that atoning blood the old man expects forgiveness. Then, as it respects the future, wherefore should he fear? May he not exclaim, with the ancient prophet,—“Greater is he that is for us than all those who can be against us”? or adopt the language which has often cheered a pilgrim in his journey,—

“The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way?”

Yes, yes! notwithstanding all his confessions,—and he has not said a thousandth part of what he might say on that subject, if it were proper to disclose the secrets of the heart to sinners like himself,—notwithstanding all this, with a full remembrance of past cares, sorrows, and disappointments, of faults and follies; and expecting trials, temptations, thorns and briers in his future path, he would enter on a new year with firm and cheerful step, uttering the prayer to the Most High,—“Hold thou me up and I shall be

safe," and inviting his readers to unite with him in the language of the poet,—

"From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee."

THE DAY OUT.

"IT IS MY DAY OUT TO-MORROW."

No feet ever tripped more lightly down the lawn of Belle-Vue Cottage than did those of Lucy Gray on Easter Sunday morning.

She had risen as the lark began to tune his morning song, and almost before the rising sun had shed his glories through the sky. It was just one month since she had quitted home for service; and as her mistress had agreed to allow her a day's recreation as often as that period returned, Lucy's expectation of a visit to her mother on the morrow had filled her with delight.

It was her first situation, and she had gone to it with a heart filled with apprehensions of the dulness and drudgery of service; but all her fears were dispelled, for Providence had favoured her with kind employers, and a home of contentment and peace.

Finding that time would permit her to do so, she sat down and read a chapter in the Bible; and after thanking God for his great mercies, she proceeded down stairs to her necessary work. We say *necessary*

work, because no other labour was permitted to be done on Sundays at Belle-Vue Cottage.

Lucy's heart was as light as a feather; the joy she anticipated on meeting with her mother having caused her time to pass away smoothly, and her employment to be pleasant.

After preparing breakfast, she made the parlour ready for the family, and was about to return down stairs when she saw Mrs. Moss, the housekeeper at the mansion, who was reading in the garden which adjoined that of Belle-Vue Cottage.

Lucy knew very little more of this person than her name and the situation which she filled; but she had spoken a few times to Lucy in a kind manner, and had by this means gained her esteem.

Now, Lucy was one of those individuals who unwisely form their attachments almost at first sight. Being a fond, artless girl, with no intention of doing wrong, she never thought that others were sometimes inclined to do so. Besides, she was of so frank and communicative a disposition that, believing everybody to be a friend who spoke kindly to her, she took delight in unbosoming her feelings and intentions.

Such unsuspecting confidence, though in some respects deserving of esteem, is attended with so much danger in a world like ours, that we cannot too seriously warn those who are conscious of this frankness, to be cautious in mentioning their feelings to strangers.

On seeing the housekeeper at the mansion, Lucy ran to her and joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Moss, it's my day out to-morrow!"

"And what of that, child," she answered, smiling, "are you going to the fair?"

This question was put, not in expectation of hearing Lucy say "Yes," but rather to draw her into conversation on a subject which the housekeeper felt very seriously affected the wellbeing of many young females.

Lucy replied, "Oh, no; I am going to my mother, and would rather see her than a thousand fairs!"

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Moss, "but why are you so anxious to go home?" Lucy replied, "It's a month to-day since I left it, and mother has no earthly comfort which she cares for, but myself. When we parted she kissed me, and said, weeping, 'Lucy, your father is dead, and the children are dead, and but for your sake, I could willingly have died too. Let us now live for each other and for God. It is His providence which parts us for a season; but let no fault of ours prevent our re-union in this life, much less in the life to come. Think of me, child, and pray for me too, whether you are rising, or retiring to rest; and I will hourly pray for you that God may keep you, and bless you, and bring you back in peace.'

"I *have thought of her*," continued Lucy; "for who could forget such a mother as mine! and I have —" Lucy was about to say, "prayed for her;" but her feelings were too tender for expression, and she said with her *eyes*, what her *tongue* could not utter.

Mrs. Moss, whose interest towards Lucy and her mother had been so unexpectedly awakened, was much affected by this burst of tenderness; and pressing Lucy's hand, said, "God will indeed bless you, my

child, for your dutiful behaviour. And be assured of this, that no fair could yield such sweet enjoyments as you will find in the affectionate society of your mother. Besides, my young friend, there can be *no real happiness in neglecting known duties*; and they who forget the obligations which they owe to their parents, will in vain seek for satisfaction in the society of strangers. But I ought not to speak of visiting parents as a *duty*. It is a *privilege* of no mean kind; and I am happy to see that *you* know how to value it."

"I do indeed," said Lucy, "and hope that the instruction my mother has given me will never be forgotten."

"I am much pleased with your remarks, my dear girl," said the housekeeper, "but we must not forget our duties *here*, while speaking of your home, and therefore let us say good morning until church-time, when possibly we may meet again."

A suspicion that she had trespassed too long, besides interrupting Mrs. Moss in her reading, caused a blush to redden Lucy's countenance at this moment; but this impression was instantly removed by a kind assurance on the part of Mrs. Moss, that the interview had afforded her unexpected pleasure.

Events continually teach us the importance of embracing every opportunity of giving good advice; for if the first occasion be suffered to slip, none so suitable may again occur; and the want of our counsel may expose to irreparable mischief.

Lucy Gray saw no more of Mrs. Moss until the "day out" had been enjoyed; but, "a word in season" had been spoken at this short interview, and we shall

now make our readers acquainted with the good effects which it produced.

At half-past ten o'clock the village bells chimed cheerfully to call the worshippers to church; and Mrs. Englefield, Lucy's mistress, kindly told her that she was at liberty to go.

In a few minutes, she put on her neat black dress and white collar; and having spoken to her mistress, who was kept at home by the sickness of the babe, Lucy closed the door and set off for church.

Brightly as the morning had dawned, the sky soon became somewhat overcast; and a shower seemed to be approaching.

Lucy had scarcely reached the bottom of the green lane, leading from Belle-Vue Cottage to the high-road, when black clouds darkened the horizon, and she remembered, when too late, that her umbrella was at home. She would fain have gone back; but felt ashamed either to acknowledge her forgetfulness, or to trouble her mistress to let her in; besides, a higher motive prompted her to go forward—that she might be at church *before the service began*; in order that she might join in the beautiful chant; “I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight,” &c.

Lucy now felt, that by forgetting her umbrella she incurred the risk of spoiling her best dress; but she had no idea that any further mischief could arise from her omission. It frequently happens, however, that important consequences result from things which seem to be quite insignificant; and such had very

nearly been the case in reference to Lucy's want of an umbrella.

The circumstances of life are like a vast chain, formed of greater and of lesser links, between which there is an intimate union, although we are not always able to perceive it. But as time rolls on, and we muse upon the past, we sometimes feel astonished at the *evident connexion of events* by which our destiny in life has been determined.

Had Lucy Gray been more thoughtful, she might have reached the church without apprehension, and returned home in safety and *alone*; but circumstanced as she was that morning, she became *dependent on another* for *that* shelter which her own prudence ought to have provided. But we will not anticipate our story.

Lucy reached the church before the rain came on, and took her seat on one of the neat oak benches in the middle aisle. The clock still wanted five minutes to eleven, and before Divine worship actually commenced, she had the comfort of reflecting seriously on its solemnity.

During prayer, Lucy was somewhat disturbed by a young man and woman, who came up the aisle and sat beside her; but her heart was solemnly occupied with the service, and her eyes were either closed or fixed upon her prayer-book. It was otherwise, however, with the young man; *his eyes* were *turned* at intervals *in every direction*, and whilst his *lips* were heard to mutter that solemn supplication, "O God, to whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our

hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name;’—ay, whilst these solemn words were uttered by his lips, his countenance and manner betokened feelings the most irreverent and depraved.

If it is true, (and who can doubt it?) that the bright and glorious angels of the skies come down to earth, and walk unseen amidst the assemblies of the saints; what exhibitions of depravity must they view even in the sanctuaries of God! And if *they* see, what we might almost think enough to make them weep and hasten back to their abodes of purity and joy,—what must *He* behold who marks the thoughts, and words, and actions of his creatures, and whose eye reads, at one glance, the whole record of their lives!

Could the *thoughts* of that young man have all been clothed with *words*, and *written upon the altar, or the pulpit*, and been held up to the gaze and contemplation of the assembled people; we think that *even he*, in whose bosom such imaginations were indulged, would have reddened with confusion, and hurried forth ashamed. And yet *his thoughts were seen* by Him into whose sanctuary he had entered so profanely, as visibly as if they had been written on the walls *in words of flaming fire!* May we ever feel that “God is greatly to be feared in the assemblies of his saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him!”

The service ended, and Lucy rose to leave the church; first bending courteously to the young woman who had sat next to her, and whom she recognised as a servant at one of the houses near Belle-Vue Cottage.

On arriving at the church-door, Lucy found the rain descending in a copious shower, and to avoid getting wet she was obliged to stay. She had not waited many minutes, however, when the young man and woman, just mentioned, came out; and the former, whose irreverent behaviour had not been seen by Lucy, having offered his umbrella between the two young women, it was gladly accepted, and all three left the church together.

There is *much truth* in the common proverb, "Show me your companions, and I will tell you what you are;" although there are some cases in which it would not be just to form an estimate of character by this rule, without inquiry and reflection. But Lucy Gray incurred a risk of which she had no idea, by walking from the church in company with a young man of whom she knew *absolutely nothing*, and with a young woman whom she had only *seen once or twice*, and with whose *moral character* she was totally unacquainted.

"I hope the wet will not last," said Sarah Norman (for that was the name of the young woman into whose company Lucy Gray had so unexpectedly fallen), "I hope the wet will not last, as I have asked mistress to let me go out to-morrow to see my father, and I am going to the fair instead."

"And I hope the weather may be fine," said Lucy, "for *it's my day out to-morrow*; but I am not going to the fair."

"Not going to the fair!" said George Elton (for that was the name of the young man who had acted so irreverently in church); "not going to the fair! then all I can say is, that you don't know how to enjoy

yourself ; but I suppose you will not object to go if we call for you ?”

Lucy was not prepared for this proposal, and therefore made no answer ; but as George Elton pressed the subject, she felt it to be her duty firmly to decline his offer. She was led to this decision, not only because the individuals with whom she was conversing were strangers to her, and because she looked forward with great pleasure to an interview with her beloved mother ; but chiefly because she had learned that, as the profligate and the wicked resort to fairs, the virtuous and respectable ought to shun them, as the traveller of the desert would avoid the haunts of beasts of prey.

“ I have *never been* to the fair, Sir,” said Lucy, “ and do not mean to go. My mother will expect me home, and I shall enjoy more pleasure in *her company*, than any fair could give me. Besides, it would be a wicked thing indeed, to spend my first day out in going to the fair, rather than to pass a few hours with a mother to whom, under God, I owe every thing.”

“ It is well for me,” said George Elton, “ that I have got no mother to meddle with my pleasures ; for I would soon let her see who would rule the roost.”

“ Very likely, Sir,” said Lucy, “ there can be little doubt that a son who was inclined to do wrong, would do so without regard to the wishes of his mother, if she were living to express them ; but would his sin be the less because he did not care for the grief it might occasion her ?

“ Pooh ! Sin !” said George, “ I suppose you are a Methodist ?”

"No, Sir, I am not a Methodist, although there is nothing in the name to be ashamed of; but it is my wish to avoid the company of the wicked, and if I am *unexpectedly* with such, *that* is certainly no reason why I should deliberately go with them again."

Sarah Norman and George looked at each other with vexation and surprise; until the latter turned again to Lucy and broke the silence by exclaiming, "Upon my word you are just like all the canting, religious hypocrites, who set every body down as wicked, when they don't follow their sanctified ways."

"I am quite prepared to expect this language, Sir," replied Lucy, who would have quitted her companions, but the rain still fell heavily. "I am quite prepared to expect this sort of language, Sir, but you have not shown that what is *wrong* becomes *right*, because you abuse those who act rightly. I am afraid, Sir, that when you speak as you did just now, of the sanctified ones, you either do not know the meaning of your words, or your wickedness must be very great to express such hatred of what is holy. You may speak as you please against God and his people, but persons like yourself are objects of pity to them both."

"Upon my word, Sarah," said young Elton, "we had better have come by ourselves, for it seems we have brought a *parson* with us, and not a *companion* for the fair." Sarah tittered, and looked as if she quite concurred in the young man's opinion; but she made no remark.

Lucy appeared to take no notice of this observation; but felt thankful that she had been enabled to declare

her sentiments so plainly, and to maintain them without fear.

They at length arrived within sight of Belle-Vue Cottage ; and Lucy began to feel most uncomfortable, lest she should be seen in company with such persons as her new acquaintances had proved themselves to be. She hoped, however, that her conversation, if it did no good, would at least give no relish for her society in future, and she consoled herself with the thought that in a few minutes she would be seated in her own comfortable kitchen, and soon have an opportunity of calmly examining that portion of the Word of God to which her attention had been called at church.

There is a degree of zeal sometimes observable in the ungodly, which might well produce a sense of shame in the bosoms of many who profess to be influenced by high and holy sentiments and feelings ; and the untiring efforts of those who are engaged in the service of sin, seem to rebuke the inactivity of some religious persons.

George Elton had been repulsed in his attempt to lead Lucy to the fair ; but he resolved that before they parted he would try again. Lucy had rung the garden bell, and only waited to be let in, when George grasped her hand, and in a tone of assumed affection entreated her to accompany him and Sarah to the fair next day. Lucy, however, again declined with firmness ; but George insisted on waiting for her next morning, in order that they might at least have some further conversation on the subject ; and thus they parted.

It was one of the happiest moments Lucy had e

felt when she found herself disengaged from persons in whose society she was conscious it was unsafe and disgraceful to remain; but she secretly hoped that no one had observed her, and resolved to shun such society in future. She had not been unseen, however, for Mr. Englefield had noticed them as they came round the quickset hedge, and also whilst conversing together at the gate, which induced him to think they were intimate acquaintances.

Mrs. Englefield entered the parlour just as the footman had let Lucy in, and perceiving her husband to be somewhat depressed, eagerly inquired the cause. "My dear," he said, "I had formed the best opinion possible of our Lucy; but I have just seen her in company with that profligate young man George Elton, and a young woman whose apparent attachment to him leads me to fear that her character must be bad. At all events," he continued, "we must not let Lucy go out to-morrow without seeing if these persons accompany her, for if she chooses such companions she is no longer fit for our service."

"My dear," said Mrs. Englefield, "I quite concur in the sentiment you have just uttered, that if Lucy has chosen bad companions she must not remain in our service. It will cause me much inconvenience to part with her, and I shall regret exceedingly to do so; but the presence of a bad character is contagious, and regard for our family must govern our conduct in this matter.

"We ought to remember, however, that Lucy has certainly not been out to service before, and the character she brought with her from our friends, who have known her from her infancy, ought not to be lost

sight of. Indeed, my dear," continued Mrs. Englefield, "I think we shall spare ourselves much uneasiness, and perhaps avoid doing Lucy an injustice, if we put the best construction possible upon what has taken place, and at least *hope* that these persons are not Lucy's *intimate acquaintances*. My own opinion is that she is a really good girl, and would not *knowingly* have fellowship with any persons whom she would feel ashamed to speak to in our presence or before her mother. But I would certainly do as you propose when Lucy sets out to-morrow; for whilst without further evidence we have no right to conclude that she is faulty, prudence demands the exercise of care, in order that we may not be imposed upon."

"You are in the right, my dear," said Mr. Englefield, "and I acknowledge that I am often too hasty in my conclusions. We have, indeed, no right to judge more harshly of our servants than we should like to be judged of by them. Oh that we had more of that heavenly charity which is slow in believing what is evil in reference to another, because like the God of love it would have every human being pure and blameless!"

"It would really grieve me exceedingly," continued Mr. Englefield, "to discover anything in Lucy that would lead me to dismiss her; *not* so much because *you* would be inconvenienced by the circumstance as on account of the evils she might be exposed to elsewhere. She has no father, and her mother could not support her; and her pleasing countenance, unless the divine principles of religion be her guide, would expose her to more peril than if she were less comely.

"But I will not suppose that we are to part with her, as I still indulge the hope that, if life be spared, she will be an inmate of our house for many years to come."

"Indeed I hope so," interrupted Mrs. Englefield ; "and I trust that nothing will be discovered to-morrow to disappoint our expectations. There is, apparently, a great deal of artless, confiding innocence in Lucy, which I much admire ; and as she seems to interest herself so much in our happiness, and in the welfare of our dear children, it seems a duty on our part to regard her as placed by Divine Providence beneath our roof, not only *to administer to our comfort* by her services, but *to receive in return some real good* at our hands.

"I have often thought," continued Mrs. Englefield, "how very much the happiness of a family depends on the character and conduct of a servant, and how thankful we ought to be for such as are really good ; and when I have been musing in this manner, the mutual obligations of servants and employers have appeared both numerous and solemn."

Mr. Englefield replied, "That sentiment will apply to almost every relation we sustain, my dear ; and it is only because we do not sufficiently reflect on our responsibilities that we do not feel them as we ought. There has been much disputing as to when the Millennium will take place ; but if employers and servants were all imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, we should have a heaven on earth at once. I admire the wisdom and benevolence of God who has so ordered it that our mutual happiness should depend on our doing to each other as we would be done by. And

how wonderfully the Divine Being has provided that no imposition shall arise from sincere obedience to this appointment! for whilst masters, as responsible to God, are to be tender and considerate towards their servants, *their* duties are to be fulfilled, 'not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but with singleness of heart as unto the Lord.'

"The rule of conduct which our Saviour has given to us," said Mrs. Englefield,—"'as ye would that men should do to you, so do ye also unto them,' presents new beauties as often as we reflect upon it, and reminds me of the elaborately-cut diamond, the polished surfaces of which appear to glitter with increasing brilliancy the more we examine them."

"I am very much inclined to think," said Mr. Englefield, "that many individuals who profess to act according to the Saviour's words, too often rebel against his authority. I allude more particularly to the recompense which some employers think sufficient for their servants. Of course, my dear, there is a great *difference* in the pecuniary *circumstances* of people, whether godly or otherwise, and all must be *governed by their means*; but we know some who, if they complied with the Saviour's words, would give twice as much wages as they now pay their servants."

"You are quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Englefield, "and for my part I can say that it has pained me very much to see a servant, who toiled faithfully from early in the morning until late at night, rewarded with only four pounds a-year by employers who were blessed by Providence with very great success, and knew that their poor domestic could scarcely procure clean and tidy clothing with her wages."

"And that is not all, my dear," said Mr. Englefield, "we ought ever to remember that the ability to labour will not always last, and if our servants do not lay by a trifle for the future, we ought, if our circumstances allow it, to give them such fair wages for their labour that *our Master* who is in heaven may not have to accuse us of throwing our former servants penniless on the world in the time of sickness and old age."

"It is strange," said Mrs. Englefield, "how far we sometimes digress from the subject with which we set out. Our conversation began about Lucy, and young Elton; but we are now talking about the obligations of employers."

Mr. Englefield smiled at his wife's remark, and continued—"Perhaps it may not be time mis-spent, although it is certainly not the topic which I had expected to engage our attention; but as we have gone thus far, I feel disposed, before we call Lucy in, to make one more remark: it is this—that as the majority of employers have families to provide for, and are not possessed of such affluence as to enable them to pension off a faithful servant when past labour, it might be a great encouragement to such a person, and often cast a cheering ray across her distant path, if she knew that her employers were making some sacrifice for her future welfare."

"It has occurred to me that if masters who are able would subscribe one guinea yearly to a common fund, to be placed out at interest for the benefit of servants, a sum of money worth having would be realized; and the consciousness that at least some provision was being made for them, would encourage servants when reflecting on the future, to go forward with increasing

perseverance and propriety. They should be entitled to a share of this fund when the subscription has been paid ten years, and as death would remove some for whose benefit these subscriptions were proposed, a larger sum would remain for the survivors.—This, however," said Mr. Englefield, "is a matter which I would rather leave to be planned and matured by wiser heads than mine; but our conversation, which commenced about Lucy, has called forth these desultory remarks, and I wish that somebody had been here whose wealth, influence, and character could have been engaged in promoting the temporal advantage as well as the spiritual interests of servants. Such an individual might perceive that the proposed subscription could be most usefully employed in erecting almshouses for those who have spent their best days in attending upon others, and I doubt not that many masters and mistresses whom Providence has blessed with riches, would feel great pleasure in endowing such an Institution. But dear me," said Mr. Englefield, abruptly, "dinner is on table, and there is Lucy tapping at the door."

Lucy entered the apartment, and having stated that dinner was on table, retired.

Throughout the day Mr. and Mrs. Englefield carefully avoided any expression, which might induce their young servant to think they entertained any suspicion respecting her.

Next morning Lucy rose with a light heart, as we all do when anticipating a day of pleasure; and having bustled through her work, she was ready by ten o'clock to dress for her holiday.

With a countenance which bespoke the happiness

she felt in visiting her mother, Lucy asked Mrs. Englefield if she required any further assistance, and being answered "No," she curtsied and wished her good morning.

As Lucy closed the parlour-door, Mrs. Englefield said to her husband, "I feel much inclined to hope that our fears were quite groundless. There is too much frankness and composure about the girl's manner to warrant a suspicion of her conduct."

"I confess, my dear," said Mr. Englefield, "that there is something very pleasing in Lucy's manner; but there is so much deception in the world that it behoves us to stand upon our guard. There is truth in the proverb, 'Show me your companions and I will tell you what you are,' and as we have seen Lucy with bad characters it is our duty to watch her: let us therefore go up-stairs and see which way she goes. She has just shut the garden-gate, and in a few minutes will have passed by the wall beyond the shrubbery."

Mr. Englefield and his wife accordingly placed themselves at an upper window, which commanded an extensive prospect, and soon had the grief to perceive George Elton and another young man, accompanied by a female, step forward from the corner of the wall and take Lucy by the hand, as if she were their friend.

"There, my dear!" said Mr. Englefield, "I was right after all in my suspicions. You cannot doubt any longer what Lucy is."

"Then what does that mean," replied Mrs. Englefield, who had observed that when the young men grasped Lucy's hand it seemed to be unwelcome to

her. "What does that mean, my dear? They are evidently urging Lucy to do something to which she is disinclined; and see! both the young men seem disposed to take her by the arm and to *make* her accompany them."

"Well, I see *that*," said Mr. Englefield, "and it is certainly a favourable symptom; but—stand aside, or they may see us; let us wait until the end of this proceeding."

The fact was as Mrs. Englefield had charitably suggested; poor Lucy had been pounced upon by George Elton and his companions, who were unobserved by her until she came within their reach; and they had taken her so firmly by the arm, and talked to her with so much *apparent fondness*, that she scarcely knew whether they intended to *force* her to go with them, or not.

The young man who now accompanied George Elton was genteelly dressed, and also very good looking; but was a most immoral and disreputable character. It had been arranged by Elton and his female companion, that Lucy should be pressed to take this young man's arm, and to accompany them to the fair; and as she had shown so much reluctance on the previous day to visit such places, the young woman had proposed to *put on* as much modesty of behaviour as possible, in order that Lucy might the more easily be induced to make one of the party. "Let us only get her to the fair," said the profligate young Elton, "and we can *show our true colours afterwards*—*she can't help herself then*."

Happily for Lucy she remembered her early instruction, her Christian profession, and her mother; and

therefore, all the promises of pleasure held out by her three tempters, proved in vain. "I do not know this young man," said Lucy to herself, "and although his behaviour is now inoffensive, *his character cannot be good*, for he is evidently an intimate companion of one who openly laughs at sin. I cannot associate with such persons without sorrow and disgrace. No! I will not go with them, or be seen in their presence. They *must be all bad*, or they would not be so well agreed."

Her resolution was also strengthened, by remembering a passage of Scripture which had been quoted at the church on the previous day, "What fellowship hath light with darkness, or what concord hath Christ with Belial? Wherefore, come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

"No!" said Lucy, in the fulness of her heart, "I cannot—will not go."

"But, my dear girl," said the young man, who had marked her for his victim, "*you must indeed*; and if you will only go with us, we will all come back early."

"I cannot," said Lucy; "so pray let go my arm."

"Why not?" he replied; "who is to know that you have been there?"

"God, and my own heart would know," she answered; "and if no human being but myself knew it, *I could not be happy, if I did wrong*."

"But there is nothing *wrong* in the matter, and, therefore, *do come*."

"There *is*, I am sure; for godly persons take no pleasure in such places; nor are they ever seen there. Besides, you *know* it is wrong, or why tell me that no one need know that I have been. My dear mother told me never to do anything that would require concealment; and, as I should be ashamed of being seen at the fair, *that* alone proves that I ought not to go there."

"Pooh! nonsense," said Elton, "you are going to preach to us again, I suppose."

"Let me go," said Lucy, drawing back her arm so suddenly that she disengaged it from his grasp, "let me go, Sir, and if you despise preaching, beware that the end which the minister warned you of yesterday, does not come upon you unawares."

This remark only called forth a loud laugh from the young woman and her companions, whose defeat led them incautiously to show their real feelings; but Lucy's arm being now at liberty, she instantly left them to return to the cottage.

"Well," said Mr. Englefield, who had watched the movements of the party, "there is something strange in this matter, for I see that Lucy is coming this way."

"She is indeed," replied Mrs. Englefield, "and see! she seems to be in tears. Let us go down stairs again, that if she comes in we may ask what has happened to her."

At this moment the two young men parted,—George Elton sauntering away with Sarah Norman, whilst the young man who had expected Lucy for a companion, ran back after her with so much speed that something fell from his pocket unperceived by

him. Lucy heard his footsteps, and hastened towards the garden-gate, but was overtaken before she reached it.

"My dear girl," said the young man, "you don't know how I love you, or you would not run away; do spend the day with me, and before Midsummer you shall be my wife."

"Sir," said Lucy, whose cheeks turned almost crimson as she spoke, "I cannot take the word of one who can promise marriage to a young woman he has never seen before, and whose character must be quite unknown to him."

"Oh! never mind," replied the young man, "there will be time enough by and by to know that; and I have no doubt your character is quite as good as mine."

"I trust it is, Sir, and much better, and therefore I am not willing to risk my happiness by consenting to keep your company until Midsummer; so let me go in, Sir," said Lucy, who turned towards the garden gate and would have pulled the bell; but her tormentor seized her by the hand and prevented her from doing so.

"Do come but this once, my dear girl," said he, "and you shall be my wife before another month: you *shall, upon my soul!*"

"Never, Sir, never!" she replied, "I dare not expect happiness if I encouraged such a thought. My Bible tells me that sorrow must be the portion of those who act so inconsistently. I have been taught from my youth to fear God and to walk with his people, and can I now forget my instruction for such an offer as yours? No, Sir!"

"But," said he, "I will be religious too, my dear girl, if you will only go with me to-day."

"Sir," said Lucy, "let me go! your conversation only shows your ignorance of your own character and of God. If you were a fit companion for me, and had any real regard for me, you would neither wish to visit the fair, nor ask me to go there. You are an ungodly young man, and I will never even take the word of one who feels that to be believed he must needs pledge his very soul."

The young man looked confounded at Lucy's observations and unflinching firmness, and, as a last effort to overcome her scruples, said, "But you would soon teach me to leave off all these bad habits, my dear."

"No, Sir," she replied, "God only can do that; and if you now resist Him, it is not likely that you would mind me. Besides, if you persevere in what is wrong at the very time when you pretend to wish for my company, it is not likely that you will act better if I consent to go with you."

"I will, indeed; so do"——he was about to finish his persuasions, but Lucy, who had watched the opportunity, rang the garden-bell, and in an instant it was opened by Mr. Englefield himself.

The young man looked like a villain who had been disappointed of his prey, and slunk off in an opposite direction from that by which he came, evidently glad to escape the eye of Mr. Englefield, who looked after him as if he knew somewhat of him.

Lucy curtsied to her master as she passed him, and her cheeks burned with sorrow and vexation at the annoyance she had met with; but she little

thought that her employers were acquainted with the fact, and much less, that her last conversation had all been overheard by Mr. Englefield, who had stepped across the garden to the gate, when he saw Lucy first turn back.

"Why, Lucy," said Mrs. Englefield, "what's the matter, girl?—Why have you come back?"

"Oh! Madam," she replied, "I hope you will not think ill of me, but I have unfortunately met with a female and some young men who are so determined that I shall spend my day out in their company, that I am obliged to come back and ask you to let me stay at home that I may avoid them."

"But," said Mrs. Englefield, "will you sacrifice your holiday?"

"Oh, yes, Madam," answered Lucy, weeping; "I would even do that, rather than go with such persons."

"But you have seen them before, Lucy, have you not?" said Mrs. Englefield.

"Yes, Madam, at the church, yesterday, and it grieves me to say, that I walked back with them; but if I had been more thoughtful, and taken my umbrella, it would have saved me from accepting part of one which they offered me."

It is needless to add that Lucy explained all the circumstances exactly as they had happened, and, so far as Mrs. Englefield's observation had extended, it confirmed her servant's statement.

As might have been expected, Lucy was much commended by her mistress for her prudence in declining to walk again with her new acquaintances, and the only thing which Mrs. Englefield regretted

was, that her young servant had ever fallen into such society.

Whilst Lucy was thus unbosoming her trouble, Mr. Englefield had walked up the lane to the spot where the young men at first interrupted Lucy's progress to her mother; and on his way thither he found, lying on the path, an ill-written letter from Elton to the young man who had so annoyed Lucy.

Mr. Englefield read it with indignation and disgust, and saw, beyond question, that his servant had escaped from a deep-laid snare to effect her degradation and ruin.

We will not defile our pages by copying this infamous production; suffice it to say, that young Elton had recommended his companion to inveigle Lucy to the fair *by any means* that opportunity might afford, or that villainy could contrive; and, having succeeded in this object, it was suggested that the best method to prevent her return home in the evening, would be to induce her to take some intoxicating drink, by which her detention at the fair would be certain.

Having satisfied himself that these infamous parties had really gone, Mr. Englefield returned to the cottage, where he found Lucy, in tears, conversing with her mistress, as we have already stated.

"I think, my dear," said he, addressing Mrs. Englefield, "Lucy had better write to ask her mother *here* to-day, instead of going out. She can say that circumstances have unexpectedly occurred to render that course most convenient; and we can explain the matter to her mother afterwards."

This proposal was cheerfully acceded to; and, as

the post went out in half an hour, the letter reached Mrs. Gray before noon.

When Lucy had finished writing to her mother, Mr. Englefield addressed her thus :—"I have been exceedingly gratified with your conduct, Lucy, as it respects these people, and I am the more pleased, because you were not aware that any one observed you. Be assured that if you always act thus, you will never lack a friend. The virtuous and the good must respect and love you ; and, what is best of all, God will regard you with his favour, and your own conscience will be at peace. It is to be regretted that you ever exchanged words with these profligate young men ; but you have taken the only safe means of getting rid of them. You were quite right in saying that they were not the company for *you* ; and while you take the Bible for your guide in these matters, and thus shun the company of the wicked, no temptation can harm you."

"And now, my dear," he continued, turning to his wife, "let Lucy make her mother as comfortable as possible when she comes ; and if I have not returned home before her departure, tell her that nothing shall be wanting on our part to make Lucy happy, and to reward her praiseworthy conduct."

When the postman tapped at Mrs. Gray's door, and handed her a letter in Lucy's own writing, at the moment when Lucy herself was expected home, poor Mrs. Gray might almost have been knocked down by a feather, for she felt as none but a parent can feel, and many anxious thoughts crossed her mind in a moment. "What !" she said, even before the postman

had turned away, "what *can* have happened? Is my dear girl ill? or can she have displeased her mistress? or —, but let me see, the letter will explain;" and, so saying, she sat down, and with a trembling hand opened Lucy's note. "Dear me!" said the fond mother, as she finished reading it, "what can it mean? Perhaps Mr. Englefield or his kind lady may be ill, or their dear babe may be worse. But why should I talk thus? I will look to Him who has ordered my goings, and 'who knoweth the way that I take.' Lord, thou hast said, 'I will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee,'—be it unto me according to thy word."

Thus tranquillized, Mrs. Gray set off in earnest hope that she might hear nothing to deplore at Mr. Englefield's.

She scarcely dared, however, to expect that the cheering sentiments of the Christian poet were to be realized by herself that day:—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercies, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

But happiness was in store for her; and when Mrs. Englefield had recounted Lucy's consistency of character, her good mother sat down and for some minutes wept for joy.

The day passed over in happy intercourse between Lucy and her parent, who, on bidding her farewell, returned to her abode with a heart full of gratitude to God for his preserving mercies, and feeling that if called to die, she could leave her child without an

anxious thought, since she had made God's Word her guide and counsellor.

On Mr. Englefield's return in the evening, after learning that Mrs. Gray had spent a few happy hours with her daughter, he was reminded by his wife of their conversation on the previous day, respecting a provision for good servants in sickness and old age ; and she also pointed out an article on that subject in the "Christian Observer," for January, 1816, which had that afternoon met her eye. It stated that such a Society as Mr. Englefield had wished to see formed, already existed ; and was thus introduced to notice in the work referred to :—

"The plan to which we allude, is that of 'THE BRITISH SOCIETY *for rewarding servants by annuities for long and faithful services, at No. 10, Pall-mall. Instituted Nov. 23, 1792.*' The conduct and the funds of this Society are confided to highly respectable persons. A short extract from its printed plan will show the nature of the Institution, and the benefits resulting from it.

" ' I. Every subscriber of one guinea, or more, shall become a *member* for *one year* from the preceding quarter-day ; and shall be entitled, during that time, to nominate, for each guinea subscribed, one male or female hired domestic servant, not exceeding fifty years of age at the first nomination, to be registered gratis at the Society's office, and continued on the books of the Society during the continuation of such subscription annually, in order to such servants becoming entitled to the *future rewards* of the Society.

" ' II. Every subscriber of fifteen guineas shall become a *member for life*, and be entitled in like manner to

have one such servant always nominated to, and registered on, the books of the Society, for the purpose aforesaid.

“ ‘ III. Every servant, who may become *incapable of service*, through age, sickness, or infirmity, and who shall have served any one subscriber for *three* years, whilst registered as aforesaid, shall, on the same being duly certified to the Committee, be intitled to a debenture, for an annuity of THREE POUNDS, payable quarterly, out of the funds of the Society, from the quarter-day preceding, and during such person's incapacity for service, as above described ; and it may also be continued unto the quarter-day succeeding his or her recovery or death, in any case where such an indulgence may appear to the Committee to be requisite.

“ ‘ IV. Every servant who shall have faithfully served the *same* subscriber *six* years, whilst registered as aforesaid, shall be entitled to an annuity of SIX POUNDS, payable quarterly, and during *incapacity*, as aforesaid.

“ ‘ V. Such annuities shall be increased in the proportion of *three pounds* for every *further* term of *three years*' faithful service to the *same* subscriber, so long as the service shall be continued.’

“ These are the principal rules of the Society. There are others, proposing considerable further advantages for the encouragement and benefit of good servants : but for these we must refer to the Society's plan. By the auditor's last annual Report it appears, that ‘ since the commencement of the Institution, debentures have been granted to 2,218 servants, viz. :—

THE DAY OUT.

962 of 3 <i>l</i> . each.
532 of 6 <i>l</i> . each.
316 of 9 <i>l</i> . each.
207 of 12 <i>l</i> . each.
117 of 15 <i>l</i> . each.
72 of 18 <i>l</i> . each.
12 of 21 <i>l</i> . each.

On their respective marriages, and return of their debentures, there have been paid to various servants as follows, viz. :—

3 <i>l</i> . each to 60 servants. .
6 <i>l</i> . each to 27 ditto.
9 <i>l</i> . each to 15 ditto.
12 <i>l</i> . each to 4 ditto.
15 <i>l</i> . each to 1 ditto.

And one hundred and fifty servants have been relieved on account of incapacity.

“The Society has stock to the amount of 8,300*l*. Three per Cent. Consols ; and the General Annual Court, encouraged by its promising increase, and the benefits evidently resulting from it, recommend it to all masters and mistresses disposed to promote the interests of their servants, and to all servants who wish to merit encouragement from them.”

“Subscriptions are received, and plans of the Institution may be had, at the Society’s Office, No. 10, Pall-mall ; where the Secretary attends every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from twelve till four o’clock.”

“Well,” said Mr. Englefield, as he laid down the book, “that is a most excellent Institution, and to show Lucy how much I admire her filial piety and

her firmness and integrity, if the Society be still in existence I will at once become a subscriber for her sake."

"Do, my dear," said Mrs. Englefield, "and let us show her by that act that we really have her welfare at heart, and are willing to make some sacrifice for her enjoyment of the present life, as well as to urge her to the pursuit of the life which is to come."

THE HAPPY HOME.

It is truly delightful when those who are best acquainted with the internal arrangements of a dwelling are able to point at it as they pass, and pronounce it to be a *happy home*.

Such, we may truly say, was Annerley House, the seat of Sir John Denton, whose constant aim, in unison with his beloved lady, was to diffuse happiness around him.

The visitor who entered the nursery of that beautiful abode never departed from it without a full conviction that the little ones, who gambolled up and down with such healthy frames and joyous countenances, were alike strangers to those silly indulgences which engender disease and fretfulness, and to those needless crosses and restraints which check the natural expression of childish joys and embitter the days of infancy, which a loving heart would rather illumine with unclouded sunshine, and strew profusely with fragrant flowers.

Lady Denton's nursery was not, like many, a domestic prison-house, in which the helpless members of

a family are incarcerated with a keeper who has no soul to sympathize with the thoughts and feelings, the wants and capabilities of the dear babes entrusted to her care. No ; so far from being such a place, it was the children's *happy home*, the place of joyous freedom, where instruction, blended with amusement, made them feel as if no home could be like theirs.

The Christian kindness and affection which distinguished the conduct of the parents and their elder children towards one another was equally delightful ; each strove to make the others happy, and in so doing contributed to form that atmosphere of love in which they seemed to "live, and move, and have their being."

But our present object has more especial reference to the *kitchen*, where the same spirit of affectionate sympathy, regard, and kindness constantly prevailed. Jane, Mary, and Eliza, the cook and housemaids, were orphan sisters, whom Lady Denton had successively taken into her employment ; and it has never been the lot of any one to have three more modest, industrious, careful, pious servants than they were.

So systematic were they in their plans, and so punctual in the execution of them, that nothing ever seemed to go awry ; and their kind master would have been as much surprised to find gooseberries growing on a hawthorn as to have heard any wrangling in the kitchen, or to have found anything out of order in the drawing-room or parlour.

Besides their kind, Christian, and sisterly affection for each other, which made their earthly dwelling almost like the ante-chamber of heaven, one great source of their domestic calm and quiet arose from

the skilful way in which they set about everything, and their undivided attention to it, until it was accomplished. This happy knack of doing things they had all acquired from their dear departed mother, who used to say,—“ Now, girls, *one thing at a time* ; this is good, and *that* is good ; but if you try to do both at once you will do both badly. A good book is a good thing to read ; but it is not good to read it when you ought to be working. Work *first*, girls, work briskly, and *make time for reading* : *first* give your *whole selves* to working, for that is your *duty* ; then give your *whole selves* to *reading*, for that is your *privilege*.”

In a mansion like Annerley, and with such a family as Sir John's, without activity and system the kitchen would have presented a scene of great disorder and discomfort ; but, enter it who might, there was nothing at any time to offend the eye ; and *before the clock struck seven* in the evening, except on very special occasions, the three sisters were all comfortably seated at their own needlework, or enjoying the luxury of some good book.

The happiness which servants may confer on one another where several are kept, was strikingly apparent in the kitchen of Sir John Denton ; for the three sisters used frequently to read in turn, in order that two of them might pursue their needlework whilst the other read, though the task of reading fell most frequently on Eliza, who, being the youngest of the three, had enjoyed in the new church Sunday-school advantages which in the childhood of her elder sisters were unknown. Thus, whilst one read in the still quiet of the evening with a clear, audible voice, the

others, who were engaged with their needlework, enjoyed and profited by hearing.

It has been said that the youngest and most accomplished reader *generally read*; but it must be added that she had too much humility, affection, and desire for the improvement of her sisters to do so, *except at their request*; on the contrary, she would frequently sit down to needlework herself in order that they might improve in reading, which, she would say, "none can do, dear sisters, *without reading out*."

Thus many a delightful narrative, or interesting sermon, or chapter of the Bible,—full of *God's thoughts* of pity and compassion for a fallen world, and words of burning love, flowing from a dying Saviour's lips,—cheered and animated the three sisters in their *happy home*; and as the fire blazed with the generous supply of fuel, *which they would not waste merely because it cost them not a care to purchase it*, and whilst the black cat, purring on the hearth, seemed to participate in their tranquil joy, they felt, and daily acknowledged on their bended knees, that, as Christians, they ought gratefully to enjoy their present happy home, as the pledge and foretaste of a better.

HICKMAN'S FOLLY.

A FEW weeks since Grandfather Gray had occasion to visit a locality a short distance south of London; and whilst anxiously seeking the residence of an individual, his attention was arrested by an old, strangely-built dwelling, on which were legibly inscribed the words, "*Hickman's Folly*."

Whether it was the peculiar architectural character of the building, or the circumstances attending its erection, which procured for it so unenviable a name, Grandfather Gray had no opportunity of learning, and will not stop to surmise; but from the time-worn appearance of the edifice, there can be no uncertainty in concluding, that the individual who planned and erected it, as well as those who gave to it so reproachful a name, have been long since numbered with the dead.

It was but a parting glance which the old man took of this odd building, and the still more odd title which arrested his attention; but both the building and its name have since given rise to a peculiar train of meditation.

His reflections on this simple circumstance have recalled a variety of incidents long since forgotten, and he has come to the conclusion, that, whatever inconsistencies this *Hickman* may have shown to merit such perpetual disgrace, there are individuals in every age and station, whose chief legacy to those who succeed them is some sad memorial of their *folly*!

Whilst ruminating on the indiscretions of some with whom he has been acquainted, the old man has been painfully reminded of a delicate young female who had passed before his imagination, dejected, ill-fed, and ragged, bearing in her arms a poor helpless babe, and leading by her side two other little children. That young woman is the daughter of parents now dead, and was their youngest and most petted child. Her education was superior, and her attainments such as rewarded their solicitude; but *her folly* in marrying an old man, of whom she knew very little, and *nothing*

that was praiseworthy, has brought her to abject poverty. She is now a beggar, with no prospect of emerging with her little ones from misery and want ;—such was *Ellen's folly*.

A second instance of extreme indiscretion occurs to Grandfather Gray's recollection :—

Some years since he received a visit from a young woman who had been instructed in a Sunday-school with which he was connected, and after quitting which she had gone into service, where she might to this day have enjoyed many privileges and comforts. Her object in calling on the old man was to convey to him the gladsome tidings that "*she was married* ;" a fact which she communicated with so much joy as to induce the hope that she was "comfortably settled." On inquiry, however, he was informed that her husband was much older than herself ; that he had never learnt a trade ; was irrecoverably blind ; and that his only employment was the "turning of a mangle" for some poor person. The act of folly had been committed, and therefore advice was fruitless ; but the old man could not help anticipating, that both these simpletons would have to seek an asylum in the workhouse ; a step which in all probability they have long since taken ;—such was *Sarah's folly*.

He remembers another young woman, a servant, and also once a scholar in a Sunday-school, and who, though still a servant, has fallen much lower than the person lastly alluded to. The individual, to whose folly he is now about to refer, was good-looking, cleanly, and respectable in her demeanour, *when observed by her employers* ; but, in their absence, alas ! so frivolous and wanton, as to court the familiarity of

the vicious. As might have been expected, she fell a victim to her folly, and though, by means which Grandfather Gray knows not, she has again obtained a situation, there is a *living* memorial of her sin to consume her earnings, and to claim from her lessons of instruction and acts of care which she has no ability to give.

The old man will only advert to one other instance of folly; though, alas! he could fill many pages with such details. He has present to his thoughts the slender figure of a delicate young female, once a member of a Christian Church, and respectably connected, but now a tenant of the tomb. Her affections were sought and won by a man of *worldly respectability*, carrying on a business which enabled him to offer her many of the luxuries of life; but he was *avowedly irreligious*. In this instance, conscience so far asserted its prerogative, that she refused to be his wife, unless he promised to accompany her to public worship on Sabbath mornings,—a condition to which he assented; but, in return for which, he obtained her pledge to ride out with him on Sabbath afternoons. They were accordingly married; and for a few times this young woman accompanied her husband to the park; but her mind was too much enlightened to enjoy the gay frivolities of fashionable, irreligious life, and an accusing conscience rendering her unhappy, she at length determined to abandon them. Her husband then became dissatisfied and angry, and ultimately told her that if she would not accompany him some one else should. Mutual recriminations followed, and at length a separation.

It is not within the object of this brief narrative to

say how the husband lived, but the unhappy wife sickened, pined, and died,—repentant, but neglected and uncared for by him whom she had thus foolishly and sinfully permitted to allure her from the ways of God.

It is no source of pleasure to Grandfather Gray thus to record the failings of his fellow-creatures, over whose follies he would rather have drawn an impenetrable veil, had he not hoped that, by the exhibition of the sorrows and misfortunes resulting from their conduct, accompanied by a few words of counsel, some who read this book may be led to seek that Divine grace which will effectually preserve them from acts of folly and “the paths of the destroyer.”

Conscious of the evils which surround them, and the sinfulness of their own nature, many may have been ready to conclude that, like others, *they must fall*. But let no such desponding thought be cherished ;—he who has *commanded* his creatures to act wisely and virtuously, has *promised* grace to enable them to do so ; and whilst he requires the affections of their hearts, he has pledged himself to bestow the grace which will enable the surrender—“A new heart also will I *give* you, and a new spirit will I put within you : and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh ;—and I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to keep my judgments and do them.” (Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27.)

Marvellous is the change so freely promised, both in its nature and its fruits ; but when thus renewed by Divine grace, instructed by the Holy Spirit, and supported by the promises and counsels of the Divine Word, the poorest, weakest, humblest of the Saviour's

followers may cast away her fears, go on her way rejoicing, and sing with heartfelt gratitude,

“ In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.”

NOAH'S SERVANTS.

It was the privilege of Grandfather Gray, a short time since, to hear an excellent sermon on the destruction of the world by the Deluge; when, of all the human race, only Noah and his wife, and his sons and their wives, were saved.

The excellent minister who delivered the discourse remarked, with much feeling, on the fact that not a word was recorded on the sacred page respecting Noah's servants; and that, as we could not but assume that a man of the patriarch's importance must have had servants, we were shut up to the painful conclusion, that they all perished in the mighty waters. He then dwelt with tender emotion upon the solemn fact, that they, who must have been witnesses of their master's devotedness to God and separation from the evil which surrounded him, should have so awfully abused their privileges, and let slip their opportunities of getting good, as at last to have perished with the wicked.

The painful topic has frequently returned to Grandfather Gray's recollection; and, without wishing to be

came up to the vehicle, a policeman stepped in, and, turning himself towards the driver, said, in a commanding manner, "*To the Compter.*" The reins were instantly pulled, smack went the whip, and the horse, alike unconscious whether he was bearing his burden to the house of joy, or mourning,—to a palace, or a prison,—sped his way under the guidance of his driver to the appointed place for thieves, in Giltspur-street, Smithfield.

The simple words "*to the Compter*" were not only soon said, but said with as little apparent feeling on the part of the policeman as if he had ordered the driver to "the docks," or "the Tower;" the command was a mere official act on the part of this needful functionary of justice, and one which, alas! he had probably discharged so often that all sensitiveness in the performance of such duties had long since ceased to be felt. There *was* feeling, however, in other bosoms; for Grandfather Gray saw, with even a passing glance, that the old man and woman were downcast and sad; whilst she who appeared to be the prisoner was shedding big tears of shame and sorrow, and looked as if her bosom heaved with unutterable woe.

The rattling of the cab soon died away upon the ear; but the words "*to the Compter!*" have seemed to return to Grandfather Gray a hundred times since he first heard them, and have led him to serious musings as to the probable steps by which the young woman about whom he is writing, was led to such disgrace. He has thought that possibly the old people might not have been guiltless in that matter; that

perhaps they had never taught their child those solemn truths :

"The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth ; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire."

He thought, too, that possibly they had never enforced the words of Him who says, "Thou shalt not steal!" or, that they might even have been so wicked as to commit acts of theft themselves, and to have trained their child, both by their example and their precepts, to similar habits of dishonesty.

As he has stated, the subject has frequently recurred to his thoughts, and in his musings on the fate of this young woman, he has often wondered by what steps she was conducted to such a depth of degradation ; whether she commenced by *little acts* of pilfering—the most common course of those who at last become great and daring thieves—or whether she yielded to the solicitations of her parents, or other relatives, to take *but once*, not money, jewellery, articles of dress, or furniture, belonging to her employer, but *food*, because her relatives required it. Grandfather Gray has also thought that possibly she might have had the temptation whispered to her, "It is *only food*; there can be *no harm in taking that*; and then, consider, it is for your parents, your dearest relatives!" such a snare has been laid for many poor young women whose sense of honesty has been so feeble that they have readily yielded to the solicitation ; first, perhaps, giving but a few pieces of stale bread, then something more valuable, and then things still more costly ;

until they have found themselves, from habit, giving away their employers' property unasked !

Since these reflections have passed through Grandfather Gray's mind, his eye has fallen upon several reports of cases in the newspapers, in which servants have been charged with theft and sent to gaol. In some of these instances the temptation appears to have arisen from a *love of dress*, demanding greater supplies of money than upright, hard-earned, honest wages could afford ; in other cases, the thefts appear to have been committed at the instance of immoral, worthless, young men, to supply them with the means of living in idleness and dissipation ; whilst in other instances the thievish propensity can only be traced to acts of dishonesty in early childhood, nourished up by sinful practices in youth, until by frequent repetition the individuals have become in riper years confirmed and daring thieves. It is only a few days since Grandfather Gray read an account in the newspaper, which stated that a nursery servant, whom he cannot but describe as an execrable wretch, had been convicted of stealing her master's watch, silver snuff-box, gold pins, and various other articles, and that she had also been the cause of casting so much suspicion on a fellow-servant, who had entered her employer's service more recently than herself, as to occasion that young woman's dismissal,—of course without a character, and probably to be consigned to ruin. Besides which, the thief in this instance had jeopardised the characters of many other servants ; inasmuch, as in all the houses of her master's acquaintances, at which she had contrived to call with the dear little ones committed to her care, she had perpetrated similar depredations ;

leaving it to be presumed that the servants in these various establishments were thieves. Her guilt and cunning were, however, at last discovered, and she has been consigned to the dark recesses of a prison, and will in all probability descend to still more complete infamy and ruin.

From all these painful statements, Grandfather Gray would seek to impress upon his readers this moral,—that "honesty is the best policy," and that *no act of dishonesty can be committed without great peril*; because even that first step may be detected and lead to shame, and, if not found out, will assuredly lead to another and another crime, until He who has declared that "the wicked shall not go unpunished," brings home conviction to the sinner.

"'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

"Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

"Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin."

“HE DROPPED HIS HEAD AND DIED.”

AT one of the Meetings recently held in London for the purpose of imploring Almighty God to forgive our sins as a nation, and to remove that awful pestilence, the cholera, which, like an overwhelming flood, has swept so many immortal beings into eternity, a minister, on whom it devolved to say a few words of solemn warning to the impenitent, stated that a few days before, as he was proceeding from his home to a religious meeting, he was accosted by a little girl, who entreated him to go and see her father, a poor man in the neighbourhood, who was then dying. To such an appeal the minister, of course, instantly yielded, and the child soon conducted him to her abode of sadness.

On entering the room, he beheld the poor man suffering from cholera, and apparently in the agonies of death; he was conscious, however, of the minister's presence, for he looked on him with intense earnestness, and said, “Ah, Sir, I have heard you preach for the last twelve months, and if I had paid attention to your words, I might have been saved, but *now I have no hope;*” and having spoken thus, *he dropped his head and died!*

This affecting incident was related by the minister with an impressiveness becoming its solemnity, and it produced emotions in the bosoms of many which will not soon be forgotten.

Sad, however, as was the end of this poor man, it is to be feared that thousands of those who have recently been summoned to appear before their Maker by the

same relentless messenger, the cholera, were just as unprepared, and quite as destitute of hope.

The thought of such dying scenes has frequently produced a pensiveness in the mind of Grandfather Gray, since he heard the minister relate this sad tale; and his musings have prompted him to record the mournful fact as a warning to readers to "take heed how they hear" the word of life from the lips of the messengers of truth.

Let it not be forgotten that this poor unprepared creature testified with his dying breath that he had heard the glorious Gospel of the blessed God twelve months, without repenting or believing in the Saviour thus made known to him; and may not Grandfather Gray, without a breach of charity, express his fears that many who will read these homely observations have listened to faithful, earnest, and affectionate appeals from God's messengers for as long, and, perhaps, a much longer period, and yet are the same thoughtless, prayerless, impenitent creatures they were before.

The old man has expressed his apprehension that many who have been thus privileged by hearing the word of salvation are *still in the state they were before they were thus favoured*; but he recalls the sentiment as inaccurate, for the word of inspiration admonishes him *that they are not precisely as they were*, but that every message of mercy neglected, every word of affectionate remonstrance from a loving Saviour and his faithful servants despised, every rebuke of conscience disregarded, every visitation of Providence unheeded, has increased the weight of guilt before chargeable against the sinner; rendered her heart more callous,

and surrendered the soul more entirely to him who desires "to lead it captive at his will."

It were far more pleasant to Grandfather Gray to write words of soothing and of comfort for his readers; but truth, compassion, and a solemn sense of accountability compel him to say that, if the blessed message of God's love have not as yet been made "a savour of life unto life," there is too much reason to fear that it is *becoming*, and may speedily *become*, "a savour of death unto death," and that if the warm beamings of "the Sun of Righteousness" are not melting the sinner's icy heart, every hour's resistance of such blessed influences leaves it more unimpenetrable and deadly cold.

**"I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE, NURSE, AND
SHUN HIM."**

JANE WILKINS was as lively and good-tempered a girl as ever exemplified the proverb, "A light heart makes a bright countenance."

It was a fine moonlight Easter-eve when she joyously tripped up-stairs, and stealthily entered the nursery, to have a little confidential talk with Mrs. Smith, a matronly widow, who had been many years the upper nurse in Mr. Sinclair's family, and possessed—what she well deserved—the almost filial affection of the little ones who had been successively committed to her care. Although no domestic duty called for Jane's appearance in the nursery at that time, Mrs. Smith was not surprised by this visit, as her kind disposition and sound judgment frequently

led her fellow-servants, when in any trouble or perplexity, to seek her counsel after her infant charge had retired in the evening. Jane's heart was too full of goodness to allow her tongue to be slow in telling Mrs. Smith the object of her interview, which was to say that a young man, who called himself George Davis, wished to become her suitor, or, as Jane expressed it, her sweetheart; and she could not have resorted to a better counsellor, for Nurse Smith had seen too much of the world to conclude, without wise consideration, that the circumstance which appeared to afford young Jane so much happiness, was any cause for joy.

The kindness of Mrs. Smith, to which we have adverted, was seen on this, as on all occasions when her counsel was required; and, as a proof of the deep interest she felt in the circumstance just communicated to her, she invited Jane to sit down and tell her "all about it."

Jane accordingly narrated to her, with much artlessness and care, that, on the previous Sunday week, as she was on her way to church, George Davis met her, as, indeed, he had done once before; but that, on this last occasion, he "spoke to her affectionately, and walked by her side."

"And was *he* also on his way to worship?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"No, Nurse," said Jane, somewhat confusedly,—the question having produced an instinctive consciousness that, if he had been a worthy young man, he *would have been going* to the house of prayer,—"no, Nurse, he was not, for he was smoking a cigar, and asked me to go with him for a walk."

"But surely you did not do so, Jane?" said Mrs. Smith, with much earnestness of manner.

"No, Nurse," she replied, "I did not,—and hope never so to trifle with my duty and my privileges; and I trust George Davis will act very differently in future: for when he met me again, as I returned that day, he promised to accompany me the next Sunday, and he kept his word."

Mrs. S.—And how has he been accustomed to spend his Sabbath afternoons?

Jane.—Of course I do not know, Nurse; but from an oath he let slip when he said, "A cigar and a glass of grog did a man more good than a sermon," I am afraid he sits at home, or goes to "*the George*," which he said was the most comfortable house in the neighbourhood.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Smith; "and have you promised to see him again?"

Jane.—Yes, Nurse, when I have my monthly holiday next week.

Mrs. S.—And where are you going to then?

Jane.—Well, Nurse, I cannot tell; but I am *not* going to the theatre.

Mrs. S.—The theatre! No, I should suppose not, Jane; for if you went there, especially under such circumstances, I should have great fear for your character.

Jane.—He *did* ask me to go there, Nurse, but I told him I would not; more especially as my mother once made me promise never to go to such places.

Mrs. S.—I am glad, Jane, to hear you speak so dutifully of your mother; for, be assured, that to act according to the wishes of such a parent, whether

present with or absent from her, is the sure way to happiness and safety.

Jane.—I must confess, Nurse, now you speak so affectionately of my mother, that George Davis did rather shock me when he said, "Never mind your mother, dear." But he really spoke so kindly to me afterwards that I quite forgot what he had previously said about her.——

Jane had proceeded thus far in her truthful and simple statement, when Mrs. Smith, addressing her affectionately, said, "There is no difficulty, my dear child, in advising you how to act in this matter; and nothing but your own warm heart and unsuspecting nature would have allowed such an unworthy creature, as this young man must be, to have a second interview. Indeed, I am surprised that a good girl like yourself, Jane, should not have felt *disgraced* by holding any conversation with him."

Mrs. Smith spoke with so much indignant warmth as she referred to the conduct of George Davis, that Jane could not help asking if her matronly friend had previously known him; to which she replied, "What you have told me, Jane, is quite sufficient to prove that he is an immoral and irreligious character, and, as such, an unfit companion for you or any other female."

"But, Nurse," answered Jane, "I think if you could but speak to him you would——"

"Do not say a word in his defence, Jane," said Mrs. Smith, abruptly; "he may not be so bad as some men, nor so bad as he is likely to be as he grows older; but, from what you have told me, I perceive in his character much that is offensive in the sight of

God, and the seeds, if I may so call them, of some of the vices which are most destructive to the peace and happiness of man. George Davis can have no proper sense of his own sinfulness, of the nature of the blessed Sabbath, and of the precious opportunities it affords for God's worship, or he would not live in the desecration of that holy day, much less would he try to turn away your feet from the sanctuary. Besides which, if, as you have said, he let slip an oath to show his love of spirits at 'the George' rather than the words of God's love and mercy in the sanctuary, no stronger evidence need be given of his infidelity; nor can anything give more fearful promise that *he will be*, if he is not *now*, the besotted companion of the drunkard and the sensualist.

"But if anything should warn you to turn away from such a man, and to *view him as an enemy*, it is that most wicked and unfeeling observation,—'Never mind your mother;' for as no love can exceed a mother's,—if she be such an one as yours,—no wickedness can be greater than to treat such love with scorn."

Jane listened with affectionate attention while Mrs. Smith thus tenderly reasoned with her; and then, rising from her chair, with a look of mingled gratitude and sadness, thanked her kind friend for such wise and seasonable counsel, adding, "I'll take your advice, Nurse, and shun him."

**"FEEDING, OR HOUSE-WORK,—I DO NOT
MIND WHICH."**

IF it be a fact, as asserted by the old English proverb that "many hands make light work," it is equally true that good temper and a disposition to be useful, enable one to get over duties with ease and pleasantness, where a contrary state of mind discovers many difficulties and causes of complaint.

Whilst it is admitted that, in every well-regulated family, especially where several servants are employed, the duties of domestics must be properly defined, it cannot be denied that occasions will arise when regular arrangements must be departed from, and when each servant must be willing for the moment to lend assistance to, or to do the duty of another. It is scarcely needful to say that the illness of members of the family, of fellow-servants, or the unexpected calls of visitors, furnish occasions of the kind; and it is delightful to observe how beautifully the domestic machinery works when families are blessed with good-tempered, cheerful servants, who unite together to get through the duties of the day in the best way they can, when such unlooked-for events disturb the usual arrangements of the household.

In some families, however, there are servants of so quarrelsome a temper, that they seem to be constantly watching for causes of complaint; and, if required to depart in the least from the course of duty they have marked out in the morning, their amiability is spoilt for the day. There are others so selfish that, whilst they lose no opportunity of imposing duties on their

fellows which ought to be discharged by themselves, they would rather occupy an hour in angry altercation, than do a kind action in return; and there is a third class, so precise and rigid, that, whilst they would not condescend to impose their own duties on another, neither will they perform one kind action for an equal—no, not even the answering of a bell, to save her from reproof, because "it is not their place" to do it.

It is delightful, however, to believe that there are thousands of servants who do not fall under either of these classes, but are cheerful, obliging, good-tempered, industrious, and willing to do anything to make their employers or their fellow-servants happy.

Such was the character of little Jane, as they used to call the housemaid in Mr. Wilson's family at "Pheasant Farm." Jane Allen, for that was her name, was the daughter of a widow in the next village, and, besides being blessed with a cheerful disposition, had been early taught by her mother "*to try to live to make others happy.*" Indeed, no parent could have given more wise counsel than Mrs. Allen to her daughter, as she set out in life:—"Seek first to please God, my child," said she, "by walking as in his sight; and then seek to please all who are about you, by uniform good temper, and by doing everything you can to serve and oblige them."

Very much depends on a fair start in the world; and it was Jane's happiness to leave home, not only with a cheerful countenance and a buoyant heart, but under circumstances which made her feel as if everything in nature smiled on this first effort to support herself.

Widow Allen's cottage was only two miles distant

from Mr. Wilson's farm; and Jane's walk to her new abode lay across an undulating moor, so little frequented, except by shepherds and their flocks, that the soft green path scarcely showed the footprint of a traveller. A gentle and refreshing breeze came from the distant hills and swept across the moor, which was gaily studded in every direction with wild-flowers; and whilst the morning sun shed his bright rays upon the landscape, the warbling lark carolled sweet notes of joy in the clear blue sky.

Before arriving at the farm, whither her mother had been on the previous evening to arrange for her going, Jane had to pass through a short but beautiful valley, on either side of which was a dense wood, which gave promise of supplying abundant timber to future generations, as certainly as it then furnished a safe retreat to the hares, partridges, and pheasants which abounded on the manor.

A hearty welcome awaited Jane Allen at the farm; and whether it arose from a general feeling of regard which her first appearance awoke in the bosoms of her master and mistress, the children and the servants, or from some other cause, we know not, but so it was—that all felt disposed, as by general consent, to call her—and there was kindness intended by the name—"our little Jane."

"Pheasant Farm" was a *happy home*; for, as far as it could be so, there was a place for everything, and everything in its place; a time for every duty, and, except when unforeseen events occurred, every duty was done at that time; family worship, private reading, farming, domestic and relative duties, each and all received attention; and Jane felt how much the hap-

piness of a household is promoted where God is thus worshipped, and worldly duties are so methodically performed.

It is scarcely needful to say that Jane was a great favourite with the children, whose young hearts seemed instinctively to trace in her bright beaming eyes the sweet assurance that she loved them. And she *did* love them; for no fond mother ever strove more earnestly than did Jane to speak and act before those dear little ones, so as to receive the commendations of her Lord and Master, when she and they at last shall stand together before the throne of God, the Judge of quick and dead.

It was a settled purpose with little Jane never to require telling twice how to do any duty, and she was equally careful to do things *as her mistress desired*, whether that method met her own notions of propriety or not; in fact, she felt, and acted from the feeling, that her employers had as great a right to prescribe the manner of doing things, as they had to appoint what things were to be done.

We have referred to the game preserved in the neighbourhood of Mr. Wilson's farm; and, as Mrs. Wilson took great pleasure in her stock of poultry, her kind husband had rewarded her, by domesticating several families of pheasants. Of these latter creatures she was particularly careful, and no engagement ever led her to neglect them.

It was Mrs. Wilson's misfortune, however, to be frequently unwell; and the duty which at other times she felt so much pleasure in discharging was then unavoidably deputed to others.

On these occasions, it was the general understand-

ing that the feeding of the poultry devolved on the cook ; but Mrs. Wilson soon discovered, by the unusual clattering of the kitchen furniture, that the queen of that department would not quietly submit to any such addition to her duties.

It is not our present purpose to say what course her mistress adopted, on her recovery, to reprove this folly and misconduct ; but it is our happiness to state, that when Jane was requested to undertake the kind duty of attending to the poultry, she smiled, and respectfully assented, saying, "Feeding, or housework, I do not mind which ;" and away she tripped to the corn-bin, and thence to the yard.

Jane felt her mistress was too reasonable to expect her to do two things at once, and that as duty called her to occupy a proper portion of each day in serving her employers, it was immaterial to her in what way she did so, if it met their approval and did not violate her Lord and Saviour's commands. With this feeling in her bosom, she was ever ready to oblige, and ever happy in obliging ; and whilst she gratefully acknowledged a kindness done towards herself, she has often said with much modesty, as a reason why she did not look for or desire human commendation, after doing some kind action for another, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

May the reading of her virtues lead many to "go and do likewise ;" and that shall abundantly compensate Grandfather Gray.

THE BARRIER BROKEN DOWN.

If there be one sentiment more deeply impressed than another on the mind of Grandfather Gray, it is this,—that the right observance of the Sabbath is attended with incalculable blessings to individuals and families, and that to the desecration of that holy day may be clearly traced many of the most awful vices which afflict our land.

The appointment of the weekly Sabbath, is itself a proof that man needs to be frequently and specially called away from the contemplation and pursuit of worldly things ; and he who wilfully rejects this boon of heaven, which affords so suitable an opportunity for rest and religious meditation, does himself an incalculable wrong : whilst he who teaches another to undervalue or abuse the sacred day of rest, urges him to pursue a course alike injurious to his present and future happiness.

The readers of these pages must pardon the earnestness of an old man, if he again urges on their attention the duty of observing the Sabbath-day, not only, or chiefly, as a day of rest, but of humble communion with their Maker, and of devout worship in his sanctuary ; for just in proportion as they so regard it will they obtain strength to fulfil their various duties, and be fortified to bear the trials and temptations which may assail them in their course through life.

He has been again led into this train of thought by reading an affecting narrative of one who was placed in a situation where she had many comforts, but where, alas ! the great moral barrier of the Sabbath was broken down by the irreligious conduct and ex-

ample of her mistress. The case referred to is that of a female, now a convict at Sydney, under sentence of transportation for life, for having robbed the lady with whom she had lived for many years, in the capacity of lady's-maid. She was most respectably connected, entered service in her nineteenth year, and became exceedingly attached to her mistress, who deemed her worthy of unbounded confidence : but her religious duties were totally neglected ; and she was persuaded to believe it was *no harm* to work on the Sabbath-day, her mistress frequently requiring her to do so. She rarely went to church ; never prayed ; nor did she ever read her Bible.

On returning to England, after an absence of some months on the Continent, whither she had accompanied her mistress, this young woman passed a short time with her sister, who lived as upper servant in a pious family, and who, grieving to see the total indifference of poor Maria to all that concerned a future state, ventured seriously to expostulate with her upon the sin of remaining longer with a lady whose ungodly habits had so fatally influenced her mind ; earnestly reminding her that no blessing could rest upon such an engagement, however lucrative it might be. Her remonstrances were in vain : Maria was happy and prosperous in a worldly sense ; and, scorning this affectionate, but, as she thought, puritanical advice, she returned to her home. Her sister, whose warnings she had despised, soon saw her again—but it was in *a prison* ! There she wept over her, prayed for her, and, without reproaching her, urged her to repent and believe the “ Gospel ; ” and it was then, as she has since confessed it, that she earnestly desired, if it had

been possible, to begin life again as the poorest and meanest of creatures, if she might also be the humble, honest, happy Christian which *she* was, whose religion had so often been the subject of ridicule and scorn. The wish, however, and the regret were, alas ! equally vain, for one false step had altered her position for life. Allured by a bad man to commit a deed of most aggravated dishonesty,—and that, too, against a mistress, who, with all her faults, had loved and trusted her—she was now doomed to suffer the just but dreadful sentence of perpetual exile. Softened, however, and self-condemned as she was in many respects, it is a striking fact that she expressed a bitterness of remembrance towards her mistress, under whose guardianship and example she had been trained, and to whose irreligious conduct she traced her own depravity and ruin.

Surely an experience so sad as that of fallen, degraded, outcast Maria, teaches this important lesson, that those who think lightly of the Sabbath, and of the holy ordinances of the Lord's sanctuary, "forsake their own mercies ;" and it admonishes such as have the rule of servants to remember that every requirement to desecrate the Lord's-day tends to break down the strongest barrier between holiness and sin, honesty and theft, virtue and sensuality, humble happiness and a downward course of crime, degradation, and misery.

"I AM NOT A MEMBER."

THERE are few reflecting persons who are not conscious that their thoughts, and frequently their pur-

suits, are greatly influenced even by a passing word. Something has been said, perhaps, by a perfect stranger, to somebody equally unknown to them, about some matter relating only to the speaker or the party spoken to, and yet the words have led the accidental hearer to a train of as serious reflections as if he alone had been addressed.

Thus casually the words at the head of this brief article entered Grandfather Gray's ear, and led to the thoughts associated with it.

A few evenings since he had the pleasure of attending one of the annual gatherings of Christians from various Churches, who met as one family, relying on the same Saviour, redeemed by the same blood, looking forward to the same blessed home, and bound by the same ties to send the glad tidings of the Gospel to the heathen.

On that occasion the Honourable and Rev. Baptist Noel presided, and gave an instructive and affectionate address on the nature of the Lord's Supper which they were then assembled to commemorate. The area and both the side galleries of the chapel were filled with "members," that is to say, with those who had professed having felt their sinfulness by nature and by practice; their exposure to the condemnation of God's law; their utter inability to satisfy its claims, and their humble, grateful, and devout acceptance of God's mercy to the guilty, through the obedience and death of the Redeemer.

Remembering the words of the Apostle: "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink of this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come," this gathering of Christians took place, and whilst the memorials of the

Saviour's sufferings and death were received, the assembly silently acknowledged that it was each one's duty to assist in conveying the knowledge of the Saviour to the distant regions of the earth.

As before stated, the number of communicants was very great; and as in such a large assembly—many of them strangers—it was not improbable the bread and wine might not have been conveyed to all, the president requested, after each of the sacred memorials had been carried round, that if any persons had been overlooked, they would intimate the fact by rising. At that moment one of the attendants in the gallery whispered to a young woman who stood near to Grandfather Gray, "Have you partaken?" to which she softly replied in the words which have suggested this article, "*I am not a member*," and the questioner passed on.

The answer so soon given and accepted impressed the old man's mind, and instantly led him to serious reflection.

The young woman who had been thus addressed was to him a perfect stranger, but he felt an instinctive wish, if the time and place had permitted the inquiry, to follow her answer by the further question, "And why not?"

There was something so sad in the confession, "I am not a member," that the old man's thoughts continually recurred to it throughout the evening.

"I am not a member." "Well," thought he; "why not?" Is it that you have only strolled into this sacred place to while away a few hours, or for some still more unworthy purpose? Is it that you may gratify an idle curiosity by witnessing what kind of

ceremony a missionary communion is? Is it that you have never felt one compunction for a life of sin, or offered one petition for pardon and a change of heart? Is it that you feel too much attached to the ways of folly to listen to the claims of Jesus, who bought you with his blood, and gave these memorials to his people to keep him in remembrance? If these be the reasons why you are not a member, they are mournfully sufficient, for, in that state, truly you have no right to be one. And if, separated by nature from the Saviour, you are resolved to keep aloof from him, and to reject the offers of God's mercy, alas! the day is drawing nigh, when you will find that, of that multitude which no man can number of redeemed and sanctified believers who will be for ever with their Lord, you will never be a member.

But, perhaps, thought Grandfather Gray, none of these considerations speak the language of your heart. It may be, and there was something cheering in the thought, it may be that you once entered this place only to satisfy the remonstrances of conscience, or the prayerful entreaties of a fond parent; but the word of truth was accompanied to your heart "in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." It may be that you entered rather for amusement than to hear, but you departed to meditate and pray. Ah! who but the heart-searching God, can tell what thoughts have agitated your bosom even since the words "I am not a member" escaped your lips? Who can tell—thought the old man again as he glanced at the young woman—who can tell whether you have not secretly lamented having so long concealed in your own heart the convictions you have felt, the tears of penitence

you have shed, the supplications you have poured forth for pardon and acceptance through the Lord Jesus Christ; the companionships you have been enabled to forsake, the delight you now feel, and have often felt in this sanctuary, and the joyous hope that you "have obtained mercy"? Who can tell whether your bosom has not heaved a sigh of lamentation that you have not been to the minister to *tell him all this*, and to ask whether such as you are not invited by the Saviour to "eat of this bread and drink of this cup"? Ah! who can tell whether you have not resolved—and *if you have felt what the old man has just surmised, you ought to have resolved*—that before another Sabbath has passed over you will tell the secret longings of your inmost spirit to the pastor, and seek the tender ties and strengthening influence of fellowship with Christ's people, and be of that body, a lowly, constant, and devoted "member."

"I AM GOING TO LEAVE, COOK."

So said Jane Smart, as she placed the dinner-tray on the kitchen table, with an air that betokened displeasure, her mistress having had occasion to reprove her for handling the glasses and crockery as roughly as if they had been made of cast iron—"I am going to leave, Cook," she repeated, "for I am not to be spoken to now as if I was a girl."

"You will do as you please about leaving, Jane," replied Mrs. May,—for that was the name of the Cook, a discreet, matronly, intelligent, and worthy woman, who had been in Mr. Thompson's family seventeen

years, and hoped to spend the residue of her life there,—"You will do as you please about leaving, Jane; but, if you had asked my advice, you would certainly have thought very seriously before giving warning."

"Oh! as for that, Cook," said Jane, "I have thought seriously enough already, and I have long made up my mind that next time mistress found fault, she should have warning."

Cook.—Well, Jane, you have done as you pleased, but as there was more of bad temper than of prudence in your determination, I feel sure you will have reason to be sorry for your folly.

Jane.—I am sure, Cook, you have no business to speak of my temper: if Mistress has a right to send me away, and you know she has, I have a right to give her warning.

Cook.—Well, Jane, your right to do so at this time is not quite clear to my mind, nor do I think it will be to yours if you give the matter due consideration.

Jane.—Why, Cook, have I not always worked for my wages; and, if I do my duty while paid for it, have I not a *right* to leave after proper warning?

Cook.—No, Jane, I think not at *this time*, and I'll tell you why. It is now just three years since you came into Mrs. Thompson's service, an untaught, inexperienced girl of seventeen; and, during all that time, your mistress has borne with your want of knowledge, forgetfulness, and mistakes, which have often greatly inconvenienced and annoyed her.

Jane.—It is rather unkind of you, Cook, to speak so of my first years of service, as I could not do what I had not learnt.

Cook.—I know that, Jane, and do not wish to hurt your feelings; nor should I have mentioned your early failings, but to remind you how much your mistress has had to bear with, before you learnt the duties of your station.

Jane.—But, Cook, if I knew but little, you ought also to remember that I was paid but little wages, for that very reason.

Cook.—I had not forgotten *that*, Jane; but *you* seem not to have considered that the small wages paid you were, with the comforts of such a home as this, *quite equal in value* to the sort of service you were then able to render; and you have quite lost sight of the fact that your mistress has been teaching you these three years, and *that* so perseveringly and well, as to have at last made you a thorough household servant.

Jane.—Well, Cook, but she has had the benefit of my learning all the time; for as fast as she taught me how to do things properly, I did them so, and she and the family have had the comfort of it.

Cook.—Yes, Jane, so they have; and you, also, have had the advantage of it, as there is great comfort in doing things so as to avoid reproof; besides which, you have had the *profit arising from improvement*; for you know that each year your wages have been raised, to encourage and reward you.

Jane.—Well, Cook, I must admit *that*, but then I think it just comes to what I said before,—if Mistress has a right to send me away, (and of course she has, with a proper warning,) I have the same right to give her notice, as I did just now.

Cook.—No, Jane, not until you are out of her debt; after that——

Jane.—Out of her debt, Cook! why, I do not owe her anything.

Cook.—If you had not been so hasty, Jane, I was going to say that as you have been paid the full value of your services, you are indebted to your mistress for all the pains and perseverance she has shown in instructing you, and that, therefore, it is your duty, *now you do not need teaching*, to remain in the family, if they are willing to keep you.

Jane.—And how much, Cook, do you think I owe mistress for teaching me?

Cook.—Perhaps, Jane, we can find that out, if I ask you how much you expect to get in your next situation?

Jane.—Why, not less than *nine pounds* a year.

Cook.—Very well, Jane, and I hope you will get it, as you are now worth that sum; but remember that you were only worth *five pounds* when you came here, and you have since become worth *eight*, which your mistress now pays you.

Jane.—Yes, Cook; but remember it is not mistress's teaching *only* that has made me worth that money; I am also older, and ought to have more wages.

Cook.—Well, Jane, I know that you are older; but age without knowledge would not have procured you much, if any, increase of wages. It is ability, activity, and good temper, for which mistresses are willing to pay, and not for the *size* of a servant; for she may be very big and very worthless.

Jane.—But you have not told me, Cook, how much I owe mistress.

Cook.—Nor can I tell you *all* that you owe her,

Jane; but I think that as her teaching has made you so much more valuable, as to lead you to look for nine pounds a year, instead of the *five* you began with, you owe her, *even in money*, as much as ought to make you willing to serve her at least three years longer, for *rather less* than you would expect from one who would not need to teach you; whilst the gratitude and love you owe to your mistress, for so much motherly attention, watchful care, and patient endurance, as you know you have experienced here, ought to lead you to serve her until marriage or death shall compel you to part.

Jane.—Well, Cook, you have convinced me that I have done wrong, and I must confess that my unwillingness to be found fault with, and the carelessness which caused me to be so, arose from my not feeling how much I was indebted to a kind mistress for all her instruction and care. I now feel that she had a *right* to reprove me, and that as I cannot expect God's blessing if I leave her unjustly, it shall be my first endeavour to obtain her forgiveness, and then my constant aim to serve her faithfully and affectionately as long as Divine providence permits me to do so.

Cook.—I am rejoiced, Jane, to find you yielding to the honest convictions of your heart, or rather, I would say, to the gracious teaching of the law of God, which commands us to do to others as we would wish them to do to us; for in obeying that law, you will enjoy a satisfaction far more precious than any increase of wages you could possibly obtain by disobeying the Divine precepts.

**"PRESS MY HAND, DEAR, IF YOU
UNDERSTAND."**

THE pestilence which recently visited our beloved country, and carried suffering and death into so many dwellings, has supplied very numerous lessons of mortality, such as the following:—

It fell to the lot of Grandfather Gray to go one Sabbath morning into one of the crowded and filthy neighbourhoods of London to hold a religious service amongst some of the inhabitants who meet in a humble building, in that locality, for Divine worship.

He had only just entered the room when a poor, matronly woman, without a cap or bonnet, hastily came in, and, after apologising for her apparent untidiness, stated that she had been up all night with a person who was dying. She then asked if the City Missionary could immediately accompany her.

On learning that he had not yet arrived, she instantly turned to Grandfather Gray, and requested him to go with her to the chamber of woe.

It was his duty to commence the public service, in a few minutes from that time, but, feeling that a dying fellow-creature was at hand, and that there was no time for delay or hesitation, he instantly followed the poor woman, who conducted him up a dirty staircase into a miserable apartment on the second floor of a house in the neighbourhood.

There, on a wretched bed, if such it might be called, and covered with a few mere rags, lay a young woman evidently in the agonies of death. She had had the cholera; and, as the old man afterwards learnt, had

exhibited the blackness peculiar to that disease the day before, but had since become pallid, and was then suffering from fever, which in so many instances succeeded the dreadful pestilence referred to. Her eyes presented the fixed and glassy look of death, and a low moan was the only sound to which she was able to give utterance to express either her bodily sufferings or her mental fears.

She had lived, as the old man learnt, a neglecter of "the great salvation;" but as he knew that "the Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save, nor his ear heavy that it cannot hear," Grandfather Gray showed her, by the simplest words he could employ, the way in which she might be saved; and affectionately exhorted her to look for the Divine mercy, through Him who said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

It is impossible to conceive of more intense anxiety for the spiritual safety of another than was evinced by the poor woman, who took the old man thither, for the welfare of the miserable creature, who then lay dying, whose clammy cheek she affectionately kissed, and to whom she said, in soothing tones, "Press my hand, dear, if you understand the gentleman;" nor will the thankful smile of that poor woman, when the dying creature gave the wished-for token that she heard and understood, be easily forgotten.

Having said as much as he felt the sufferer could bear, and addressed a few words of advice and comfort to her husband and children, and others who were present, he proposed that they should all kneel down

by the dying wife and mother ; and after praying that "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," would shine into the heart of her who lay moaning before them, to give her the light of the knowledge of salvation, through Jesus Christ the Lord, the old man rose and retired.

Ten minutes afterwards the spirit of the poor sufferer departed, to find acceptance through the infinite merits of the Saviour, or to be for ever numbered with those who have rejected his salvation.

As may be expected, this affecting interview has frequently recurred to the mind of Grandfather Gray, and he cannot record it with his pen, without stating what he has since learnt, that the woman who fetched him, and who manifested such motherly affection for the dying female, was not related to her, but was the voluntary unpaid friend and helper of *every* sick and dying creature within her influence ; a fact which the old man feels a glow of satisfaction in recording, that, wheresoever this simple narrative is read, there also his testimony may be as "a memorial of her."

But his chief object in taking up his pen, has been to warn those who would defer returning to their God and Father, until disease lays them on a bed of suffering, and death, unprepared for, is at hand.

Alas ! *that* time, though most frequently relied on, is of all others the most perilous and unsuitable ; and she who hardens her heart against the invitations of the God of mercy, and resolves to live in sin as long as life and health are given to her, may be so swiftly overtaken by disease and death, as to be unable to hear and understand the accents of Divine mercy, or

to give the gentlest pressure of her hand, to soothe the anxious and devout longings of a loving friend.

"WHAT I LEARN ON SUNDAY I FORGET
IN THE WEEK."

SUCH was the artless confession of a little boy, the son of a chimney sweeper, in answering the question of a lady, "Can you read?"

The object of Grandfather Gray, however, in alluding to it in this article is not to introduce the lady who narrated the circumstance, or the means she adopted for the child's welfare; but to render it the medium of conveying a few instructive observations.

The simple acknowledgment, "*what I learn on the Sunday I forget in the week,*" painfully reminded him of his own too frequent unprofitable hearing of the Gospel on the Sabbath, and led him to fear that, if his readers would candidly reflect, some of them, also, would feel chargeable with similar acts of culpable negligence.

How often, for instance, have they listened to the plain and simple statements of the Word of God, and to the faithful declarations of his messengers, that all men are sinners, fallen, guilty, and—if Divine grace prevent not—for ever lost; truths which have been heard, perhaps, with attention and alarm, until many have been almost ready to exclaim, as they have looked upon the congregation around them, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" The feeling produced by the teaching of the Sunday has

been solemn; but, alas! reader, say, has it not been "*forgotten in the week?*"

There are others, who have long visited the sanctuary, and listened with delight to the joyful tidings of salvation, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them;" having made Him who knew no sin, to be a sin-offering for man, that he might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" have perceived that God can "be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus;" and perhaps have *intended* to believe, but no contrition has been awakened in their bosoms, nor one sincere determination to amend; and if their hearts could speak, they would tell the humiliating truth that *what was learnt on Sunday was forgotten in the week.*

It may be that some who read these brief observations have learnt the way of life so perfectly by listening to the word of truth on Sundays that they have *vowed* to be the Lord's in "a covenant never to be broken;" but alas! their resolutions have been made in ignorance of their own weakness, and without one prayer to Him, who alone can effectually assist them, and their unperformed vows serve only to proclaim how easily *what is learnt on Sunday is forgotten in the week.*

But Grandfather Gray entertains the hope that, amongst the numerous readers of these pages, there are many who—whilst humbly ready to confess themselves guilty of what the old man has painfully assumed of some—have also by Divine grace really learnt upon the Sabbath so as to retain their serious

impressions, and to cherish them as impulses from the Spirit of the living God. To such individuals Jesus is precious, for they feel He is the only Saviour; the Father of their spirits is the object of their filial delight, for he "hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into their hearts," leading them to feel and act as children, and that Spirit is now regarded as their sacred guide, for they have felt his quickening and sanctifying power; and, so far from carelessly forgetting the lessons of the Sabbath, it is each one's language on reviewing the engagements of the day,

"O God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy Word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

"Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die."

"I HAVE CHEATED HER."

So said Matilda, as she tossed her new shawl upon the kitchen table, and began to untie the strings of her Sunday bonnet.

"Cheated whom?" asked Ellen, her fellow-servant, "surely, Matilda, you would not cheat anybody, much less boast of having cheated on the Sabbath-day."

"Oh, don't preach to me," replied Matilda; "the only cheating I've been guilty of, is telling mistress what a charming sermon we have had this afternoon; but it's very little that I have heard of it; for I took

a stroll across the fields until the service was almost over, and then just listened at the chapel entrance to try if I could pick up the text, which I was so lucky as to do.

Ellen.—And you call that cheating mistress, do you ?

Matilda.—Yes, to be sure ; I told her the text ; who preached ; and what a charming sermon it was ; and mistress seemed quite delighted to hear me say so.

Ellen.—And I am quite sure she was ; but it would cause her no little grief if she knew that in speaking as you did, you were lying to her.

Matilda.—Well, I am sure, you speak very plainly ; but think what you may of it, I told no lie ; the sermon *was* a good one, I dare say, and I *did* hear a bit of it.

Ellen.—I have spoken plainly and not less truly, Matilda, as it was my duty to speak. You *did* lie to your mistress ; for you led her to believe that you had attended Divine worship in the sanctuary, and that you had heard, not *a part*, but *all* the sermon, and that, having heard the whole of it, you had gained so much pleasure and instruction from it as to lead you to speak of it as a "*charming sermon.*" That was what you wished mistress to understand, and, if I don't mistake, she did so understand you ; and I also think that you believed you had produced that impression on her mind when you so triumphantly tossed off your shawl, saying, "I have cheated her !" Believe me, Matilda, it affords me no pleasure to prove you a liar, for I know who has said "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone !" (Rev. xxi. 8) ; but I have tried to show you, for your

good, that you *aimed* at making mistress think you heard and felt what you know you did not. You would have been ashamed to tell her exactly how you spent the precious hour which God gave you, and which you ought to have occupied in his worship, and, therefore, you deceived her; or, as you thoughtlessly and wickedly expressed it, "you cheated her;" but you should have said, you "*lied* to her," for that was just what you did. Had not my Bible shown me the deceitfulness of my own heart, and, I hope, led me to the Saviour both for pardon and renewing grace, I should have wondered how you could have been *guilty of lying*, and yet feel so *offended* at being *told that you had lied*; but I believe there is no sin which the human heart is not capable of devising, and no pretext too flimsy for it to set up as an excuse.

Matilda.—Well, I don't see that there was much harm in what I said, for you know it *pleased* mistress, Ellen.

Ellen.—Yes, but it *displeased* God. Oh, Matilda! it grieves me to hear you speak so lightly of sin, or rather, I should say, it grieves me to perceive that you are so ignorant of what sin is. Your conduct, this afternoon, has been enough to make angels weep and devils shout for joy.

Matilda.—Well, I am sure, you are going to make something of it now!

Ellen.—It is too bad, Matilda, for me to make it any worse; and if you will sit down and hear me calmly, I will try to show you how sinfully you have acted.

Matilda.—Well, I suppose you must have your say, so go on.

Ellen.—I have no desire to say anything upon the subject, except for your welfare, and because my Bible tells me that those who see their fellow-creatures doing wrong, ought to warn them of their danger. Now, listen to me while I try to show you your folly and your sin.

You know, Matilda, that this is God's holy Sabbath ; but perhaps you have never thought that, but for His appointment of one day in seven for His worship and for our rest, *every day would have been alike*, and those who live by toil would have had to work from the beginning of the year to the end of it, and so on throughout their lives, without having one day which they could really call their own. I cannot think of those words of our blessed Saviour—"the Sabbath was *made for man*"—without feeling, and feeling gratefully too, that, although it is set apart for God's worship, man's comfort, ease, and happiness were the special objects of its institution.

Matilda.—Well, certainly, I never thought of it in that way, but you seem to say what is right.

Ellen.—I am sure, Matilda, that it can be proved from God's Word ; and I am pained to say *that* Word represents your conduct of this afternoon as wicked in more ways than one.

Matilda.—Well, I must confess that it has been wrong in *two* ways, for I have neglected God's worship and deceived mistress.

Ellen.—It is some comfort to me to hear you make that acknowledgment, Matilda, but be assured that you have sinned in *many* ways to-day, and if I, who am so ignorant and sinful, can perceive so much evil in your conduct, how must it appear to

Him who weighs every thought and every word and action ?

Matilda.—I never thought of *that*, Ellen, but *still* I think you are too severe.

Ellen.—My dear Matilda, I have no wish to be so : my only aim in thus speaking is, to make you sensible of your sin that you may be sorry for it, and seek its forgiveness ; and then act more becomingly in future.

Matilda.—Well, I shall not do so again, but I don't think there was any thing *very bad* in my conduct.

Ellen.—Your conduct, Matilda, has not been so bad, I hope, as that of many who are now breaking God's holy Sabbath. I can conceive of many acts of sin which some may be committing, who *began* their downward course by doing *only*—if I may use that word in reference to sin—by doing *only* what you have done to-day. But as you speak so lightly of your conduct, let me show you wherein it is so wrong.

In the first place, Matilda, it has been, as far as it has gone, a course of lying and deception : you left home with a lie in your bosom ; for you intended mistress to understand that you were going to the sanctuary to unite with the worshippers of God ; but you secretly intended to turn the other way and to wander in the fields. Then you returned with falsehood and deception in your heart, and with a positive lie upon your tongue.

In the next place you turned your back upon the sanctuary, and so far as your conduct could influence others, it said, "Do not meet in that place, nor pay any regard to this day, nor worship Him who bestowed

it, but defy and dishonour Him, and act as if He had never said, 'Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord.'

"And then, Matilda, what a hypocrite you have been! You ——

Matilda.—Now, Ellen, I will not submit to such language as *that*; you may say what you please of my conduct, but I never was a hypocrite, and never will be.

Ellen.—Believe me, Matilda, I have no pleasure in proving you a hypocrite, for such characters are hateful to the Lord; but whether I call you so or not, my words or my silence will not alter your condition: they who act hypocritically are hypocrites, and, according to your own account, you have done so to-day. I speak thus plainly to you for your soul's welfare, and that you may see the hypocrisy of your conduct as it must have appeared to the heart-searching God; let me once more attempt to describe it.

Look, in imagination, at the entrance to the house of God: there, just within the porch, but outside the door, stands a young woman, respectably attired, and feignedly come as a worshipper, but she enters not; she is conscious that the service is now nearly closed, and *is not there to worship*, but, if possible, to find out the text; mark how intently her ear is held to the door, and how satisfied she looks when the words for which she has been listening are once more expressed. And now the worshippers are singing, but *that* young woman opens not her book; her heart feels no gratitude, and her voice cannot praise. The closing prayer is offered, but she listens not; she is alike indifferent to her need of pardon, and of grace to enable

her to walk consistently. The congregation rise and depart, and this young woman is the first to pass down the steps and mingle with the worshippers of God, who sees that she has desecrated his day and his sanctuary, mocked his authority, treated his messenger with contempt, and refused to listen to tidings of love and mercy which fill even angels with wonder and with joy. Who will say that such a young woman has not acted hypocritically? And that young woman, dear Matilda, is *yourself*.

Matilda.—Yes, dear Ellen, I feel that it is so. Your language, at first, *seemed* too severe, but it is too true; I have not “cheated mistress” so much as myself. My own wicked heart has led me to abuse what you have shown me is God’s greatest blessing. From this time I will seek pardon for the past, and help for days to come; and I will try to spend my Sabbaths and attend God’s sanctuary with such feelings as shall be pleasing in his sight.

OUTER DARKNESS.

Few circumstances have affected the mind of Grandfather Gray more pleasurably than the contemplation of a large congregation on the Sabbath, attentively listening to the spirit-stirring language of their intelligent and devoted pastor.

Precious as the opportunity is of uniting in the previous prayer and praise, and then of hearing the preacher give utterance to “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” the old man has sometimes felt a still surpassing pleasure when, after worshipping on

the Sabbath evening where a temporary duty has called him, he has hastened for a few moments to the sanctuary to which some of his fondest recollections attach him, to hear the last words of the pastor's earnest exhortations, and to listen to the full swell of harmonious praise which the great congregation pours forth as its closing act.

There was a time when, as a youth, he has dared thoughtlessly to trespass on such holy ground, but the consciousness of having misspent the previous moments, and of being then within the sacred precincts of God's house from no higher motive than that of curiosity, filled him with remorse; and now, it is only because he feels that by the grace of God he is what he is, and knows that he has previously been pursuing a self-denying duty, that he can find the happiness he has spoken of, when he enters the sanctuary on a Sabbath evening, and looks upon the multitude who sit silently listening to words which will justify or condemn them at the last great day.

But the pleasure to which he has referred, like all others, has its alloy, and to that it is the object of his present communication more particularly, though briefly, to refer.

He must, therefore, state that, on entering the lobby of the house of God, it has been his painful experience generally to observe one or two young women standing in the dark space between the outer and the inner doors, evidently unwilling to enter, and yet apparently unable wholly to forsake the place of prayer.

Yes, there they have been, literally in a place of "outer darkness;" and, whilst the worshippers within

have been hearing words by which they might be saved, these poor, benighted souls have apparently felt satisfied with merely standing within the shade of the sanctuary doors.

The sight, though, alas! so common, has been to him a source of more than ordinary sadness, as it has led him to conclude that the unhappy beings who could thus come so near the throne of grace without actually reaching it, and approach towards the accents of mercy, and yet rest satisfied without actually hearing them, must either have departed so far from a course of virtue, as to feel they were unfit to mingle with God's people, or were waiting in the dark recess where Grandfather Gray has beheld them, to contrive by what ingenious falsehood they might best deceive their employers (if such they still had), on returning to their homes.

He has indeed felt that such a sight was one of sadness, and that their self-inflicted exclusion from the clear light of the sanctuary and the sweet sounds of Gospel grace, which gladdened the hearts of the listening assembly within, was but the foreshadowing of that day, when those who have died unreconciled to God through a crucified Redeemer will "be cast into outer darkness," and dwell amongst the lost in "everlasting burnings."

The old man would fain have done something effectually to awaken the individuals he has mentioned to an apprehension of their sin and danger; but on such occasions, all he could do has been to invite them to enter, and embrace what might possibly be their only opportunity of hearing the Gospel; or, in case of

their refusal, his only alternative has been to present them with a tract, to warn them that there will be no escape for those who neglect the "great salvation."

"THE DOCTOR SAYS I'M OUT OF
DANGER, SIR."

No one can have such an adequate idea of the preciousness of life as he who has just been in imminent danger of losing it; nor can any one fitly conceive of the solemn moment of death, except those who seem to have been brought within a step of eternity.

Grandfather Gray has been led into this train of thought whilst musing on the following incident.

He was requested a few days since to go to one of the public hospitals in the city, in order to visit a young female whom he had known as a Sunday scholar, and who lay there, as he was told, dangerously ill.

It appeared upon inquiry, that, after leaving school, she had been some time in service, and that recently, whilst cleaning windows, she had overbalanced herself and fallen a considerable depth. On being taken up, it was found that she had broken one arm, and it was supposed she had irrecoverably injured her back also.

In this painful and perilous condition she was borne on a litter to the hospital, and there, on a bed in one of the wards, Grandfather Gray, a few days afterwards, found her.

Being unacquainted with the rules of the establishment, he discovered that he had gone at a time when admission to strangers is not granted, but, through the

kind interference of a medical friend, a deviation from the rule was permitted.

On approaching the bed on which the poor young creature lay, Grandfather Gray of course expressed his sorrow to find that so serious an accident had befallen her; he then suggested to her *briefly* (as he felt she was too weak to bear much conversation) that, painful as her condition then was, she had reason to be grateful that time had been given her for reflection and prayer. He then expressed a hope that the excellent instruction she had received in the Sabbath-school had not been in vain, and that, as she now lay secluded from her relatives and friends, she would lift up her heart in prayer to "the Good Physician," who had power to heal, and an ear to listen to the cries of those who seek Him in spirit and in truth.

It was not a time to expect many words from one who was said to have been so seriously injured, and therefore Grandfather Gray withdrew, assuring her that he would shortly repeat his visit.

She appeared thankful for the interview, and in parting informed him that it was hoped her spine was not injured, adding,—"*The doctor says I am out of danger, Sir.*"

These words were uttered with much feebleness, but in a tone which betokened the deepest anxiety; and Grandfather Gray has since very seriously reflected on their import.

He has withdrawn from her bedside and entered upon the busy duties of his station; but her parting words,—"*The doctor says I am out of danger, Sir,*" have seemed to fall again and again upon his ear. "*Out of danger!*" he has thought,—what danger?

Does the doctor mean that some favourable symptoms have appeared which warrant him in saying she has sustained *no spinal injury*, and that, therefore, the brief space of life may yet be lengthened out, so that she will not be called to appear *now* before her Maker? If that be his meaning, thought the old man, there is much room for thankfulness, since life is a precious boon, and it is a solemn thing to die. But, much as Grandfather Gray at first felt disposed to rejoice at this assurance of the doctor, subsequent reflection has led him to "rejoice with trembling," lest his dear young friend should be tempted to delay repentance because death may not be quite *so near* as she had feared; and he could not but earnestly desire that she might feel that danger lies *not in dying, but in living unprepared to die.*

Alas! how many—and, perhaps, many of the readers of this simple narrative—think only of *danger* in connexion with *dying*; whereas an apostle has assured us (Rom. viii. 1,) that they are only safe "who are in Christ Jesus," and they only are in Him who have turned from sin and believed in His name.

No such fearful accident as that which has given rise to Grandfather Gray's meditations may as yet have befallen them, though such a catastrophe may be close at hand; but even if spared, they are *not out of danger*, for the unerring and merciful Saviour, after speaking of the love of God to sinners in the gift of his Son, said, for their warning, "He that believeth not on Him is *condemned already*, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." (John iii. 18.)

“THE NAMES ON THE SLATE AT THE GATE.”

THE last brief and hasty communication of Grandfather Gray had not yet appeared in print, although it had been sent to the printer, when the following fact occurred, which surprised and grieved him.

He was busily occupied with his daily duties in the city, when a female entered the apartment in apparent agitation, and asked to see him.

On inquiry, he found that her kind errand was to ask him to go immediately to the hospital, to the young person who had so recently assured him that the doctor had pronounced her “out of danger,” as, so far from *that* having proved true, she was then dying.

Grandfather Gray was naturally grieved by this communication, and expressed his regret that the arrangements of the hospital and his own numerous engagements had precluded him from seeing the poor sufferer for some days. To this the kind messenger stated a fact (of which the old man had never heard before) that “Margaret’s” name had been on the gate for the last three days, and that, therefore, he might have visited her whenever he had pleased. The mention of “names on the gate” was so unintelligible to him that he inquired what was meant by the statement; when the messenger informed him, that when patients in the hospital are deemed to be in danger, their names are written on a slate, which is suspended at the gate, in order that pious persons passing may

compassionate the dying, and go in and give them spiritual counsel.

Grandfather Gray takes this opportunity of mentioning this interesting fact, as it may, at present, be as little known to many as it was, until so recently, to himself; and he relates it in the hope that it may lead some to go to the bedside of poor, suffering fellow-sinners, to offer prayer on their behalf, and to point them, while the flickering lamp of life still lasts, to a reconciled "God in Christ Jesus."

It is scarcely needful to say that the old man lost no time in proceeding to the hospital, where he found the poor, dear girl, not "out of danger," as she had a few days previously so fondly imagined, but in a state of extreme agony,—agony so extreme that, when she was able to speak, she assured him that she "longed to die."

For a few moments he could only look upon her in pensive silence, and meditate how he could best say something to assuage the sufferings of her body by awakening hope and joy in her mind.

When the first paroxysm of pain had subsided, he repeated to her some of those soul-stirring and delightful portions of Divine truth which he knew had been faithfully poured into her ear in time past in the Sabbath-school, and inquired, as he occasionally paused, and as she seemed to be engaged in meditation, whether the religious instruction she had received had led her to actual reliance on the righteousness and death of the Saviour; to which she replied, with as much composure as her sufferings permitted, "Oh yes, Sir, it has!" Having repeated to her another portion of Scripture, her countenance assumed a mo-

mentary brightness, notwithstanding her excessive pain; and she said, with some emphasis, as her eyes were directed to the wall, "*that is what it says there,*" alluding to one of those soul-comforting texts which are painted here and there in large characters on the walls of the ward.

He then inquired whether those portions had afforded her comfort as she lay on the bed of languishing, and received an emphatic answer,—“Oh! yes.”

Prudence forbade his staying long by one so weak and in such agony; he therefore read a few words of Scripture and offered prayer by her side. This was on a Saturday: on the Monday following she was still alive, and on that morning he had just such an interview as the former, receiving from her, in few words, the assurance that Jesus was her only hope, and, in return, commending her in prayer to “the God of all grace;” and having bade her farewell, he saw her face no more.

And now, as he looks back upon the past in reference to dear young Margaret, the circumstances which flit across his memory appear like a passing dream. It seems but a short season since he saw her a little fresh-coloured girl sitting on the form in the Sabbath-school, with her neat pocket Bible in her hand, which she turned over so intelligently to supply answers to the questions put to her. Anon, she is compelled by circumstances to leave her home for service, and, in an unguarded moment, as he has stated, falls from a window to the pavement, is taken up grievously injured and borne to the hospital; is there treated with great skill and kindness, and in a few days is pronounced to

be "out of danger," but in a few more, manifests such alarming symptoms that her name is suspended to the gate, to awaken the pity of the compassionate and prayerful: and now her day of grace is ended, and she lies in the clay-cold grave!

Oh, reader, value the precious moments which are still yours; employ your Sabbaths in seeking the knowledge of the Lord and in worshipping and serving Him; and then, whether death should attend you after a lingering sickness, or more suddenly and with agonizing pains such as poor Margaret endured, the Lord's supporting grace can enable you to say, "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

"I WILL BEGIN ANEW."

It is not often that a Christmas evening is spent in serious meditation. On that annual festival the most scattered families usually assemble under the parental roof to greet each other with affectionate salutations, and, after a day of mirth, terminate the evening with pastimes expressive of their filial and fraternal joy.

These moments were, however, spent more quietly, but not less happily this year, by Rachel Smith, whose master and mistress had been called to a distance to follow their young, beloved, and but lately married daughter to her grave. They had kindly left Rachel every comfort of the season, with permission to use what she thought fit, but with a strict injunction not to invite any guests, lest she should form an intimacy to her own hurt. She was a good conscientious girl, and, therefore, in order to escape every temptation to

disobey the instructions of her mistress, held no intercourse with the servants of the neighbouring establishments.

The lonely day passed over less wearily than she had anticipated, and, having closed the shutters after tea, she sat down at a bright blazing fire to read and meditate.

It is no matter of surprise, that, finding herself perfectly quiet and alone, at a season when mirth and joy were usually resounding in the parlour, the *cause* of so great a change led her to serious reflection. "Yes!" she said, heaving a deep sigh, "it is but ten months since dear Miss Jane, so healthy and so kind, left this happy home to be a bride, and now she is no more! Alas! how sad an end of her bright expectations! But why should I say so?" continued Rachel, as she checked herself for so unwarrantable a conclusion; "she was a follower of Christ; her trust was in Him; her life an imitation of Him; and she has gone to be with Him; for the Apostle says, 'If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him:' no, her expectation 'has not been cut off,' but she has been taken from a happy earthly home, to a heavenly and a happier one."

Rachel's thoughts having then turned upon her own experience, and the many inroads death had made in her own beloved family, she opened her little casket of jewels, as she was wont to call a small red leather box, in which she kept the last letters penned by her dear departed parents, and took out and read one from her mother, which concluded with these affecting sentiments: "Above all, my dear girl, *begin each year*

anew; you have been taught the way of truth, and I know that you understand it; this has been the object of our constant prayer; your beloved father and myself have daily, I might say hourly, besought the Lord that you may not only acknowledge yourself to be a sinner, deserving of his anger, and of yourself unable to appease it, but that you may tenderly grieve that you have offended so kind and gracious a Being, and be filled with gratitude and love, by the wondrous proofs of His love to you, in the gift of the Saviour, and in the merciful offers of forgiveness in the Gospel. We have rejoiced, my dear child, to see you reading God's book rather as a privilege than a duty; and whilst you have been thus occupied in your little chamber, your father and myself have bent our knees in prayer together, that our God and Saviour would pour out his Holy Spirit upon you, and bless you with His sanctifying grace. These prayers, we trust, have been answered, for we have seen you retire so regularly for prayer, as to encourage us to hope that a new life has been begun in your soul.

"But if it is as we hope, let me remind you, my dear Rachel, that you are *only entering upon your Christian conflict*—the victory is not won. You are joined to the Lord by faith that you may be one with Him in spirit; but do not expect that all evil is extinguished within you, and that you will never feel the risings of a depraved heart: there is much in us all of a sinful tendency, and much around us to tempt us to sin. But be not cast down or discouraged on these accounts; remember that in watchfulness and prayer, and reliance on the promised grace of God, there is safety; be determined to 'walk in the fear of God,' and you will

find that you are 'walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.' Remember, my beloved Rachel, that *holiness is conformity to the character of Christ*—resemblance to Him—imitation of his pure and holy, his bright and glorious example. Seek that *that* mind may be in you which was in Him, 'who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners;' and take encouragement from the thought, that every triumph over self and sin is a step forward in the way of holiness, and is strength gained for further conquests.

"I beseech you, my dear child, be not satisfied with being merely received and regarded as a member of the Church. If you have received life from the Saviour, it is that you may in some measure impart it. Be it your constant fervent prayer and aim to be a living member of the Church; not one in which it is only just possible to trace the signs of life, but one whose heart is full of warm love to the Saviour, and to all who bear his name. Remember, my dear child, that it was for *man's sin* the world was *cursed*, and that it is through *man's restored holiness* that the world, which the Saviour has redeemed, is to be *blessed*. It is for you to manifest what Christianity is, as if it had no other being but you on the earth in which to show itself: it is for you to labour and give and pray, so far as you may have the means and opportunity, as if your Lord and Saviour had no other disciple but yourself; and yet I beseech you to do all this, not to secure the esteem of those who are around you, though that may be of great value, but sincerely and solely to glorify your Lord.

"If I should never have the happiness of writing you another letter, receive it as my dying counsel,

that you reverence the Sabbath; those precious hours given to us weekly by the God of love, to remind us of a never-ending sabbath, and to afford us opportunities of preparing to enjoy it. I beseech you, my dear child, to hold its hours most sacred; do nothing on that day which duty does not compel; regard it as the *Lord's day*, and not your own; spend as much of it as possible in meditation on God's word, in the exercise of prayer, and in his sanctuary; be early there, and believe that He is there to meet and bless you; lift up your soul in prayer to Him, to pour out his Spirit on the minister, be he who he may; guard as much as possible against partiality and prejudice; be thankful for every opportunity of hearing the faithful publication of God's truth, whether by your own minister or a stranger, remembering that thousands have never been so privileged; seek to look beyond the preacher to Him in whose name you are addressed, and let it be the language of your inmost soul,—‘Send, Lord, by whom thou wilt send.’—‘Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.’

“And now, my dear child, my parting words are, ‘*begin each year anew;*’ for, however the providence and grace of God may preserve you from open sin, I am sure you will find abundant reason, as the shadows of each year depart, and you review your thoughts and imaginations, your unbelief and ingratitude to God, your slothfulness in his service, your slow progress in the path of holiness, and, above all, the feebleness of your love to Him who loved you, and gave himself for you,—I say, that on reviewing all these, and many other causes for humiliation and regret, at the close of each year, you will find abun-

dant reason to resolve, and to ask for grace to '*begin anew.*'"

Advice so seasonable and solemn—the last words ever penned by a beloved mother, whose happy spirit had since fled to a world of purity and bliss,—could not but awaken in the bosom of the thoughtful and pious Rachel, the tenderest emotions. She paused a few moments, closed her eyes as if in serious meditation, and then, ejaculating the resolve, "*I will begin anew,*" bent her knees in prayer for strength to fulfil that wise and holy resolution.

THE POSTMAN'S BUNDLE.

OBJECTS which, perhaps, we have looked upon a hundred times without emotion, on some occasions lead, by association, to a train of thought, which, though fanciful, may afford both profit and delight.

Grandfather Gray met with a circumstance of this tendency some time since, as he paced along on a sharp frosty morning from the suburbs to the city.

A loud "*rat-tat,*" at the door of one of the houses he approached, announced that the postman was "*abroad,*" and, in another instant, that useful messenger came bustling forward with his mysterious bundle in his hand.

Perhaps the old man may be laughed at for mentioning such a fact, for what sight is more common than a postman, and what less interesting to a stranger than a bundle of sealed letters? But, notwithstanding the frequency of the circumstance, it gave rise to a

train of thought which the old man, at the risk of being laughed at, ventures to disclose.

The postman passed in an instant; but Grandfather Gray saw on the uppermost letter in the bundle a broad black border, the memorial of death. The thought was instantly suggested that perhaps *that* letter was on its way to a family at that moment in happy ignorance of what, in a few minutes, they would feel to be an irreparable loss; and, whilst his fancy pictured a scene of sweet domestic bliss,—a young mother, kneeling with her husband and their little ones at morning prayer, and pouring forth the heartfelt supplication, that a venerable parent, of whose death they had no immediate expectation, might long be spared,—Grandfather Gray realized, in imagination, the sudden grief into which that joyous family would be plunged, when the postman—that unconscious messenger of joy and grief—should hand in the solemn, but then sealed, tidings of their loss.

But what a strange variety, thought the old man, that bundle in all probability contains. Perhaps the very next letter to that which will cause so much sorrow, is one filled with sentiments of hope and joy: possibly it is a letter from a young wife to her beloved and anxious mother, informing her that she for whose happiness so many prayers have been presented has found her partner more serious, consistent, affectionate, and deserving than, with all her prepossessions in his favour, she expected.

And then a *contrast* forced itself upon the old man's reflections! Ah! thought he, perhaps the third letter may be from one who was once a servant. It may be

a neat, industrious, honest, and valuable servant ; one who had a good home, good employers, good treatment, and good wages, and deserved them ; but what is she now ? A poor, depressed, half-starved wife. The man who spoke so kindly to her, whilst seeking her affections, is now, after gaining them, sullen and unkind : instead of making her a home, and a happy one, he is a frequenter of the beer-shop and a companion of the wicked ; and his very footstep, which once caused her heart to beat with joy, now fills it with apprehension and alarm. Ah ! and the letter which contains such sad tidings of disappointed hope is going to her mother—her best and truest friend—whose advice to shun that very man was undutifully spurned.

The frosty morning to which Grandfather Gray has before referred urged him to step forward at a quick pace towards the city, whither he arrived before indulging in many further meditations ; but he *did* ruminate on the probable burden of a *fourth* letter, in the contents of which his fancy realized the piety, peril, and prudence of an orphan daughter, thus replying to a friend :—

“ You ask me if I am fond of single life and servitude, as I have refused to become the wife of ———, and you request to know what has induced me to act so unwisely. To your first question my simple answer is, that I am happy in my present situation, and hope to learn in whatever state I am therewith to be content. Whether happiness would be my portion in the married state I cannot tell. That would doubtless depend much on my own conduct ; but there are so

many the reverse of happy, that I am satisfied, for the present, to be single. You ask if I love servitude? My reply is, Yes; so long as I have such employers and such a home. My duties are all easy—my cares few, if any—and my privileges great. If it were my honour to be rich, more health, comfort, or enjoyment could hardly be my lot.

"But you inquire what has induced me to act so unwisely? To this question I must first say, you have formed a wrong opinion of me, and now let me seek to justify my conduct.

"You know that my dear departed parents always taught me to make the Word of God my rule of life; and though they are both sleeping in the tomb, I would ever act as if they were with me still. Now, guided by the Word of God, I could not consent to be the wife of ———, for, as that Word warns *believers* not to be united to *unbelievers*, and, as *God's providence never contradicts his Word*, I could not be so foolish, or so wicked, as to think that providence was leading me to do what the Word of God forbids.

"Far be it from me say, that ——— is what the world would call a bad man. To marry such a person you would be the last to urge me; but, though sober, honest, and in worldly circumstances far above me, I have heard that he is an ungodly man—a scoffer at religion—and a despiser of the Bible. The path of duty, therefore, is plain. I can have no *intimacy* with him, even to try his character, much less with the vain hope of reclaiming him—he is *the enemy of my Lord and Saviour*; and, keeping eternity in view, such a man *cannot be my friend*."

Such are something like the cogitations of the old

man, whilst ruminating upon the postman's bundle; and, if such reveries impart one useful hint to any of his readers, no one will be more delighted than Grandfather Gray.

"THEY ARE OFF THE OTHER LAND, SIR."

It is many years since the words which supply Grandfather Gray with his present theme were uttered in his hearing; but the train of thought to which they conducted him is still fresh in his remembrance.

On a bright Monday morning in the month of August, when the waving corn proclaimed the faithfulness of Him who has declared that "seed time and harvest shall not fail," the old man quitted the dwelling of a friend with whom he had been spending the previous Sabbath, and mounted the box of a good old-fashioned four-horse stage-coach to return to the metropolis.

It was a ride of more than ordinary interest, the first five or six miles being through pretty green lanes, and over some of the pleasantest undulations in Kent.

Just outside the village, the coach swept round the corner of a wheat-field, where, during the previous summer, Grandfather Gray had observed a considerable number of red poppies growing most luxuriantly; but on the morning to which his present observations refer their number was so much greater, that he could not refrain from expressing his surprise to the driver.

Whether the farmer felt any concern about the matter may be doubted, but it was quite clear to

Grandfather Gray that the coachman had long since regarded these poppies as an unavoidable infliction; for, said he, in a tone of perfect resignation, "*They are off the other land, Sir*; they are off the other land," pointing to a plot of poor neglected ground close by, from whence the seeds of this injurious crop had been wafted by the passing breeze.

If we adopt the old proverb, that "weeds grow apace," and add, what experience teaches, that they *multiply* almost incredibly; the conclusion is very plain that, as years roll on, the corn-field which first exhibited a sprinkling of poppies, and then such a multitude, is destined in the course of time to be the nursery of as many thousands more as the negligence, or endurance, of the farmer may permit to vegetate.

But perhaps some will ask why Grandfather Gray was so much concerned about poppies in a corn-field. He replies:—

Firstly, That he has a great aversion to see anything growing on a farm except its crops, and the various trees and flowers which ought to ornament its hedge-rows: well dressed fields afford him much pleasure, but land over-run with weeds is an object of annoyance.

Secondly, That he cannot witness anything like poison intermingled with that which is to form man's food, without anticipating (it may be without reason) that both may some day mingle on the threshing-floor, and be ground up together at the mill.

And, thirdly, Whilst he makes no pretensions to a knowledge of the art of husbandry, common sense teaches him that luxurious weeds feed upon the fatness of the earth, and thrive upon the very nutriment which ought to be the portion of the farmer's crops.

It might be a weakness to feel any concern about such matters, but such was the fact, and he has frankly confessed it.

Perhaps Grandfather Gray's notions of farming may be as far from propriety, as the sentiments of old maids and bachelors on the training of a family; but be that as it may, he must say that he speedily came to the conclusion, that if the corn-field were his own property, he would rid it of its poppies, and cut off future supplies by paying some poor labourer to root up and utterly destroy those upon the neighbouring waste land.

But possibly some one will answer, "Well, that might be all very proper, but what has the reader to do with such matters?"

Let him say, then, that the simple fact which arrested his attention on that fresh, bright morning, reminded him of the *great field* which we are accustomed to speak of as the *moral world* in which his fancy likened the virtues of mankind to precious fruits and flowers, and the vices to poisonous and disgusting weeds.

Referring in thought to the nearness of the waste land and the corn field, he was forcibly reminded, that much of the sin and misery in the moral world, results from *contact*; and a long array of facts passed in review before his mental vision, all proving that to have *familiar fellowship* with sinners, is almost sure to lead to the imitation of their sins.

Alas! thought the old man, as the coach sped on its way, how many parents can look upon tea-gardens, theatres, and houses for profligate indulgence, as "*the other land*" from whence come the vices which blast the fairest fields of hope, and sadden hearts which once knew naught but joy.

And as he indulged his musings, the rapid increase of the poppies in the corn-field brought to his remembrance instances of *the fearful progress of sin*, where the heart had yielded to its solicitations. Yes, and he beheld in thought some, once swayed by virtuous principles, who seemed to have become the slaves of fiendish passions, and to have received into the inmost recesses of their souls, that evil one whose name is Legion.

But the reflections of that morning were not all so sad: there was sunshine in the old man's bosom as well as in the glorious sky, and he felt that, although evil does beset every one's path, and approach much nearer to some than others, it is not omnipotent; he rejoiced in knowing that there is one whose eye is ever upon it, whose hand holds it in subjection, and whose voice can at any time say, as to the ocean's wave, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further."

Such were his rays of consolation, and the breezes of the morning seemed to bear to his spirit the cheering lines,

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Many were the thoughts which followed in succession, but time and space will only permit him to say that there is a patch of *spiritual* poppies near every man's dwelling, and vigilant must he be who guards his heart effectually from their pernicious seed. Sin is in the world, and "offences must come" as its poisonous fruit; and that fruit will multiply like poppies, unless the sin which produces it be rooted up and destroyed.

The claims, therefore, of wisdom, duty, and safety, all urge the Christian to be up and doing, and to spend his life in aggression against evil.

That is just what the old man thought and felt, and what he wishes you to feel, who now read his simple musings; and as there is no duty more urgent or important, and certainly none so practicable as to begin at home, he would say, let us try to eradicate the evil in our own hearts, and then direct our thoughts and prayers and energies to destroy it in the wide wide world.

ON TALKING TO ONE'S-SELF.

It is very strange how the events of childhood sometimes pass in review before us in riper years, and remind us of former imperfections and follies.

As a new year has just dawned upon the world, Grandfather Gray has been musing in his old arm-chair before a bright blazing fire, which seems by its intense heat to reprove his want of fervour to the Author of all good; he has just been musing on by-gone years, and his thoughts have flown back, with the speed of lightning, to the days when he sat as a little scholar on the form of a dame's school.

Strange, however, as it may seem, the old man cannot recall the name or countenance of any one of his former school-fellows; but the house, the room, the sanded floor, the wide open fire-place with its white Dutch tiles and blue pictures, the bunch of birch, the fool's cap, and above all Dame Gibson the school-mistress, have all returned vividly to his view.

The good dame had a habit of talking to herself; and the recollection of this circumstance has called up many other associations of the old man's childhood; but as he must not indulge the talkativeness of old men, it is his intention to confine his remarks to the single subject of *talking to one's-self*.

Well does Grandfather Gray remember at this moment his surprise and alarm on hearing Dame Gibson talking to herself one day, when all his school-fellows had gone home, and he alone remained in the schoolroom with the Dame, as a punishment for *talking* in school-time, or some such juvenile delinquency. He was then but a little minikin, and certainly never thought of telling his alarms to the world, or to his readers on some future day; but alarmed he truly was, when Dame Gibson kept on mutter, mutter, mutter, not to him, nor to any other human being in the room, but to herself.

Grandfather Gray will not attempt to relate what she said, for his young mind was too much filled with terror to listen with attention to her words; the fact was, it was the first time he had heard any one talking to herself, and he jumped to the conclusion *that she had gone mad*.

But he has since often smiled at his childish ignorance and folly; for as years have rolled on he has discovered that talking to one's-self is a common habit, and, in many instances, is the best proof that can be shown, not of madness, but of a sound mind.

Experience has shown him, however, that sorrow, pain, and perplexity often cause persons to speak to themselves; and he will admit that those who forget the gracious Being who has said, "Cast thy burthen

on the Lord, and he will sustain thee," too often go muttering their complaints to themselves by the way.

Nor will he deny that those who are really mad are much distinguished by the habit of speaking to themselves; but theirs is a talkativeness which at once bespeaks the wanderings of the mind, and points out the malady under which they labour.

There is a talking to one's-self, however, which Grandfather Gray has asserted is the evidence of a sound mind; and, with this habit, he would desire to set out at the commencement of the new year. He would ask himself whether, as the verdant green of smiling spring has been followed by the gay and beauteous flowers of a genial summer, whilst these have been succeeded by the rich fruits and ample harvest of another autumn,—the old man would ask himself, whether *he* has advanced in knowledge, in humility, and in fitness for a better world. He would imitate the example of the holy men whose lives are recorded in the Scriptures; and in reading whose words we seem to hear them talking to themselves, sometimes bewailing the depravity of their nature—sometimes rejoicing in the riches of God's mercy, which could pardon such unworthy creatures as they were—sometimes comforting themselves with the thought that, as pilgrims had preceded them in the journey to the skies, and had been kept by Divine power to the end, so *they* would persevere in God's strength—and sometimes talking to themselves, in the prospect of eternity, and rejoicing that, though death might destroy their bodies, they knew that they should rise again, because "the Redeemer liveth."

Such talking to one's-self as this it would be well

to practice; the heart would be ennobled by it, the affections warmed, and the conduct improved: present attainments would be almost forgotten in attempts at greater excellence; we should cease to feel ourselves alone in our pilgrimage, and realize the presence of "a cloud of witnesses," rejoicing in our progress to the skies.

With a deep conviction of the advantage of such talking to one's-self, the old man would recommend it as a habit to be desired and pursued by all who may read his homely remarks.

"I DID NOT THINK OF IT."

THERE is not a human being, however perfect his arrangements may be, that is not compelled at times to make the humble confession, "I did not think of it." But whilst some minds have to carry such a thousand cares as to render it almost impossible they should not forget some things, there are individuals who so frequently give utterance to the expression, "I did not think of it," that we are led to regard it as a mere excuse for idle inattention.

So much inconvenience sometimes results from this habit of forgetting, that masters and mistresses soon become tired of servants who are guilty of it, and endeavour to procure such as really *will think*.

We shall not be likely to raise false hopes if we say, that the servant who makes the best use of her head is likely to become the *head-servant*; for it is not the mere *desire* to oblige, however amiable that

may be, which will secure the esteem of an employer, and the promotion of a servant: it is the steady, thoughtful, and diligent discharge of daily duties,—a general course of attention to things commanded, and of things requisite to be done, but respecting which no command may have been given, that naturally leads an employer to respect the understanding of a servant, and to feel that she is one in whom great confidence may be placed, and who deserves to be rewarded.

It is almost impossible to conceive what a barrier that annoying "*I did not think of it*" is to the order of a family, as well as to the advancement of a servant; for *two* errands are in consequence frequently required where *one* would suffice, and all other duties are in the meantime neglected. Besides which, there are some occasions when this forgetfulness is attended with the most serious results, as when such a thoughtless servant is charged with administering medicine to a sick person, and, instead of following her instructions at the *proper time*, has no better reason to assign for her negligence in omitting to do so than "I did not think of it."

We have heard of a servant who, when oiling her employer's furniture, was so incautious as to place the vessel which contained the oil on a newly-bound volume, and the binding was spoilt in consequence. When reproved for her folly, her only defence was, "I did not think of it;" and, certainly, no one who had reflected for a moment could have done so unwise an act.

We have heard this excuse on occasions of all sorts, and frequently when employers have been greatly annoyed ;

but one instance was so laughable, as well as vexatious, that we cannot refrain from relating it. An old gentleman, in passing a shop where mock-turtle soup was exhibited for sale in jellified lumps, took some of it home, and requested his servant to prepare it for supper; but judge of his surprise when she entered the parlour in alarm, and informed her employer that in *broiling* the soup on the gridiron, it had melted and fallen on the fire.

"Broiled it!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "you stupid woman, did you not know that it would melt?" to which her only reply was, "I did not think of it."

But we are not inclined to multiply instances of forgetfulness, or to expose those who are guilty of them; we would rather suggest that a servant should try to arrange her duties in a methodical way, looking at each duty *by itself*, and seeing all that belongs to it, dismissing from her thoughts whatever will interfere with the object before her. The young in particular, we would urge to write out a list of daily duties that none may be forgotten; and, above all, we would recommend them when going on an errand, to think by the way of the object their employer has in view in sending them, and what questions they should ask, in order that they may return without having to make the humiliating confession, "*I did not think of it.*"

"I WISH TO HAVE A BUSINESS."

THAT servant is highly privileged whose mistress is not satisfied with merely being served, but who, from

a sense of responsibility to God, studies to promote the best interests of her servant.

Such a privilege was enjoyed by Emma Geddes, whose life was for some time truly happy, and might have continued so, but for the influence of some one who told her she could earn more money and have more enjoyment *by following a business*; a statement which she unfortunately believed, and from that hour became dissatisfied and gloomy.

Her altered conduct and appearance of course attracted the attention of her mistress, who at once determined to know the cause of Emma's discontent.

That very day when the tea-tray was removed, Mrs. Anderson said, "When you bring up the candles, Emma, I wish you to tell me what has recently afflicted you, and if I can remove the cause of your trouble, it will give me much pleasure to do so."

At the time appointed Emma entered the parlour, and having placed the candles on the table, was thus addressed by Mrs. Anderson :—"Sit there, Emma, and now tell me, as your friend, what has caused you for some days past to look so sad. I have noticed that your cheerfulness has forsaken you, and that my house seems to be no longer your happy home."

A few minutes' silence ensued, during which Emma appeared to be labouring under emotions which she found it difficult to express, but at length she gathered courage to reply that she was not satisfied with her wages, having heard that she could better her condition elsewhere; a statement which much surprised Mrs. Anderson, who paid Emma very liberally.

To tell you the truth, ma'am, they say I can earn

more money out of service than in it, and from all I've been told, *I wish to have a business.*"

Mrs. Anderson replied, "You have been a good servant, Emma, and, hoping you will continue to be such, I wish to retain you; but, beyond my regard for my own comfort, I am very anxious for your welfare. If, therefore, a business will promote *that*, by all means let me have proper notice, and you can give up servitude; but as you have not seen so much of life as I have, let us talk the matter over together this evening, and if you should at last resolve to try a business, it shall be my endeavour to get you one. Tell me, now, what are the advantages you expect to meet with in following a business, which are not to be met with in servitude?"

"Well then, ma'am, as you are so kind, I ought to tell you that I have no fault to find with my place, but a young friend has been telling me that she has been six months at a business, and is quite her own mistress; she lives where she likes, goes where she pleases, has Sundays to herself, earns more money, and feels more respectable than a servant."

"That is a short but important list of advantages, Emma, and I am not surprised that your attention should have been awakened by it; but I am of opinion that a little reflection will enable me to show you that all the advantages are in favour of a comfortable situation. Observe, I am not about to speak of rare instances of good fortune in the one line of life or the other, but of the common experience of young women situated like yourself, or seeking a livelihood in the way you propose.

"Now, the first thought which occurs to me is this

—that as your young friend has had *only six months'* experience of the advantages mentioned, she is not qualified to be your guide ; let her wait until she has felt the changes of the seasons, and the depressing influences which at times affect all trades, sometimes for many weeks depriving the most industrious of employment, and then she may with propriety say which is the most profitable—business or service.

"But," continued Mrs. Anderson, "did she tell you what her earnings have been during the time she has been so advantageously employed?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, she has earned fifteen shillings a-week, and that she says will make almost forty pounds a-year!"

"That is a large sum to think of, certainly ; but I cannot help saying something which may cast a shadow on so bright a prospect.

"In the first place, if your young friend has been so fortunate as to earn fifteen shillings for *each week* since she left domestic service, which I greatly doubt, it is quite impossible she should *always* do so, as times of slackness *must* come, and such times deprive most females of at least two weeks' labour in a quarter, or eight weeks in a year. You will see, then, that eight times fifteen shillings, or, in other words, six pounds, must, on this account, be deducted from her supposed earnings.

"But, to ascertain the full extent of her advantages, we must see the cost of her subsistence. Let us suppose, therefore, that notwithstanding great economy, she would find it needful to expend the following amounts:—

	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
For lodging and coals... per week	3	6	being	9	2	0	per ann.
Food.....	"	7	0	"	18	4	0
Clothes.....	"	2	0	"	5	4	0
Washing	"	0	10	"	2	3	4
<hr/>							
Being	"	13	4	or	34	13	4
Loss by not having work during eight weeks					6	0	0
<hr/>							
£40 13 4							
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"Now, Emma, I think no young woman could live on less than this, without feeling the pinchings of hunger, and yet you see that, if my reckoning is correct, she would not have an income of quite thirteen shillings and fourpence per week, after allowing for times of unavoidable slackness."

"I am sure, ma'am, I should never have thought of so many drawbacks!"

"I daresay not; but young women ought to think, and not hastily conclude that by leaving service they are sure to better their condition! I fear that very few females earn as much as your friend has stated; indeed, I have heard of many who do not receive *half so much* per week for very laborious employment, and how such poor things subsist it is difficult to conjecture. But, supposing work to be obtainable as regularly as I have reckoned, and paid for as your friend has stated, you see how bare a sufficiency of comforts such wages will supply; and, remember, that in my reckoning I have not allowed for any loss of time in keeping holidays (except such as are reluctantly kept for want of employment), nor for seasons of sickness and medical attendance; nor have I pre-

sumed that such a young woman will have a farthing to bestow on benevolent or religious objects."

Emma's countenance plainly betokened that these simple statements had carried conviction to her heart; but Mrs. Anderson proceeded to remark,—

"And now let us examine her statement, that she '*has been quite her own mistress since she left service.*' I know not what her employment may be, but supposing it to be dress-making at home, it appears to me that, to earn so much, her customers must be very numerous; and unless her experience should differ from that of most others, some of her customers will be unreasonable in their requirements and difficult to please. You will see, then, that in a sense, *every customer is a mistress*, who, if at all dissatisfied, can at once withdraw her patronage."

"Yes, ma'am, I see *that* plainly, and I think such persons must find it a very uncertain living; but my young friend says she works for a large warehouse in the city."

"Very well, Emma, that is just such a case as I was going to remark upon, and I think we shall see it is not more desirable than the other. If she works for a warehouse, as you say, the work must be done either there or at her own dwelling. Now, supposing it is done at the *warehouse*, then, whatever weather may prevail,—sunshine, rain, snow, or hail,—your friend must walk thither every morning and return at night. I will say nothing of the crowded, unhealthy rooms in which many females have to work, nor of the immoral language they are frequently compelled to hear; but, as a matter of *expense*, think of the clothes which must be damaged, and of the risk to health by

such exposure to the weather. If, on the other hand, we suppose the work is done at home, then it must be fetched from the warehouse, and returned a few days afterwards: sometimes obtained in such small quantities as to yield the scantiest employment, and at other times in such abundance, and required in so short a time, as to leave the poor worker scarcely time for food or sleep. You would not wish to be your own mistress under circumstances like these?"

"I could not bear it, I am sure, ma'am."

"I think you would very soon regret having left a service in which every day brings you regular employment, and where a well-spread table is as certain as your work. But I must notice the privilege your young friend speaks of, namely, that '*she lives where she likes, goes where she pleases, and has Sundays to herself.*'"

"It would be unfair to say that following a business has no advantages, and therefore I must say that persons who do so sometimes have more *liberty* than servants. But I have already shown you, Emma, that such liberty is obtained by sacrificing comforts, which many young women lament having parted with when it is too late to regain them. I must also add, that such freedom from restraint as your friend speaks of is more frequently a curse than a blessing, inasmuch as persons so inexperienced and unprotected frequently become the victims of immoral and designing men. It would take too much of my time this evening to mention particular instances which have come to my knowledge, but they are so frequent and distressing, that if I were a young woman it would

be my constant prayer that such liberty might not be mine.

"You said, too, that she boasts of having '*Sundays to herself*.' Now, as the Sabbath was given by the Lord for rest and worship, it is a great privilege to be able to employ it for those purposes, and some of the choicest blessings promised in the Bible are made to those who do so ; but to have liberty to spend the Lord's-day in such pleasures as lead the soul from God and his sanctuary, is only to be free to pursue the downward course to everlasting death.

"It has taken me longer than I expected, Emma, to allude to these things, but there is still one other subject which must be mentioned, namely, your friend's opinion that a business is *more respectable* than service. In order that you may form a right opinion on the subject, let me tell you that *respectability* is the possession of those qualities which *deserve respect* ; for example,—personal cleanliness, sobriety, truthfulness, industry, honesty, and kindness. It is therefore a matter of *character*, not of *clothes* or *cash* ; consequently, the poorest person on earth may be highly respectable, while the richest may be destitute of that distinction. To illustrate my meaning—a prince may so act as to be a curse to his family, his servants, tenants, and all around him ; and he who does so is not respectable : but the poorest farm-servant who loves his family, and, in seeking to provide for them, soberly pursues his daily labour, kindly cares for the cattle intrusted to him as if they were his own, and, to the utmost of his power, endeavours to promote his master's interests, is a respectable man, however

poor. Say, Emma, which of the two characters should you think respectable, the prince or the peasant?"

"Oh, I thank you, ma'am, the peasant, to be sure!"

"But," continued Mrs. Anderson, "whilst I would not say domestic servitude is more respectable, I must say that it *has more advantages than a business*, and I will endeavour, in a very few words to point them out. I know not what previous instruction your friend may have had, but most persons have to spend both time and money in *learning* a business before they earn anything; whereas a servant, however little she may at first know of her duties, gets a livelihood at once.

"It has often struck me, that amongst the providential mercies which fall to the lot of many servants, the privilege of occupying a healthy, respectable, and well-furnished house is not the least; inasmuch, as whatever there may be in beautiful articles to charm the eye, or in music to delight the ear, or in flowers to regale the smell, the whole may be enjoyed almost as much by the servant as by those whom she serves.

"I must also remind you of a servant's *liberty*; for there are very few who have not monthly or other periodical holidays in which they can visit their friends; and, unlike those who work at a business, may enjoy those occasions without the sorrowful reflection that a customer may be lost through work neglected; or that the holiday is unavoidable because there is no work to be had. And let me say that, as the *procurement* of work is a matter of frequent anxiety to those who subsist by a business, it is no small advantage to a servant that she is free from that

care ; for while such persons as your young friend *have no income when they have no work*, and must therefore be sometimes in great straits, *a servant's wants are all supplied*; her food is certain without care or cost to her ; she has no apartments to furnish, rent to pay, or coals to purchase ; and in ordinary cases, if sickness befall her, she is not left like the poor young creature who is 'her own mistress,' but is nursed and cared for by the family whose esteem she has secured.

"As your friend also said something about money, I must again refer to that subject. You will remember that I have already shown you how insufficient her earnings will be to procure the comforts of life, and that therefore she will not have one farthing to give away. Now, a servant is very differently circumstanced ; for supposing she has ten pounds a-year wages, and expends three-fourths of that sum in clothes, she may *give away* ten shillings per annum to religious and charitable objects, and *lay by* two pounds besides. I will not stay to show you all the calculations I have made about savings, but will just say that two pounds a-year, put out at five per cent. interest, will amount to seventeen pounds one shilling and ninepence in seven years, forty-one pounds one shilling and fourpence in fourteen years, and seventy-four pounds seventeen shillings and threepence in twenty-one years.

"In this estimate, I have assumed that a servant cannot save more than two pounds a-year, because I have reckoned her wages as at no time exceeding ten pounds ; and I have taken no notice of presents which most servants receive occasionally, and which of course

form an addition to their income. But it would be quite fair to fix both the wages and the savings at a much higher rate, as intelligent trustworthy servants, who thoroughly understand their duties and faithfully discharge them, are eagerly sought for and liberally paid. Far be it from me, Emma, to say that some servants are not inconsiderately worked, contemptuously treated, ill fed, and poorly paid; but no servants of skill and respectability have occasion to remain in such places, as there are families whom it would be a privilege to serve for life, who would cheerfully engage them. It was not my intention to say another word on this subject, but the thought just expressed has brought to my remembrance instances of females who, after many years of exemplary conduct in the service of the wealthy, have been pensioned in old age; while others have died, lamented by the families they served, who have interred them with marked respect, and placed over their remains stones of memorial, gratefully to record their fidelity."

Mrs. Anderson here paused and looked upon her servant as if to see by her countenance whether these observations had produced an alteration in her purpose; and oh! how was her kind solicitude relieved, by the following frank acknowledgment which Emma immediately made:—"I thank you very gratefully, ma'am, for the interest you feel in my welfare, and the pains you have taken to show me my folly in desiring to leave your service; for I now see that if my wish had been granted, it would have cost me much sorrow and care. With your leave, ma'am, I will stay, and commit my future lot to the good providence of God."

to remarks which may prove to be seeds of poison to their souls, unless it should be our happiness to see, what we daily pray for, namely, very early indications of piety, which may counteract the evil apprehended.

"Since the unhappy day of her dismissal from our service I have discovered that, for at least three months, she has frequently been seen, when out with our children, in the company of men, whose immoral character appears to be well known, even to the police in the neighbourhood.

"We were quite ignorant that she had any such connexions, until last Monday night, when, after she and her fellow-servant had professedly retired to rest, I overheard the voices of two men in the house, and subsequently discovered that they had been secreted by our servants.

"Of course no time was lost by me in finding a policeman, into whose charge I handed these dissolute intruders. I lament to add that Caroline and her fellow-servant behaved with daring impudence on this occasion, but we could then only expostulate with them on the folly and baseness of their conduct, and say we should speak to them further on the subject in the morning.

"I will not attempt to say how much we were distressed by making this discovery, not only because our confidence had been so misplaced, but also, and chiefly, on account of the moral ruin which we feared would be the portion of these young women.

"After a night of very broken rest, as you will readily imagine, their mistress, who had deliberated with me as to the course to be pursued, resolved to go down to their native village and request their relations

to fetch them, and thus, perhaps, rescue from a life of common prostitution these two young women, who seemed to be entering on so infamous a course."

"A noble act of disinterested kindness," said my uncle Jonathan,—“such kindness as I wish were more frequently recorded of employers. Alas! they too often cast off a poor servant, who, perhaps, has been betrayed to take but one false step, and thus consign her, as far as they have the power of doing so, to a life of degradation and ruin.” The letter continued:—

“Immediately after breakfast, therefore, their mistress set off by the railway, and soon arrived at the station, near your village.

“The tidings which she bore were, of course, deeply afflictive to their poor but worthy relatives; and Mrs. Mapleston, your laundress, almost fainted, on hearing of the conduct of her orphan niece.

“My good wife returned as speedily as possible; and, in the course of the evening, Mrs. Mapleston arrived to take charge of Caroline. Meanwhile, however, the house-servant, who is much older, and evidently more daringly immoral, treated the whole matter with affected indifference, and, in the absence of her mistress, left the house, and we fear has abandoned *a course of honest industry for one of open sin*.

“We were led to entertain a hope that Caroline might be saved from ruin, as her deep sense of shame, on the arrival of her aunt, proved that all right feeling had not been destroyed by the evil intercourse to which I have alluded.

“As the last return train had departed, Mrs. Mapleston and Caroline remained beneath our roof until next morning, and then set off for the village.

where we fondly hoped Caroline might, by sincere sorrow for the past and unwavering propriety of conduct for the future, regain a respectable position in the world."

My uncle here paused, and remarked that the events of his long experience proved that sin and sorrow are inseparably connected,—“not,” said he, continuing to address my aunt,—“not that I have always known affliction follow each individual act of sin, but,” said he, “sooner or later, the one always does succeed the other, and the longer sorrow is escaped, the more bitter and enduring is it when it overtakes the sinner.”

My aunt acknowledged the truth of this observation, and remarked “that the morning’s newspaper contained a statement in confirmation of it, in the experience of a young man of respectable connexions, who, having perpetrated many crimes without punishment, had at last been convicted of forgery, and sentenced to a long period of transportation.”

“But, Jonathan,” said my aunt, “pray proceed with your reading, as I am anxious to learn how Caroline’s return to the village ended in so tragical a manner.”

My uncle resumed the reading of Mr. Nelson’s letter, which continued thus:—“I am informed that on arriving at her home, Mrs. Mapleston related to her husband all that had transpired in our family, and some additional particulars which she had learned from her niece on the previous evening: it grieves me to add, that amongst these disclosures was the painful truth, that, in a few months, Caroline expected to be a mother!

“This mournful fact, which had occasioned heart-

felt grief to Mrs. Mapleston, called forth the bitterest upbraidings from her husband, and in a towering passion, he declared 'that a girl who had brought such disgrace on her family should not sleep one night beneath his roof.'

My uncle's voice faltered with emotion as he read this stern resolution, and after a momentary pause, he remarked that it presented a painful contrast to the language of the compassionate Redeemer, to whose pure mind sin must have been most abhorrent, but who had no severer words for an adulteress, when penitent, than "*Woman, go and sin no more.*"

"I can easily conceive," said my aunt, "that as John Mapleston was only Caroline's uncle by marriage, he would not very patiently endure the disgrace which her conduct had brought upon him; but such a harsh determination as his, shows that if he ever unites in the prayer, 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,' he asks for his own condemnation."

"What a blessing it is," said my uncle, "that there are *some* human beings whose hearts can compassionate the fallen, and whose hands are ever ready to show mercy to those who have no other claim to it than that which urgent necessity presents. Such a friend I perceive it was Caroline's happiness to find; but," said my uncle, "perhaps I had better give you the statement in the words of Mr. Nelson's letter, which contains the following additional particulars:—'I understand that poor Mrs. Mapleston was deeply distressed by her husband's severity, but for peace sake she bore it silently, resolving to ask widow

Simpson, at the Gate-house, to afford Caroline shelter, until some employment could be obtained for her.

“‘To that humble, but hospitable dwelling, she accordingly repaired, and no erring child was ever welcomed home with more parental tenderness.’

“I cannot but venerate the character of this poor old woman, who did more than imitate the good Samaritan on the occasion, inasmuch as she first supplied the bodily necessities of her degraded guest, and then, with Christian kindness, pressed on her attention such portions of God’s word, as were likely to lead her to true repentance, and to find ‘peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.’

“Alas! these judicious counsels were bestowed in vain on Caroline; as at first, deep dejection, and latterly, absolute despair, seemed to take possession of her soul. In such a frame of mind she retired to bed on Monday evening, at the Gatehouse, and was found a corpse next morning, bearing on her person evidence that she had taken poison!

“These sad particulars her aunt immediately conveyed to me by post, and I take this earliest opportunity to inform you that an inquest will be held on the subject in your village, a few hours after these painful tidings reach you.”

My uncle put down the letter with feelings of evident sadness; and after some minutes spent in silent reflection, expressed his determination to go and hear what other facts might be disclosed by the witnesses, who would be called upon to give evidence before the Coroner.

Only those who are actually present when the ordi-

nary quiet of a village is disturbed by some tragical event, can form an idea of the excitement caused by the death at the Gatehouse, and the expected inquest at the Roebuck Inn.

From an early hour in the morning, little groups of the villagers might be seen conversing together, whose serious looks and earnest manner showed that some topic of deep interest engaged their attention.

Opposite the Gatehouse a throng of idle women were chattering together on the probable cause of the event which had just occurred there, each declaring what she would have done if she had been treated as Caroline had been by her uncle.

As the clock struck ten, the Coroner arrived at the inn, and, after administering the usual oath to the jury, "to find a verdict according to the evidence," proposed that they should go and see the body at the Gatehouse. He then put on his hat and left the room with the jurymen for that purpose.

We will not pain our readers by attempting an exact description of the corpse; it may suffice to say that Caroline's once ruddy countenance presented a ghastly paleness, and that the general appearance of her person supplied strong presumptive evidence that she had taken poison.

The Coroner and jury, having made their inspection, returned to the inn, and the names of the witnesses having been called over, the inquiry began.

The evidence of Widow Simpson served to show,—1st, that Caroline's deportment whilst at the Gatehouse had been marked by a dogged sullenness, and an apparent rejection of every religious consideration urged to produce conviction or comfort.

2dly. To disclose a fact which left no doubt that Caroline had *premeditated* death by poison, inasmuch as it must have been purchased by her before she left her situation; the paper containing it having on the outside a label with the name of a chemist residing near to Mr. Nelson's house.

And lastly, that, when the witness arose in the morning, she went to call Caroline, and found her dead, with the paper which had contained the poison lying by her side.

Mrs. Mapleston having been requested to state, if she could, any circumstances which might account for the perpetration by her niece of so dreadful an act, said she had no doubt it arose from Caroline's deep sense of shame for having yielded to the seductions of an immoral man, and from fear of the bitter consequences of her sin which were coming upon her.

We will not attempt to relate all that Mrs. Mapleston disclosed, but her evidence proved the following facts, which her niece had confessed to her, and which, for the assistance of memory, may be stated thus :—

1st. That when out with her master's children, Caroline had been in the habit of stopping to converse, and sometimes to sit, with the man who had betrayed and ruined her.

2dly. That this intercourse had afterwards led to his offering her, first, a new shawl, and then strong drink, which she had occasionally taken with him.

3dly. That this familiarity had led to short railway excursions with him on the Sabbath during the hours of divine worship, when her employers thought she was in the house of prayer.

And lastly. That some of the days which had con-

stituted her monthly holidays had been spent in the company of her worthless seducer, who, after promising her marriage at some future day, the more effectually to decoy her from the path of virtue, had proved to be already a married man.

This, and some other evidence for which we have no space, having been given, the Coroner called attention to all the facts of the case, and requested the jury to give a verdict, declaring by what means they considered the deceased had come by her death. Whereupon, after a short consultation, the jury by their foreman declared, "That Caroline ——— died in consequence of taking poison, which we believe she *administered with her own hand.*"

In a few minutes the large room of the Roebuck, which, during the inquest, was densely crowded with persons desirous of hearing the evidence, resumed its ordinary stillness, and the village again presented a number of little groups of persons anxiously recounting the facts they had just heard.

My uncle, after speaking a few soothing words to Mrs. Mapleston, returned to his cottage and relieved the suspense of my aunt by reporting what had transpired at the inn.

The contents of Mr. Nelson's letter had quite prepared my aunt's mind for all the subsequent disclosures ; but she was deeply affected by the circumstance that a young person whom she had known and befriended, and who at some future day might have married respectably, or lived singly with great happiness and honour, should have so sadly fallen, and added suicide to her other sin.

"That word *sin*," said my uncle with emphasis,

"bears upon its echo the thunders of God's law, and one cannot think of *that* without remembering the 'judgment to come.' Oh! that Caroline had laid to heart the truth that 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of *the deeds done in the body*, according to that which we have done, whether it be good or bad.'

"There was much that was deeply affecting," continued my uncle, "even in the *Coroner's* inquiry; but at the last great assize the proceedings will be infinitely more solemn, for *the Judge* on that day will know every sin and every secret; and as the conduct of every human being will have been recorded in the book of God's remembrance, all will be judged and rewarded 'according to their works.'

"How solemn the reflection that on *that* day the seducer will be there with a memory which shall recognise the faithful record of his crimes; and his victims will be there to add their execrations to the torments of his doom; and amongst that unhappy throng, alas! we cannot but conclude that Caroline—who was *almost a mother*—will stand charged with the double crime of suicide and murder!"

My aunt replied by expressing her concurrence in these impressive sentiments, and her devout thankfulness that, through the restraints of Providence and the grace of God, so many are preserved from such flagrant sins.

"Alas! Bridget," said my uncle, with a deep sigh, "every age and station has its temptations, and *they only are safe whom God upholds and guides*; but if there be one period of life more *perilous* than another, it is that of *youth*, for then the animal passions are

strong, hope is buoyant, and the mind unsuspecting. Oh! that the young, and especially young females, would seek to be governed by the pure principles of God's Word, and would daily send up the prayer, 'My Father, be Thou the guide of my youth;' then would they experience His pardoning mercy and protecting care, and be kept from 'walking in the counsel of the ungodly, or standing in the way of sinners, or sitting in the seat of the scornful.'

"Blessed is the book which tells us that the guilty may obtain pardon and righteousness through faith in the Redeemer; that impure hearts can be cleansed by the Spirit of all grace; and that human strength, which is declared to be 'perfect weakness,' and, therefore, of itself too feeble to overcome sin, may be made strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

GOSSIPING.

A CONSCIOUSNESS that old people are permitted to speak more freely than young ones, has emboldened Grandfather Gray to pen a few sentences upon *gossiping*. He is quite aware that it is a *disagreeable* topic; but if any good shall result from his having chosen it, he will be satisfied.

As the old man is writing for Servants, his observations will have especial reference to them,—it is for their sakes, and to promote their happiness, he writes; but he would by no means insinuate that *they* are the only persons who are chargeable with gossiping.

If he be not greatly mistaken, there is much misconception on this subject in the bosoms of his *own sex*; so much, indeed, that he ventures to suspect the mention of gossips and gossiping is always associated with the female character by his fellow-men; whereas he is bold to maintain that amongst the male sex he could find a match for the most inveterate of gossips, and that, but for the more pressing engagements of daily business, men would at least be as eminent as women for the fault of gossiping.

But, as he said before, his present object is to write for *servants*, and, therefore, it is to *their gossiping* he shall confine his observations.

That there may be no misunderstanding, however, between the old man and his readers, let him state at once what he means by gossiping; or, rather, let him say that the mere interchange of civilities between servants of different establishments is not what he refers to. No, no; he would not write a word to discourage conduct so becoming and so natural; but the practice which he reprobates is a tattling between servants about the circumstances, private conversations, and domestic arrangements of their employers.

Grandfather Gray is ready to admit that many who indulge this gossiping propensity are artless and unsuspecting, and *intend no harm*. It may be they are young and inexperienced, and are brought into contact with prying, ill-disposed persons, whose meddling inclination leads them to attend to the business of everybody in their neighbourhood rather than their own; but there are others who cannot plead either youth or inexperience in excuse for their misconduct,—they are *voluntarily* guilty of disclosing the private

matters of their employers, and look for no higher recompense for their unworthy conduct than a similar breach of confidence by some other servant in the neighbourhood.

Long experience has shown Grandfather Gray that grievous jealousies, misunderstandings, and heart-burnings have thus been fomented amongst relatives and neighbours, between whom there would otherwise have existed no other feelings than those of benevolence and love.

But, whilst condemning the conduct of these mischief-makers, he would not be uncharitable towards them; and therefore he would say, that the habit of gossiping has probably arisen from the circumstance that, as servants, they are shut out from the ordinary subjects of interesting conversation in the parlour, and are thus led, when they meet together, to talk about what they ought not to disclose, for want of something better to engage them.

To find fault, however, is not the chief object of this communication, though it is an act of friendship to point out faults when they are observed; but having done *that*, he would now exhort his readers who may feel guilty of the habit upon which he has been commenting, to consider all that transpires in the dwellings of their employers as sacredly in their keeping as the more solid property of plate and furniture entrusted to their care.

He would not forget, however, that servants, like other persons, *must* have subjects of thought and conversation, and therefore he would entreat his readers to indulge themselves with some of those useful little tracts with which the public are now so cheaply and

so abundantly supplied; and, more especially, he would urge them daily to read some portion of that Book "which makes the simple wise," and which so abounds with interesting histories, precepts, and promises, that they who search amongst its truths most diligently will not only find abundant matter for conversation, but a mine of wealth, the treasures of which are inexhaustible,—

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
And they are made both rich and wise,
Who make that pearl their own.

THOUGHTS ABOUT BOAS.

LET it not be said that Grandfather Gray is a meddlesome old man, because he ventures to offer a few thoughts upon Boas.

"A meddlesome old man," says one, "I am sure he ought not to be so called, for no doubt as he always speaks kindly to servants, he is going to recommend that they should all have Boas."

The old man will not go quite so far as *that*, however, though he is only expressing the language of his heart when he says, that a good servant is like a precious jewel, and is worth all that her employer can afford to bestow on her; but in reference to dress, Grandfather Gray has some old-fashioned notions which seem to be as little altered by the rubs of time as his old copper scuttle, which, barring a few bumps and bruises, is as bright and beautiful now as it was twenty-five years ago.

If the old man knows anything of his own heart, he is sure that no unkind thought towards servants is secreted there ; nor does he allow himself to feel that they are at all his *inferiors*, except in so far as an all-wise Providence may have made them so. No, no, he would remember that in the sight of the great Master of the universe, all stand upon a common level, with only this difference, that in proportion to our advantages, whether as masters or servants, will be our responsibility to Him.

But Grandfather Gray is *no leveller*. There must be gradations in society, for perfect equality is impossible ; and the old man is sometimes delighted while musing on the mutual dependence which the kind providence of God has established amongst men—the master being unable to dispense with the services of the servant, and the servant being indebted to the master for a home and a reward.

Grandfather Gray is not talking to masters, or else he would say a word here on the duty of protecting their servants from damp and cold, so far as circumstances will permit, but whilst he would seek to promote their comfort in these respects, he would not be an advocate for their sitting in the parlour or the drawing-room, nor would he recommend anything which should break down the respectful distinction between the *employer* and the *employed*.

"But what," says some one, "has all this to do with 'thoughts about Boas?'" Well, if you will give the old man time to reply in his own feeble way, he will presently show.

It strikes him, then, that there is as much inconsistency on the part of the servant to *dress like a lady*,

in part or in whole, as there would be to sit in the drawing-room, and to pass herself off as the mistress of the house. Boas, then, being at the present time the general adornments of ladies, ought not to be worn by their servants.

In the next place, they are *needless*; for there is as much warmth in a fur ruff tied round the throat as in a Boa, the long ends of which hang dangling by the side, and are certainly worn more for ornament than utility.

Then, again, they are *expensive*; and although the old man is aware that smart imitations are produced now-a-days at a comparatively small price, yet a servant's money is too hardly earned to be squandered away upon such articles.

But that he may not be tedious, Grandfather Gray will say his last word about Boas, by declaring that they are *injurious*.

To speak plainly, it is not to the *health* but to the *prospects* of servants, that he intends to say they are thus detrimental; and as the old man has always found a *fact* to be more impressive than a mere *opinion*, he will relate a circumstance which has led to his homely remarks.

A lady of his acquaintance, having parted with her servant, was waited on by many young women who were anxious for "the place." Some of these were neat, respectable-looking persons, but too inexperienced; others were dirty, slovenly, and destitute of such a character as would introduce them into any family of worth; others were fine and tawdry in their apparel, and looked as if they only dressed to be *admired*; and others seemed as if they were more

anxious to ape the appearance of a *mistress* than to be regarded as respectable *servants*. Amongst the latter were the *Boa wearers*; and, as the situation was one which is commonly called "a place of all-work," let no one feel surprised that when Grandfather Gray inquired, why this, that, and the other young woman of the latter class would not do, he was answered by his friend, "No, she had a Boa," and "*she* had a Boa," and "*she also* had a Boa."

"Oh, these Boas!" said the old man to himself; "what a pity that such apparently-respectable young women should so far forget their real interests as to risk the loss of a comfortable home, and one where their happiness would have been promoted, through the love of such finery as a Boa!" Well, well, they are gone; but, if life be spared, Grandfather Gray will at least tell them with his pen of the *injury* which a servant may sustain by a love of the *fine* rather than the *useful*; and if he should save any young woman from losing a comfortable place through any such cause as the wearing of a Boa, no one will rejoice more sincerely than himself.

THOUGHTS ABOUT SLOVENS.

It is not very long since Grandfather Gray said a few words about *Boas*, and expressed his disapprobation of finery in dress; but lest anybody should suppose he would applaud the careless and untidy, the old man now feels disposed to say a few words about Slovens.

He is quite aware that the evil he is about to con-

demn is not peculiar to females. Alas ! no, there is the slovenly boy with his shoes unblackened, his hat unbrushed, and his neckerchief untied ; and there is the man unshaven, or unwashed, his linen dirty, his trousers with the splashes of the past week upon them, and his coat with dust which it has been gathering for a fortnight ; but after all, disgraceful as such negligence may be, it is not of half so much consequence in Grandfather Gray's opinion, as slovenliness in females.

It has been truly said, that women rule the world, and though many are the instances where they have to bow submissively to the Lords of the Creation, it is still a fact that the influence of females on society is inconceivably great. With a full conviction of this truth upon his mind, Grandfather Gray has felt intense pain when he has witnessed an indiscreet, dirty, and slovenly young woman, because, whilst he has almost always attributed those faults to the bad training of her mother, his thoughts have as naturally led him to anticipate the day when the *young sloven* will become the *young mother*, and when she by multiplying beings like herself, will be in her turn so far a curse to the world rather than a blessing.

The old man would wish at all times to rule his own spirit, but in the warmth of his indignation he has sometimes wished, that an Act of Parliament could be passed for the public prosecution of untidy mothers ; for as it is the mother's part to form the first habits of the child, who can sufficiently condemn the woman who lets her children grow up untrained, or what is worse, trained only in habits of slovenliness and improvidence ?

Grandfather Gray is quite aware that, on his own showing, something like a good defence might be made for such mothers on the ground that when they were young *their mothers* were similarly faulty; but although he would admit *that* to be a reason why sentence upon slovens should not be too severe, it is no reason why they should not be indicted and punished in proportion to their faults like other evil-doers.

There are already so many Societies of a useful character on foot, that the old man is afraid he could not start a new one with any hope of success, or his feelings would prompt him to establish one, for the "*treatment and cure of slovenly young women, and for instruction in the art of making happy homes*;" but he must abandon such a project for the present, and content himself with more humble operations, such as denouncing shoes down at heel, dirty stockings, or holes in those which may be called clean, pins stuck where buttons or hooks-and-eyes ought to have been sewed, dirty curl-papers, where clean brushed hair should be neatly turned up, and gowns that are unjustly made to perform, besides their own useful part, the more humble duties of a pocket-handkerchief.

Nor will the old man stop here; he will have his eye upon the kitchen furniture, and see whether dish-covers are placed upon chairs, or candlesticks upon dressers, or books upon beer-pots, or plates upon the open floor, he will peep into dresser-drawers and cupboards to see what is crammed in there to escape the mistress's eye, and will notice what is wasted by the wilful negligence of those who would be afraid to steal. In short, he will do all that an old man can do to discourage the untidy, the dirty, and the slovenly, and to

prompt them to become neat, cleanly, and orderly; that whether they pass through life single, or become mistresses of homes, they may add to the world's comfort as well as their own, by showing that they have not scorned the homely hints of Grandfather Gray.

HARD PLACES.

FAR be it from Grandfather Gray to insinuate that no servants find "hard places." Alas! alas! there are some poor things who never have an easy one; go where they may, in town or country, hard labour seems to be their lot, and not unfrequently, unkind treatment also. They rise before the break of day, and toil on incessantly until midnight, then retire to their beds almost too weary to enjoy repose, and only rise to pursue the same slavish drudgery again.

Thanks be to Providence, however, the old man would fain hope that such places are but a small minority of the whole, for if it were otherwise sad indeed would be a state of servitude.

But Grandfather Gray is inclined to think that there are hard places, though not places of downright slavery, such as those he has hinted at, which might be made comparatively easy, if employers were to exercise a little forethought and consideration; for example, the old man has been sitting at a friend's house, and the servant has been rung for to bring something, which she has no sooner brought than the bell has summoned her again and again, to bring another and another article, which might all have been specified at once. Sometimes he has also heard the

servant despatched to a distance with such vague instructions as to the nature of her errand, that the old man has said to himself, "there will be a second journey about that matter, as sure as I have grey hairs."

Let it not be said that Grandfather Gray is meddling with other people's business, and that every mistress has a right to do as she pleases with her servant. He knows better than to be guilty of the former; but would fearlessly repeat that some situations are *made hard* where they might be *easy*, if it were not for the inconsideration of employers.

The old man must say, however, that he thinks most places are rendered difficult *by servants themselves*. One, for instance, is habitually so *peevish* that the slightest difficulty puts her out of temper for the day, and duties which ought to be light and pleasing, are discharged with sullenness, and felt to be a burden. Another invariably begins her work at the wrong end, and for want of arrangement, goes twice over the same ground, and thus gives herself twofold trouble. A third is so miserably *slow* in all her operations that she toils from morn to midnight in doing that *badly* which *some servants* would do *well* by tea-time, and then sit down neatly dressed to their own needlework for the remainder of the evening.

And a fourth, who generally has some share of the other bad qualities which the old man has referred to, — a fourth is so *forgetful* that she is almost constantly uttering as an excuse for some neglected duty, "Oh! I didn't think of that ma'am," or by making some blunder in an errand, to her mistress's annoyance, and *her own increase of labour*, is sent possibly again and

again half a mile, where, by the exercise of care, *once* would have done.

The old man has seen too much of the world not to know that there *must be hard places*; but there is no reason why they should always be uncomfortable. No; with due consideration and contrivance *on the part of employers*, heavy work may be much lightened, and by good management, good temper, and forethought *on the part of servants*, many a hard, and, as it is commonly styled, "*wretched place*," may be made a comparatively easy and comfortable one.

THE PRAYING SERVANT.

THERE is a beautiful simplicity in all the narratives of Scripture, and, perhaps, in none of them is this feature more apparent than in the artless tale which supplies our present subject.

It is our intention, in the following remarks, to conduct the thoughts of our readers to Eliezer of Damascus, the servant of the patriarch Abraham, to whose fidelity such honourable testimony is borne by the sacred historian.

We shall confine our remarks, however, to the facts recorded in the 24th chapter of the Book of Genesis, which commences by introducing to our notice the venerable patriarch, in the decrepitude of age, looking forward to the near arrival of the hour when his eyes would be closed in death, and when his beloved son, who had been accustomed to look to him for instruction and example, would be left to his own resources. At this time, and with this solemn prospect before

him, the aged saint called his faithful servant into his presence, and, according to the custom of the age and country, desired him to swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and of earth, that he would not take a wife unto the patriarch's son of the daughters of the Canaanites amongst whom he dwelt; "but," said the venerable man, "thou shalt go into my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac."

As was most natural to a conscientious man, Eliezer suggested that, peradventure the woman might not be willing to follow him into a strange land, and he therefore requested his master's instructions whether he would like his son to be conducted thither.

To this inquiry the patriarch answered, with much solemnity, "Beware thou that thou bring not my son thither again;" and, supplying a fresh instance of his confidence in God's superintending providence, he continued,—“The Lord God of heaven, who took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and who spake unto me, and sware unto me, saying, Unto thy seed will I give this land, *He shall send his angel before thee*, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence. And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt be clear from this my oath: only bring not my son thither again.” And the servant sware to his master “concerning that matter.”

Prompt was the obedience of the faithful Eliezer, who “took ten camels of the camels of his master, *for all the goods of his master were in his hands*; and he arose and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor,” Abraham's brother.

We are not supplied with the incidents which occurred to him by the way on this eventful errand; but the simple narrative brings us at once to the interesting hour when "he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women," according to the custom of the East, "go out to draw water."

And now he is represented, not as exulting in his own daring at having braved the dangers and endured the fatigues of his toilsome journey, nor flattering himself that by his own skill he shall succeed in his important embassy,—no; but there he is, in the attitude of prayer to Him who governs both the great and mean affairs of men; and this is his fervent supplication:—"*O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abruham. Behold I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water; and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewed kindness unto my master.*"

Although this is the first time Eliezer is exhibited to our view in the attitude of prayer for guidance in this important matter, we will venture to assert that he did not set out from home, nor prosecute his journey by the way, without frequently presenting similar petitions; for he who regards devoutly the

Divine Being as the great Controller of events, will not fail constantly to commit himself in prayer to his guidance and direction.

And how soon, as many others have experienced, was this prayer answered! for, "it came to pass before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milcah, the wife of Nahor, Abraham's brother, with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And the damsel was very fair to look upon, a virgin, neither had any man known her: and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up."

And Eliezer, Abraham's servant, "ran to meet her, and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord: and she hastened, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. And she hastened and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels."

Conduct so exactly corresponding with that which the faithful servant had just prayed might be shown by her whom the Lord would point out as the future wife of his master's son, could not fail to fill the good man with grateful wonder; and he appears to have stood amazed before the beautiful Rebekah, hoping, believing, and yet, through the infirmity of human nature, doubting "whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not."

At length, when the camels had done drinking, he broke the silence by asking, with the respectful far

liarity of the East, "Whose daughter art thou? tell me, I pray thee; and is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?" And she said, "I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor. She said, moreover, unto him, We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in."

It was sufficient: Eliezer now felt that his prayer was indeed answered, and, in the exercise of adoring gratitude to God, he "bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord; and he said, Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren."

Having thus given vent to the grateful emotions of his heart, the simple narrative proceeds to say, "that the man took a golden earring of half a shekel (or a $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) weight, and two bracelets for Rebekah's hands, of ten shekels (5oz.) weight of gold;" and he put the earring upon her face, and the bracelets upon her hands.

Thus, so unexpectedly adorned, Rebekah hastened to her home to announce the arrival of the stranger, and to exhibit the beautiful ornaments which he had placed upon her. Great, as we may well suppose, was the surprise of her parents and her brother when she exhibited her jewels, and stated from whom she had received them; and quickly was the stranger invited to come in.

Our limits will not permit us to conduct our readers through all the interesting parts of this most pleasing story; we must, therefore, refer them to the narrative

itself, which will richly reward an attentive reading.

But we cannot close this brief notice of the Praying Servant without remarking that his consistency of conduct is conspicuous throughout, and most worthy of imitation; for, has he an important duty to discharge? he prays to the Source of all wisdom for instruction and guidance. Does he, when his prayer is concluded, consider that he has done all that is needful? No; he waits, expecting that the Lord will answer his petition, and he employs the means placed at his disposal to secure success. Does he cheerfully yield to the invitation of the family to whom he has been so providentially guided? It is not to revel in the luxuries they may set before him, nor is it to seek his own interest rather than that of his far-distant master; no, the narrative declares "there was set meat before him to eat, but he said, 'I will not eat until I have told mine errand!'"

And his tale was told with all the simplicity of truth, and with all the piety of a devout man; and when he had fully unbosomed the all-important subject of his embassy and his prayers, this is his faithful, zealous, and straightforward appeal:—"And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left."

And he was the same consistent man, whether praying by the well, or pleading his master's cause beneath Nahor's roof—whether anxious for success, or actually successful; for, when both Laban and Bethuel had said in reply, "The thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot speak unto thee bad or good;" and when

the fair Rebekah had given her consent to his request, "it came to pass that Abraham's servant worshipped the Lord, bowing himself to the earth;" and when Rebekah's brother and mother said, "Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten, after that she shall go," such was his integrity of purpose and anxiety for his master's welfare, that he replied, "Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way; send me away, that I may go to my master."

But we must conclude; and we do so, expressing the hope that our readers may all know the value of the privilege of prayer; and that, in every circumstance in which they may be placed, it may be their happiness to imitate the trust in God and faithfulness to man which is so conspicuous in the character of the Praying Servant.

THE USEFUL SERVANT.

THE histories of Holy Writ are full of instruction, and well deserve our most attentive notice, whether they refer to the prince or the peasant, the master or the servant.

Amongst the *servants* spoken of in Scripture, we have chosen the little Captive Maid of Israel for our present contemplations.

Her history is short and simple, but most affecting; and we hope to show our readers, in the course of our brief notice, that she well deserves to be regarded as an example of unpretending usefulness.

We are not supplied with any tidings of her birth and parentage; the Scripture is silent on these topics;

nor does it matter, for enough is said of her misfortunes to excite our pity, and of her conduct to secure our esteem.

She is introduced to our notice in the 5th chapter of the Second Book of Kings, where her capture, her servitude, and her usefulness, are all presented to view with beautiful simplicity. "Now Naaman, Captain of the Host of the King of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man of valour, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife."

Thus briefly is she noticed: we know not for what purpose she had gone forth; whether with childish playfulness to gambol on the verdant plain, or to wander in the cool of evening on the mountain slopes, or to fill her vessel at the spring; she was probably unprotected and alone when the Syrians surprised her and carried her away.

But although the Scripture is silent, we may in some degree conceive her frantic grief when seized by strangers and by foes, and forced from her country, her kindred, and her home, led she knew not whither, and to be treated she knew not how. Nor was her grief on her own account alone; the heart-rending sorrow of her parents, who would seek her in all the bitterness of bereavement, nor ever know her fate, must have added to her sorrow, and deepened her distress.

It is not improbable, however, that her youth and innocence, together with her anguish, awakened pit-

even in the bosoms of her captors, who possibly behaved towards her with greater kindness than she had reason to expect; besides which, perhaps her personal appearance influenced their conduct.

We are the rather disposed to think there must have been something prepossessing in her person and behaviour, from the circumstance that after her arrival at Damascus she became an attendant on the wife of Naaman, the king's general; and we cannot but remark, that where beauty and interesting manners prove the means of introducing any into public stations, they greatly need the grace of God to make them useful and to preserve them from the sin of pride.

Beneath this roof she found protection and a home; she was there secure from cruelty, but alas! in a family of idolaters and strangers to the God of Israel. Heathens as they were, however, there is reason to suppose that they were just, considerate, and kind to their domestics.

It will naturally be asked on what we ground this supposition. We reply, that the loathsome disease of the master was not the subject of regret to *the mistress only*, but of sympathy on the part of *the attendants* also; for although the little maid of Israel is alone introduced to our notice in the *first* instance, we soon discover how deep an interest her fellow-servants also felt in the sufferings of their master. It would seem as if the wife of Naaman had been lamenting his affliction to her own immediate attendants at the time when the captive maid gave utterance to her seasonable, affectionate, and artless wish, that her master could but visit the Prophet of the Lord.

Possibly some offering had been presented by her

master to *his idol god*, to procure the removal of the leprosy, and her mistress might have been deploring the disappointment of their hopes! but be that as it might, she said unto her mistress, "Would God my Lord were with the Prophet that is in Samaria, for *he* would recover him of his leprosy." But let it not be thought that the captive maid thus took upon her lips the sacred name of God with thoughtlessness and insincerity, as too many do. No! she had at least been taught to speak that name with reverence and awe, and her language ought to be regarded as the prayerful utterance of her feelings!

We know not how long the little damsel had been in this servitude when the opportunity thus occurred to call attention to the prophet in Samaria; but it is not improbable that her young mind had been afflicted by the idolatry around her, and that she eagerly embraced the first moment which would justify *one in her humble station* to speak a word for God.

But whilst *she alone* could tell of that Being whose prophet could effect the leper's cure, we trace the kindness of Naaman in the anxiety of the servants for his welfare. Mark their conduct on this occasion, and witness the alacrity with which the joyful tidings were caught up and borne to their employer: no sooner had the tender wish escaped the maiden's lips in the presence of her mistress, than "one went in and told his Lord, saying, Thus and thus saith the maid that is of the land of Israel."

Though the Scripture is silent, we may conceive the hope, the gratitude and joy, which glowed in the bosoms of the noble leper and his wife, and the inmates of their dwelling, when these tidings were pro-

claimed ; nor is it too much to suppose that the little maid, who had thus ventured to address her mistress, would be called upon to tell again and again all she knew about the God of Israel, and his Holy Prophet.

It is impossible fully to conceive the surprise which must have followed the announcement by the little captive maid, that a prophet might be found in Samaria who could even cure the loathsome leprosy ; but we may naturally conclude that the inquiry would instantly be made, Who is he ?—what evidence has he given of such marvellous ability ; and whence has he obtained his skill ?

It would also be difficult to imagine with what astonishment the noble leper must have listened to his little servant as she recounted in his presence the miracles of the man of God, in changing the nauseous spring into pleasant and salubrious water, and the land of the district which was barren, into a state of fruitfulness (2 Kings ii. 19—22) ; and the seasonable help which he afforded to the widow, who cried to him that her husband was dead, and that the creditor was about to come and take her two sons for bondmen, (2 Kings iv. 1—7). But whilst these statements must have filled him with *surprise*, how *cheering* must have been the simple tale of the Shunamitish woman, the birth of whose child the prophet had foretold, and who, when years had passed away, and the weeping mother went to tell him of her son's death, instantly set out for her abode, and restored him to life and her embraces (2 Kings iv. 8—37).

It is quite certain that the tidings which imparted so much joy to Naaman and his household, soon reached the palace of the king ; for it is recorded

that "the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

This communication, no doubt, contained the customary salutations of friendship and good-will; but that part only which refers to Naaman is recorded, and as it is at once an admission that no man in Syria could perform the cure, and as it also bespeaks the sympathy of the king for his suffering servant, we supply our readers with his message. "Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy."

It would seem almost as if the king of Israel himself was appealed to, *personally to perform the cure*, and indeed, so he appears to have understood the letter, "For it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" But it is most probable that Naaman was instructed to go to the king in the first instance, *only as a token of respect*, previous to visiting the man of God, who alone could perform so wonderful a miracle.

No sooner had the King of Syria addressed his letter, than Naaman departed, taking with him a present of gold and silver, equal in amount to about *sixteen thousand pounds* of our money, and also, according to the custom of eastern nations ten changes of apparel.

How must the heart of the little captive maid have throbbled with affectionate desire, that her master who had thus set out for the land of her fathers, and for the prophet of the Lord, might return again in health and

peace! and, if she really loved and feared the God of Israel, how fervently must she have prayed that so afflictive a dispensation of Providence as the leprosy, might prove the means of bringing her master and his household to the knowledge of the great Jehovah!

Happy! thrice happy! would it be for men, if they were as much concerned to be cured of their spiritual disease as they are to be rid of those which affect the body only; and how joyful would be their return if they were as prompt and earnest in resorting to the Good Physician as they are to men, who at best can only relieve their physical infirmities!

We will not attempt to follow the illustrious but diseased Naaman on his journey to Samaria. The chariots and horsemen which composed his retinue pursued their way across the fertile plains of Syria, beside majestic mountains, and through deep ravines and glens, until at length they stood before the palace of the King of Israel. The letter was delivered, and, as we have already stated, the King became alarmed, lest his inability to perform the cure should be made a pretext by the King of Syria for a war. The Sovereign's distress soon extended beyond the limits of his palace, and the occasion of it was communicated to the holy prophet: "and it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the King of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the King, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha."

We might have expected that his feelings at this moment would have been of the most solemn and sub-

missive order ; it is natural to expect that a consciousness of his virulent disease, and a conviction that none but the man of God could give him health, should have induced a willingness to do whatever he might be told. But, alas ! it was far otherwise ; for, "when Elisha sent a messenger to him, saying, Go, wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean ; he was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel ? may I not wash in them and be clean ? So he turned, and went away in a rage."

Such was his consummate pride and folly, and we at once condemn it ! But how many have spiritually followed his example, by choosing their own way of salvation, and rejecting the offers of mercy through a crucified Redeemer !

We have before assumed that, notwithstanding Naaman's warlike profession, he was a kind and considerate employer. This opinion is sustained, not only by the anxiety of the little maid, and by others at Damascus for his recovery, but by the manner in which his servants ventured to address him when he so unreasonably turned from the prophet's door ; for "his servants came near and spake, and said, *My father*, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it ? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean ?"

This affectionate appeal overcame his anger ; for it is added, "Then he went down, and dipped himself

seven times in Jordan ; according to the saying of the man of God : and his flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

It were vain to attempt describing the feelings of one thus suddenly restored to health and soundness ; his surprise and thankfulness must have been almost unbounded.

The sacred history proceeds to describe him as returning with all his company to the prophet, from whose door he had so recently departed in a rage, now filled with thankfulness for the divine mercy, and acknowledging in the presence of the assembled multitude, that there was "no God in all the earth, but in Israel." Nor did his gratitude consist in words alone : no, he entreated the prophet to accept a present at his hands ; and, although that present was refused, we shall learn hereafter what it probably would have been.

The scene thus presented to our notice is most impressive and instructive, and we observe with delight both the urgency of Naaman to induce the acceptance of his gift, and the nobleness of Elisha in so firmly declining it.

But we must not enlarge. We have witnessed the miraculous change which passed upon the *body* of the leper, and we trust that a change still more surprising passed upon his *mind*. He came out of Syria not a leper only, but an idolater ; he returned acknowledging himself a worshipper of the Lord alone. He left his home expecting deliverance from the *prophet* ; but he returned confessing his obligations to the *prophet's Lord*.

It must be left to eternity, however, to discover all

the good which resulted from his affliction and his cure; but we may hope that the influence of the miracle upon his attendants was impressive and abiding; and that when he reached his home the report of his miraculous restoration to health awakened an interest throughout the land of Syria.

Such were the happy consequences of the simple ejaculation of the little maid—"Would God, my master were with the prophet in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy!" It was a fervent, pious wish, which the Lord accompanied with his blessing. Perhaps similar opportunities may occur to many a domestic to point to the Good Physician, who alone can cure man's spiritual disease; but the task is one of so much delicacy, that we would rather say to our readers, *So act in the stations in which Providence may place you, that if your employers are strangers to religion, they may learn its value and importance by its influence upon you.*—"So let your light shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven."

THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE is a melancholy interest even in the contemplation of crime; and we may gain instruction by observing its earliest movements and the causes which awaken it, as well as by witnessing its more confirmed and daring exploits. One lesson is at least conveyed to us by such a sight, namely, that the most flagrant crimes have been committed by individuals wh

downward career began with very small offences, and who would have shuddered, when they first swerved from a course of rectitude, if the delinquencies of their future life had been suggested as even possible. But he who knows something of the deceitfulness of his own heart, and how readily it is affected by external objects, will also acknowledge that without unceasing watchfulness and dependance on the succours of Divine grace, there is no sin which he might not commit, were he placed in peculiar circumstances of temptation ; and he will also feel that so far as human foresight is concerned, his chief safeguard against *presumptuous sins* consists in steadily resisting the temptations to those which seem to be least culpable.

We have been led into this train of thought by musing on the character of the highly privileged, but, alas ! wicked servant of Elisha. He is frequently introduced to our notice in the Second Book of Kings, but in the fifth chapter is held up to our view as a melancholy specimen of deception, and of the misery to which it leads.

It would seem that when Naaman the Syrian had departed from the door of the house of Elisha, to whom he had offered a present which was solemnly refused, Gehazi said to himself, "Behold, my master hath spared Naaman, this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought," and he profanely added the resolve, "but as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him."

This determination was instantly fulfilled ; for it is added, "So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he alighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all

well? And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments."

This was a short address, but it was full of falsehoods, and it makes the heart sicken at the thought that the prophet's servant could have been guilty of such sin.

We must notice his conduct, however, more minutely, as it shows most affectingly the downward course of crime, and teaches us that if we once depart from truth, it is impossible to say how far the first step may ultimately lead us.

Covetousness seems to have been his besetting sin. A desire to have *that* to which he had no right, and which did not become his station in society, first suggested the thought of practising deception, and led him to degrade himself by abominable lies.

Observe the melancholy spectacle, and see how a consciousness of guilt, with a fixed determination to deceive, force him to multiply his falsehoods. First, he asserts that his master had sent him, although he had not; and, secondly, he professes to deliver a message which consisted of nothing else than inventions of his lying tongue. But his object is gained: the Syrian is deceived; and full of gratitude to the prophet as the instrument of his recovery from leprosy, he gives to Gehazi even more than he asks. For "Naaman said, Take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before

him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed."

If there can be happiness whilst the conscience accuses of sin, then must Gehazi have been happy, for his plan had more than succeeded;—he had asked for but *one talent* and had received *two*.

But we may learn from Gehazi's conduct the danger of beginning to depart from the way of truth, for "he went in and stood before his master. And Elisha said, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, *Thy servant went no whither.*" Alas! he stopped at no untruth, nor hesitated to do anything which seemed adapted to conceal his guilt! But it was all in vain. His master had either watched his movements, or had received an intimation of them from the Being whom he sought to honour; and he said unto Gehazi, "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman, shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed, for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

Such was the conduct, and such the fate of Gehazi; he had promised himself wealth, ease, and independence, but his crime entailed upon him degradation, disease, and poverty; and he became a loathsome outcast.

But why have we thus attempted to portray the character of the lying servant? We reply, *that our readers may take warning by his example, and resist*

the earliest impulse to do wrong. Sin must be repelled when it first approaches, or it will overcome; and although leprosy may not follow as a mark of God's disapprobation of falsehood and deception, it is almost certain that the individual whose veracity cannot be relied on, will not only bring disgrace upon himself, but also poverty and wretchedness upon his dependent offspring.

THE ANXIOUS SERVANT.

"THAT was a beautiful chapter," said Ellen to her fellow-servant, as they sat down to work after tea, "that was a beautiful chapter which master read this morning, but it seems very strange that our Saviour should have found fault with Martha, because she wished to show Him great kindness."

"It may seem so," said Matilda, for that was the name of Ellen's fellow-servant, "it may *seem* so; but you will find, if you look at the story with care, that it was not for her *kindness* that Martha was rebuked, but for her *undue attention* to things which were merely temporal, to the neglect, at least, on that occasion, of things which were of more importance."

Ellen.—But do you think that if Jesus entered her house it was possible she could show him too much regard?

Matilda.—No, Ellen, certainly not; but if you read the account with attention you will see that she was not rebuked for her regard, but for the *manner* of showing it.

Ellen.—Well, but I should not have thought there had been anything wrong in *that*. Was it possible to provide anything too good for her Saviour, or more than He deserved?

Matilda.—Certainly not; but you know He did not go about for the sake of eating and drinking, but to do good; and as Martha knew not that another opportunity of conversing with Him would ever be her privilege, it was her first duty to listen to his words. To do this, she was not obliged to leave Him without food, if He needed it, for she might have set before Him one simple dish without noise or trouble; and it is more than probable that Mary had shown Him this attention before she sat down to listen to Him. But whether this was so or not, one thing is quite certain, that He who could read what was passing in the mind, saw nothing like indifference to his comfort in the heart of Mary.

Ellen.—Well, I must say that you seem to be right, Matilda, but I daresay Martha was of an anxious disposition.

Matilda.—That is very likely, but such a disposition very often leads us astray. It is right to be careful, diligent, and exact; but we ought always to pray that we may not become peevishly anxious about the things which perish in the using. Martha's first concern should have been to *begin with Christ*, and then she might with propriety have gone out to prepare Him a repast; and if *we* would secure the Saviour's approval, we must begin each day in communion with God, and then enter on our worldly duties without allowing them to burden us, as if to discharge them were the *chief end of our existence*.

Ellen.—Now I have read the portion again I am quite satisfied that our Saviour was best pleased with Mary, and, therefore, she could not have felt less kindness towards Him than her sister did.

Matilda.—No, Ellen; I should say that if there was any difference Mary felt the most, for Martha seems to have allowed her anxiety to lead to the impatient and somewhat reproving expression, "Lord, dost thou not care?"

Ellen.—That was indeed wrong; but I have often noticed that, if we are not on our guard, a fretful disposition soon leads us to *say* what we have reason to be ashamed of afterwards.

Matilda.—Yes, indeed it does; and what is still more to our dishonour, we are too apt to feel a secret satisfaction in afflicting ourselves, in fretting over *mere trifles*, and repining about things which do not deserve to be named. As our minister said last Sabbath-day, "We weary ourselves sometimes *with the thought of being burdened*, when our trials, if compared with what others are enduring, are not so heavy as the downy feathers on the wings of the moth."

Ellen.—Well, I trust *we* shall learn wisdom from the conduct we have just condemned.

Matilda.—I trust we shall, not only by avoiding all peevishness in the discharge of our duties, and by not encumbering ourselves with unnecessary burdens, but by paying our first and chief regard to an interest in the Saviour, and by steadfastly walking in his way; for, whilst the proper discharge of our temporal duties cannot but be pleasing to God, we must also show love to Jesus and his Word, if we would follow her of whom He said,—“One thing is needful: and Mary

hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

"How oft are we like Mary vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd;
While trifles so engross our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

"Lord, teach us this one thing to choose,
Which they who gain can never lose,
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful, were the world our own."

THOUGHTS UPON SCREAMING.

THE readers of this volume must have observed that some strange topics have been remarked upon by Grandfather Gray, and he almost fears that the selection of that which forms the subject of his present article will lead them to think he takes peculiar pleasure in the marvellous.

Without attempting to remove that impression, which is probably correct, he would just say that his thoughts have been directed to the present subject by an old lady, whose nerves have recently sustained a shock by the unguarded screaming of a female friend, who would, had she duly reflected before the vocal outbreak referred to, have rather walked twenty miles to serve the old lady than do anything to disturb the equanimity of her feelings.

But kind emotions are, alas! but poor compensation for injuries, however unintentionally inflicted; and,

therefore, though the injured one forgives, she cannot forget the injury.

On such an occasion Grandfather Gray has been called upon to say something, the tendency of which shall be to secure greater self-possession and decorum on the part of those who give expression to the least feeling of alarm by a sudden scream.

The old man feels that it would be very ungallant to decline compliance with such a request, although he has little confidence that anything he can say will secure the consummation of her wishes.

That little word, "*try*," has, however, often encouraged Grandfather Gray in his course through life; and, therefore, if his present observations should pass away like the thistle-down of autumn before the northern blast, he will at least have the satisfaction—and it is not a small one—of having *attempted* to oblige her.

To come, then, to the subject of complaint,—*that of alarming our fellow-creatures by a shriek or scream when anything trivial has surprised or frightened us*, the old man must say that such conduct is unnecessary and irrational. It is, in his estimation, *unnecessary*, because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is not the utterance of distress for help, but the mere unguarded *expression* of a state of mind which needs no vocal effort to prove the reality of its feelings.

He has too much respect for the female sex to assume for a moment that woman, like the infant race, has no better mode of communicating her alarms; no, no, if that were the case, all the

women would have been screamers, and amongst the thousand little ills which happen daily *man's* task would have been no light one, to live amidst such constant outbursts of alarm as would then have been incessantly occurring. But, happily, it is far otherwise; for there are females, and not a few of them, who would be as unlikely as men to utter the least sound *when alarmed in any ordinary degree*, and who would deem it both weak and childish were they to be surprised into such an act.

And let it not be supposed that the old man is now referring to females of rough, stern, and coarse manners; to persons who have no fine feelings, and, therefore, are incapable of giving expression to them. On the contrary, Grandfather Gray has in view some whose minds are cultivated, whose affections are warm, and whose feelings are tender, but who, nevertheless, can look at a spider, or shake an earwig off their dress, without any audible expression of horror or alarm.

The old man has said that they who do otherwise act *irrationally*; and he thinks that that sentiment will scarcely be denied, when it is considered what trivial circumstances sometimes call forth the screams to which he has alluded. He is very desirous, however, of not being misunderstood. He would not wish to repress feeling, but would have its manifestation bear *some proportion to the cause* which gives rise to it, for if it exceed *that* the *excess is irrational*. This will receive illustration if Grandfather Gray relates the incident which called forth the nerve-shaking scream which has led to these remarks.

It appears that the old lady's friend, having occasion

to go to a cupboard for a cloth of some kind, unexpectedly found one corner of it occupied by a mouse, which had no doubt formed its nest there; for, on removing the cloth, two little mice—which, from their extreme smallness, could not have been more than a few days old—were thrown upon the floor. Grandfather Gray will not again refer to the shriek which followed, but will only add that the old lady was surprised to find, on proceeding to her friend's help, that she had sustained no injury, notwithstanding she had been so near the awful jaws of two young mice, whose whole bodies were not much larger than the nail of her thumb.

The old man has written rather jocularly of this matter, but his mind is deeply convinced that this thoughtless screaming habit is often attended with sad consequences, not perhaps so much to the parties who give way to it, as to their friends and the inmates of their dwellings; he is, therefore, most anxious that they who have hitherto allowed mere trifles to disturb and ruffle them should seriously strive to control their feelings, and prayerfully determine that no effort shall be wanting, in future, to guard against alarming others in the way now pointed out.

THE TWO PICTURES.

“OH! Mamma (said little Emma, as she skipped into the parlour with her usual joyous bound, on returning with the servant from a walk); oh, Mamma, we have seen such beautiful pictures in a book-shop this morning!”

"We have, indeed, Mamma (said her brother Robert), and I should like you to talk to us about them."

"But, my dear children (said Mrs. Elphinstone, for that was the name of their mamma), you must first tell me the kind of pictures you have seen, and then perhaps I shall be able to interest you in speaking of them."

Emma.—Oh! Mamma, one picture was about Jesus blessing little children; and the other, Eliza said, was about a saint, a good man, who loved and took care of poor children.

Robert.—Yes, Ma', and the saint carried one little child on his arm, whilst he led another by the hand, and it was a winter morning, for the house-tops and the road were covered with snow.

Emma.—And, Ma', the poor children seemed to have no home, but the saint was taking them, Eliza said, to his own house, and, Ma', there was a woman lifting up one hand with surprise, as if she were saying, "Oh, what a good man the saint is!"

Mrs. Elphinstone.—I am very glad, my dear children, that you have told me of these pictures, as it will enable me to say a few words which may be useful to you. And now, if you will come and sit upon the sofa for a few minutes, I will tell you what I think of them.

The two children accordingly seated themselves by her side, and, after giving each of them a kiss, she spoke to them thus:—

"You know, my dear children, that I love pictures, and have often tried to interest you with them; but I am not glad to find that Eliza leads you to shop-windows to look at such objects, because pictures, like

words, are either good or bad, and leave a good or bad impression on our minds and memories. And as it would grieve me to know that Eliza led you into company where you heard bad words or saw wicked actions, so it would cause me sorrow to learn that she showed you bad pictures."

Robert.—But, Mamma, both these were good pictures.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—I have not said they were bad, my dear; but I was just about to say that many persons care so little about doing harm that they sell whatever pictures bring them most profit, and sometimes place such in their windows as my dear children would not wish and ought not to look upon.

Emma.—I am sure, Mamma, you would have liked to see the saint.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Perhaps I should, my dear. I like the title that is given him, whoever he may have been, because one who is really a saint is a *sanctified one*, or, to speak plainly, he is one who has been really sorry for his sins, has asked the great God to forgive them for the sake of Jesus Christ the Saviour; and believing God's promise of pardoning mercy, longs and labours and prays to be made holy, that he may be fit to serve God here, and to be with Him when this life shall end; *that*, my dear children, is what I call a saint, and we will read of such persons by and by in the Holy Scriptures.

Mrs. Elphinstone then resumed,—“But as you have not told me the saint's name, I will not venture to speak of his character; but I dare say the picture refers to some one whom the Roman Catholic Church *calls a saint*, and holds up to the admiration, if not to

receive the worship, of weak-minded people. There have been some holy men and women in their church who deserve to be had in everlasting remembrance, so far as they loved God and lived to his glory, but no man or woman ought to receive the homage which Roman Catholics give to those whom they choose to call saints."

Robert.—Oh, Mamma! Eliza said the man in the picture *was* a saint.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—I dare say she did, my dear, but she never knew him.

Emma.—No, Mamma, she could not have known him, for she said he once lived in Italy, and died a long time ago.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—That is just what I thought, and Eliza knows no more about the saint than she learnt from the picture, or from some book which very likely contains more that is false than true.

Robert.—Oh, Mamma, are Roman Catholic books untrue?

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Not *all* their books, my dear, but many of them, and they have few in which there are not great and fearful errors; indeed, the priests who refuse to let the people read God's word, show that they are afraid to have their lying books compared with the true teaching of the blessed Bible. But I was just about to say, that many of their saints are mere creatures of imagination, invented by the priests to surprise and cheat ignorant and credulous people.

Emma.—But were not their saints all good men, Mamma?

Mrs. Elphinstone.—No, my child, many of them have left no greater proofs of goodness than these,

that to atone for sin (which the Bible says a man can never do), they have shut themselves up in dark cells for life; or wore the same dress for years without cleansing it or themselves with water; or have fasted very often, and reduced their once pampered bodies until they have become almost skeletons; or have tortured themselves by crawling with bare knees upon rough gravel; or have lain upon sharp nails, or endured other forms of torture, until death has relieved them from their misery. These persons, and such as these, have been called saints, and the priests teach the people to believe that the prayers of such saints have great power with God; but the Bible says there is but "one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

Emma.—Oh, mamma, I am sure we cannot want such saints when we have such a Saviour; but, mamma, do tell us more about the picture and the saint Eliza showed us.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Well, my dear, I must not indulge in imaginary stories as the Romish books do; and as you have not told me the name the saint was called by, or in what place he lived, I cannot tell you about *him*, but I will just say, that if he really did take care of poor homeless little children, it *seems* to have been *kind*, and I am quite sure it was *just*.

Robert.—What do you mean, mamma, by saying it was just?

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Why, my dear child, I say it was *just*, because as a member of that wicked Church, the saint owed a debt to little children which no kindness on his part could ever fully pay.

Robert.—Indeed, mamma, do tell me what debt you mean.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Sit still a little longer, my dear child, and I will tell you. Do you remember John Lucas, the miller, who died last year?

Robert.—Oh, yes, mamma.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Well, John Lucas was a Roman Catholic, and when he felt himself to be dying, he sent for his priest to prepare him, as he said, to die; though, poor man, if he had repented of sin and forsaken it, and believed and trusted in Jesus, no priestly preparation for death would have been required; but John was a poor deluded Catholic, and looked for salvation to the *priest* rather than the *Saviour*. The priest accordingly came, and knowing John had three thousand pounds saved up for his wife and family, told John he must leave all that money to the Church (that is, to the company of priests), or they would keep his soul for ever in a place of painful purifying, called purgatory. Now, my dear children, the Word of God never speaks of any such place, much less of priests having power to get lost souls out of it, on the contrary, the Bible says the wicked shall go into hell and remain there for ever. But John Lucas had given up his understanding to his priest, and believing the threat that he would keep him in purgatory, John left all his money to the priests, and his wife and children were left penniless. Now what the priest said to the miller has been said to thousands besides, and more widows have been left houseless, and children without bread, than those who have been nourished and cared for by any of their real or pretended saints.

I could tell you very much, my dear children, (said Mrs. Elphinstone,) of these wolves in sheep's clothing ; but you are getting tired, let us therefore turn to the other picture which you spoke of. *That* represented the dear Saviour, Jesus, welcoming little children to his arms, and rebuking his disciples, who so far misunderstood their Master as to suppose he was unconcerned about the young.

He was, indeed, the Infants' Friend, and the friend of their parents too ; no unkindness, much less cruel robbery like that of the Romish priests, can be laid to *His* charge ; but on the contrary, he so loved poor sinners as to live and die for their sakes, and having been raised to life again by the mighty power of God, lives to pour down his blessed Spirit on those who seek his face and love his name.

And now, my dear little Emma, as I have talked a long time, it will please me to hear you say those beautiful lines about the subject we have just spoken of, and then it will be time to expect your papa home to dinner. Emma accordingly rose up, and standing before her mamma, repeated the following verses—

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below
I shall see him and hear him above.

That beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE SAINTS OF GOD.

"Now, dear mamma," said Robert Elphinstone to his mother, "do tell us something more about the saints, as you promised when you spoke about the pictures."

Mrs. Elphinstone.—I shall be much pleased to do so, my dear, not only because I promised, but because I hope to give you more correct ideas respecting them than you can derive from such pictures as Eliza took you to look at. Come, therefore, with your sister into the study, and we will there talk about them.

The two children having thanked their mamma for thus kindly consenting to converse with them, each fondly took her by the hand and accompanied her to the library.

"Now, my dear children," said Mrs. Elphinstone, "in speaking to you of the saints whom I love to honour, I shall call them '*the saints of God*,' to distinguish them from the saints of the Romish Church, although—

Robert.—But, mamma, are not *they* the saints of God too?

Mrs. Elphinstone.—If you had not interrupted me, my dear, I was about to say that I have no doubt many of those whom the Romanists celebrate as saints were saints of God also; but not because they

were famed for what, in that Church, constitutes saintship.

Robert.—Then, mamma, do tell us how we may know a saint of God from one who is *only* a Romish one.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—I am glad, my child, that the decision of such matters rests with the gracious and omniscient God, and not with short-sighted, erring mortals like myself; but I will try to clear away some of the difficulties which perplex you, by first saying what, in my opinion, is not a saint of God, and then by telling you what I think it is to be one. In the first place, I cannot regard any of those as saints who are celebrated as such merely because they endured some severe sufferings of body, in order, as they thought, to atone for sin; or because they gave a vast fortune to their Church to procure, as the poor creatures imagined, God's favour by the daily prayers of priests; or because the so-called saint embroidered a petticoat for the image of the Virgin Mary, or a vestment for the Pope, or gave a golden cradle for the image of the infant Jesus. Such things as these, which flatter human pride, are deemed very meritorious amongst Romanists, and serve to delude both those who give or suffer, and those who hold such things in veneration.

Emma.—But, mamma, did you ever see the picture of a lady saint?

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Yes, my child, I have seen many such pictures, but very few that have been fair representations of a saintly countenance.

Emma.—How then, mamma, do you think a saint should look?

Mrs. Elphinstone.—Well, my dear child, I should be sorry to assume the right of laying down a rule for saintly looks; but, as I said before, I will say how saints should *not* look. When I remember the penances, confessions, and fastings imposed by the cunning clergy of the Romish Church upon their deluded people, and the fear in which they are kept of passing after death into a place of torment called purgatory, and the awful uncertainty they must always feel whether they may not *stay* there;—when I remember these things, it is no matter of surprise to me that such saints are represented with eyes surcharged with grief, or with countenances which seem to have never realized the love of God in Christ Jesus, or the promise that His peace shall be the portion of His people. But if a saint of God be one who has lamented his depravity, and sought for pardon through the merits of the Saviour, and believed God's Word, which says He gave his Son to suffer and to die for sinners, that they might live through Him;—if a saint be one whose grateful heart prompts his lips to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercy;"—I say, if a saint be one who utters such sentiments as these, he is not fitly represented by a countenance of sorrow or the flowing tears of grief.

I wonder not, my dear children, that the people are denied God's Word by their priests, for they know that, as darkness flies before the rising sun, so error

ceases to retain its sway where the light of truth once enters. Just imagine, my dear children, what must be the bondage of *such as Rome calls saints*, if such pictures are, as I believe them to be, faithful representations of their sadness; and think what a contrast is presented by the happy "saints of God" in such sentiments as these:—"O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." (Isaiah xii. 1, 2.) "The Lord is my light and salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall He hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall my head be lifted up above my enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle *sacrifices of joy*; I will sing, *yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.*" (Psalm xxvii. 1—6.) "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the *joy and rejoicing* of my heart, for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts!" (Jer. xv. 16.)

"Now, my dear children," continued Mrs. Elphinstone, "what sort of countenances do you think most fitly represent those of God's saints,—the bright and joyous, or the gloomy and the sad?"

Robert.—Oh! ma', I think any child could answer that question; why, the joyous, to be sure.

Emma.—But, ma', I think the saints of God on earth must sometimes be sad.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—I am glad to hear you make that remark, my dear Emma, because it affords me the opportunity of saying, what I might have forgotten to remark, that there are many causes of affliction to God's saints, and that their countenances are, on those accounts, sometimes sad; for example, Lot was "vexed by the filthy conversation of the wicked." (2 Pet. ii. 7, 8.) David "beheld the transgressors, and was grieved;" Jeremiah wept for the iniquities of his people; and Paul wrote "even weeping" about some because they were the "enemies of the Cross of Christ." Besides which, even saints are not yet faultless, and whenever they are led to do wrong, conduct so unworthy causes sadness. "But," continued Mrs. Elphinstone, "as wrong-doing is not the habit of a saint, so sadness is not his ordinary experience, but the exception; and as we should not paint dark thunder-clouds (though we sometimes see them) to represent a summer sky, or a starving family (though we sometimes hear of one) to portray an English family, so it would be as unnatural as unfair to represent the saints of God, who sometimes grieve, as always having mournful visages. No, my dear children, religion makes its subjects happy; and whatever

cause of sadness they may find in others, or themselves, the saints of God are *habitually* "joyful in their King." (Psalm cxlix. 2.)

But we must conclude this conversation for the present by referring to a few other texts in God's Word, which show that in his favour there is peace and joy:—"Blessed is he whose iniquity is pardoned, whose sin is covered; blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." (Psalm xxxii. 1, 2.) "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright." (Psalm xxxiii. 1.) "Our heart shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in his holy name." (Psalm xxxiii. 21.) "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." (Psalm xxxiv. 1—4.) "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, &c." (Gal. v. 21.) "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (Phil. iv. 6, 7.) "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xv. 13.) "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink (*outward ceremonies*), but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. xiv. 17.)

Both children looked up with fixed attention when Mrs. Elphinstone said, "I am about to ask you to read what that part of God's Word called the New Testament says about 'the saints of God,' and that you may better understand it let me remind you,—

Firstly.—That all who lead holy lives, that is to say, all 'who love God and keep his commandments,' are saints.

Secondly.—That this description of God's servants applies to young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, and is not limited to any period of time, either past or present, or to persons of any particular nation or language.

Thirdly.—That since the time when the apostles went forth preaching that Jesus died on behalf of sinners, the hearts of many who listened were gladdened by their message, believed on the Saviour they proclaimed, and were enabled, by God's good Spirit, to forsake evil and live thenceforth as his servants.

Fourthly.—That in every place where God's truth was thus believed and obeyed, whether in villages, towns, or cities, those who trusted in the Lord Jesus and loved to hear that Word which told of his death, resurrection, and ascension to glory ; all these persons, whether few or many, were accustomed to meet together for God's worship.

Fifthly.—That in some places these believers in Jesus were so few as to consist of the members of but a few families ; in other places they were numerous, and in some they consisted of a multitude of persons.

Sixthly.—That wherever these believers, or servants of Christ, who had set out as saints in a new and holy course of life, met together for Divine worship, the

persons when assembled, whether few or many, were called the *Church of Christ* at that place. "*And lastly,*" continued Mrs. Elphinstone, "I must add, that all the saints of whom we read in the earlier portions of this blessed Book, with those who first believed in Jesus, down to the last human being who shall trust in his name—all these, of every kindred, tongue, and people under heaven, will form at last but one church in heaven."

Mrs. Elphinstone having paused a moment, little Emma broke silence by artlessly telling her Mamma that she had made her remarks as plain as one of the Rector's sermons—a cheerful thought, which she had evidently for some minutes longed for an opportunity of expressing.

"I am glad," replied her Mamma, "to find you have understood me, as it has been my special object to speak with simplicity."

Robert.—I thought, Mamma, the *building* in which God's people meet was the church.

Mrs. Elphinstone.—We have fallen into the habit of giving it that name, my dear, and if we do not *in thought* confound it with the *real Church*, I do not know that our practice is of much consequence: it is, however, incorrect, for the place in which the saints meet is but a house for worship, whilst the worshippers themselves, and they only, are *the Church*.

"But," continued their Mamma, "I must not prolong this conversation further than to say that, in the texts you are about to read to me, you will find that, in addressing the disciples of our Saviour, the apostle, whoever he may be, always addresses them as saints, holy men and women, separated from the wicked

the church and gave himself for it *that he might sanctify and cleanse it* with the washing of water by *the Word*, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Robert.—(2 Thess. i. 1.) "Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the *church of the Thessalonians* in God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ."

Emma.—(1 Cor. xvi. 19.) "The churches of Asia salute you. Aquila and Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with *the church which is in their house.*"

Robert.—(Rom. xvi. 3, 5.) "Great Priscilla and Aquila my helpers in Christ Jesus. Likewise greet the church that is in their house."

Emma.—(Colos. iv. 15.) "Salute the brethren which are in Laodicea, and Nymphas, and *the church which is in his house.*"

Robert.—(Rev. ii. 1.) "To the angel (or minister) of the church of Ephesus write (verse 7):—He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Mrs. Elphinstone here interposed by saying, "The evening is too far advanced, my dear children, to allow us the pleasure of hearing the other passages of Scripture on your papers; but I trust you will turn to these interesting portions as opportunities occur, and that you will ever remember the lesson I have sought to impress on your young and tender hearts—namely, that God's saints are *holy and habitually happy*; and

that, as God's happiness is boundless because He is infinitely holy, so the happiness of his saints is increased in proportion to their holiness."

THE SCARRED FOREHEAD.

THE light and beautiful carriage of Mr. and Mrs. Somerville had scarcely turned from the door of Dove-dale House, to convey them to the mansion of a friend in affliction, when a loud scream was heard to proceed from the nursery, to which Mrs. Wilson, their trusty housekeeper, instantly repaired.

On entering the apartment, she was much grieved to find little Miss Alice, a beautiful child of about six years of age, in the arms of the younger nurse, sobbing aloud, and bleeding profusely from the forehead.

After addressing a few soothing words to the little sufferer, Mrs. Wilson inquired, in her usual calm and collected manner, how far the child was hurt, and in what way the accident occurred.

There was at first some hesitancy on the part of Ann (for that was the name of the younger nurse, in whose sole charge the children had been for a few moments left), in giving a reply, but she had early learnt that *nothing but crime demands concealment*, and that to confess a fault is not only wise and right, but the *surest* way to obtain forgiveness. With such a conviction on her mind, and which had happily become a settled principle of action, she at once acknowledged that, although she knew it was an express order of her mistress that the children should in no case be allowed to get upon the chairs, Miss

Alice had been permitted to do so, and had in falling struck her head against the fire-guard.

As is usual in most cases where orders have been disobeyed, Ann at first attempted to extenuate her fault, by pleading that the child had persisted in doing what she was forbidden ; but Mrs. Wilson reminded Ann, that, when her master and mistress left home, it was in the happy persuasion that those who were entrusted with their beloved children would exercise a kind, but firm, control over them ; and that to plead that Miss Alice *would* disobey their order, whilst a servant was present to enforce it, was to admit she was either unwilling to obey them, or incompetent to fulfil the duties of her station. Poor Ann felt the humiliating position in which her good nature had placed her ; the accident having arisen from an unwillingness on Ann's part to deny little Alice a pleasure, rather than from any indifference to her mistress's commands. The result, however, was the same ; as for want of proper restraint, dear little Alice had fallen and her beautiful forehead had received a fearful wound.

It was some satisfaction to Mrs. Wilson to witness Ann's undissembled sorrow on account of what had happened, and to hear the expression of her purpose, if this fault were forgiven, to act in future at all times as if under the inspection of her mistress.

Some warm water having been procured, Mrs. Wilson proceeded to bathe the wound with her usual maternal tenderness, whilst Ann looked on with a countenance which bespoke her deep concern for the sufferer. Having done all that kindness and duty demanded, Mrs. Wilson returned to her own room,

and, on quitting the nursery, told Ann she had a few words to say to her alone, if she would come down before retiring to rest.

We would here premise that Mrs. Wilson was a well-informed, godly woman, who sought on every fitting opportunity to instil sound principles into the minds of the servants in Mr. Somerville's establishment; it will, therefore, be no matter of surprise to our readers to find that when Ann entered the house-keeper's apartment, she was addressed in some such words as the following :—

“It is my intention, Ann, to disclose to your master and mistress in the morning the accident for which you have expressed so much sorrow, and I trust they will forgive your negligence; but you have been the unintentional cause of what, I fear, will prove a permanent disfigurement of their child, as she will most likely carry that scar to her grave.

“The injury you have occasioned is, however, small indeed, compared with that which some servants inflict on the dear little ones committed to their care. I have heard of servants who have uttered words, and committed actions which have made what may be fitly called *moral*, or rather *immoral scars* on the tender *minds* of the dear innocents entrusted so confidently to their care; scars that have so disfigured the moral character and conduct of the children throughout life, as to perplex the sad hearts of their parents to conceive how such depravity could have originated in the bosoms of their offspring; and if grace prevent not, these scars will mark the subjects of them as those who are fitting for a world of woe, where those who have been the guilty cause of inflicting them will

meet with a just recompense of eternal condemnation. I therefore say, Ann," added Mrs. Wilson, "that your fault on this occasion has been small ; but to avoid such negligence in future, strive to act not so much as in the sight of your employer, as under the inspection of 'the great Lord of all,' and try to make amends to your beloved Alice, by seeking to be yourself a child of God, consecrated to his service, and living to his glory ; so that your example may *beautify the moral character* of the dear little ones entrusted to your care, by leading them to love God and to keep his commandments."

"THE BIBLE SAYS SO."

THE church bells chimed sweetly on the Sabbath morning, when Mr. Wilson, with his wife and two little girls, departed from Melrose Cottage, to attend Divine worship in the village sanctuary. Having left their dwelling in the care of faithful Alice, who had served them in sickness and in health during fourteen years, and young Ellen, who had given them unmingled satisfaction for a shorter period, they had no anxiety about home.

As it was Mr. Wilson's practice to dine off a cold joint on Sunday, in order to spare his servants unnecessary work, they were both sitting down to read very soon after the departure of the family.

Their usual quiet was, however, speedily interrupted by a loud knock at the street door, on going to which, Ellen was very cordially addressed by a well-attired man, who, placing a tract in her hand headed "*The*

Bible says so," invited her to read it, and added that he should be happy to see her at worship in the room "they had just opened at the corner of the street."

To this invitation of course Ellen gave no answer, but took the tract, and closing the door, returned to the kitchen, where she prudently informed her more experienced fellow-servant of the stranger's call.

We must here state, that Alice was a pious woman, of very humble parentage, but had enjoyed the advantage of Sunday-school instruction, which she had subsequently improved by reading and prayerful meditation.

With a mind thus trained she was not likely either hastily to condemn or adopt the sentiments in the tract. Not so young Ellen, who revered the Bible rather because she believed it to be God's Word than because she intelligently understood it, or had felt its saving power,—*she*, therefore, sat down with a full conviction on her mind that the tract she had received must be true, because it commenced with the bold assertion, "*the Bible says so,*" and gave, for each of the statements it contained, some chapter and verse of Scripture professedly in proof of its assertions.

The tract having been handed to Alice by her fellow-servant for perusal, was read with silent seriousness, after which she said, "I see, Ellen, it is circulated by a class of people who call themselves Latter-day Saints, and who, like all other new sects, profess to found their opinions on the Word of God, but really twist and pervert it to support their peculiar views; and, strange as it may seem, there is no sect, however monstrous its doctrines, that does not seek to

fortify its notions and to justify itself for holding them, by appeals to the testimony of God's Word."

Ellen.—But if they refer us to *that*, Alice, can we do wrong in believing them?

Alice.—I am glad, Ellen, you have asked me that question, because it leads me to say, First, that many who refer to the Scriptures do so in much ignorance of their true import, since the passages they quote, when carefully examined, have no such meaning as they attribute to them,—that is one reason why we should not believe statements *merely* because the parties making them quote Scripture. Such persons are blind leaders of the blind, and you know, Ellen, who pronounced the fate of both. (Matt. xv. 14.)

Secondly, Although the word of God be referred to, we may do quite wrong in believing *the teaching of those who make such quotations*, since many now (like some of old, Ephes. iv. 14,) "*lie in wait to deceive*," and merely use these references to Divine truth, in the hope of thereby effecting their wicked object more readily.

"But," continued Alice, "I cannot be sufficiently thankful for the kind and judicious counsel of my Sunday-school Teacher, who when remarking upon the authority of the sacred Scriptures, was accustomed to say, 'Regard them as God's unerring words, addressed by him through man to man, (2 Pet. i. 21,) but beware of using them in broken and unconnected sentences, or you may ignorantly misquote Scripture as badly as the fool who first said, 'Judas went and hanged himself;' and then added, 'go thou and do likewise.' My teacher used also to say, "when the Scriptures introduce a speaker to your notice, ever

remember to remark his character; as, for instance, if it be the *Lord*, as in Job xxxviii. 1; Isaiah i. 10—20; Isaiah lvi. 1—8; and many other passages: then yield your understanding and affections to his words, for they are truth: if it be a *good man* uttering his feelings and confessions, as in Daniel ix. 8—19, and Job xlii. 1—6, trace the grounds of his abasement and see how much reason you have for imitating his example; if it be the language of *wicked men*, as in Exodus v. 2; Isaiah xxxvi. 10; Matt. ix. 34; Mark iii. 22; John vii. 20 :—or of *Satan*, as in Gen. iii. 4, 5; Job i. 9—11, and Luke iv. 6, 7, treat it as such, and learn what you can from it, but regard it not as God's word except so far as to feel that his Spirit has caused it to be recorded for our warning.

"And mark this too, my dear young friends," was a frequent observation of my teacher, "you will ever find it essential to a right understanding of the Scriptures (as of all other books) *to trace the connexion of their parts.*"

Ellen.—Perhaps, Alice, you will explain what your teacher meant by "the connexion of their parts," as I do not quite understand that expression.

Alice.—Well, Ellen, perhaps I cannot make her meaning plainer than by reminding you of Mrs. Vincent's servant yesterday, who, having heard one man utter the words "Chelsea Hospital," and his companion say, "fell down in the crowd," without hearing what either of them said in connexion with those words, ran home and informed her mistress that Chelsea Hospital had fallen on a crowd, who were, of course, supposed to have been all crushed beneath the ruins; whereas, all that the two men

were stating to each other was this,—that in the vast crowd who went to Chelsea Hospital to see the remains of the late Duke of Wellington lie in state, some persons in the crowd fell down fainting from exhaustion.

Just so the Word of God may be misunderstood and misinterpreted, if we negligently read it, or try to make a text prove something which it does not signify in the place in which it stands.

Ellen.—Then in what way can I be sure to understand the Bible, and guard against those who would deceive me?

Alice.—Perhaps I ought not to say you will be *sure* to avoid deception by following the directions of my teacher, but I have a strong impression that in pursuing them you will be kept from erring. She was accustomed to say "whenever you open God's word, think seriously *that it is his*, and lift up your heart in prayer for the enlightenment and guidance of his Spirit. Seek also to have your minds withdrawn from all evil, and as much as possible from disturbing cares. Read with a prayerful desire to be taught the Divine will, and ever ask for grace to obey it. In reading his Word, wait upon the Lord, in the spirit of him who said, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.' If 'your eye be single,' that is, solely intent on Divine teaching, it will be granted you until you shall be filled with spiritual light; but if your eye be evil whilst you read, the Word may even add to your spiritual darkness. Ever ask the Lord to create within you a clean heart, and to renew within you a right spirit; and never forget that in proportion to your purity and uprightness before God will be your sympathy with his Word, and your ability to discover

his will. He has promised to his watching and waiting children that he will guide them with his *eye*, (Ps. xxxii. 8); but the disobedient and depraved are permitted to resist even the guidance of his *hand*.

"Much, very much," continued Alice, "may be said as to the best way of reading God's Word without erring; but as master and mistress must now be on their way home from church, I will only give you this other rule of my late beloved teacher, and resume the subject next Sabbath morning. 'Take care to have a Bible with marginal references or parallel passages, and make the Bible its own expositor. In consulting these passages of Scripture by the help of such a Bible, or by means of a Concordance, much instruction may be gained. Remember that while we are required to 'search the Scriptures,' we are also directed to be diligent in comparing one passage with another.

"It has also been remarked by Bishop Horsley, whose words are worthy of remembrance, 'that the 'most illiterate Christian, if he can but read his 'English Bible, and will take the pains to do it in 'this manner, will not only attain all that practical 'knowledge which is necessary to his salvation, but, 'by God's blessing, he will become learned in every- 'thing relating to his religion, in such a degree, that 'he will not be liable to be misled, either by the re- 'fined arguments or false assertions of those who 'endeavour to engraft their own opinions upon the 'oracles of God. He may safely be ignorant of all 'philosophy, except what is learned from the sacred 'books, which indeed contain the highest philosophy, 'adapted to the lowest apprehensions. He may safely

'remain ignorant of all history, except so much of
'the history of the first ages of the Jewish and
'Christian Church as is to be gathered from the
'Canonical Books of the Old and New Testaments;
'let him study these in the manner I recommend,
'and let him never cease to pray for the illumination
'of the Spirit, by whom these books were dictated;
'and the whole history of philosophy and history can
'furnish no argument with which the perverse will
'of man shall be able to shake this learned Christian's
'faith.'

"And if I might add one thought," continued Alice,
"to these directions of the Bishop, it should be this,
Ellen, that a steady purpose of heart to obey God's
commandments and constant efforts to do so, will be
followed by Divine teaching, for the Lord Jesus has
declared 'that whosoever shall *do* his heavenly Father's
will, shall know of the doctrine taught in his word,
whether it be of God or not.'"

"IN WHAT WAY CAN I GUARD AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD DECEIVE ME?"

THE glorious sun poured forth his crimson beams
across the dark blue mountains which environed the
pretty village where Mr. Wilson had fixed his abode.
Another Sabbath morning had arrived; and his happy
family, having spent their usual time in domestic
worship, at breakfast, and afterwards, in enjoying
the sweet zephyrs, which at that season came down
from the mountains, the time drew near for departure
to church.

In a few minutes they were all on their way thither, and the two servants, Alice and Ellen, sat down, as we have already intimated, to read the Scriptures, or some other book suited to the day.

It will be remembered that, in their former conversation, young Ellen expressed her artless anxiety to have such views in relation to the Scriptures as would preserve her from the influence of false teachers; and it will also be recollected that Alice, who was an experienced godly woman, offered some suggestions for the guidance of her young companion. Happy would it be if every girl of Ellen's age and station were equally concerned to know God's truth, and were blessed with a fellow-servant like Alice, to warn and counsel her.

The previous Sabbath morning having passed away too swiftly—as time always seems to pass when it is profitably spent—Alice took this opportunity, according to her promise, of again adverting to the subject of their former conversation, and accordingly thus began:—

You will remember, Ellen, that I referred you last Sunday morning to that gracious promise of our Saviour (John vii. 17); and I would again remind you also of what I have been myself taught, that in devoutly looking up to Him for the fulfilment of his Word, we must interpret one part of Scripture by another, or, to use the language of the Apostle Paul (1 Cor. ii. 13), we must compare "spiritual things with spiritual."

Our time this morning, continued Alice, will be too short to allow me to give you any examples of this course, but I will try to do so soon. Let me say,

however, for your encouragement and my own, that the Lord knows if we are sincerely desirous of understanding his will, and He has caused it to be written, "The meek will He guide in judgment: the meek will He teach his way." (Psalm xxv. 9.) "The way-faring men, though fools (or accounted such by the worldly wise), shall not err therein." (Isaiah xxxv. 8.) Besides which, He who has promised to pour light into the understandings of those who desire Divine teaching, rejoiced when on earth in the thought that the things relating to his kingdom which had been withheld from those who deemed themselves wise and prudent, were "revealed unto babes." (Luke x. 21.)

Ellen.—That is a very cheering thought, Alice; but can you tell me how to discover false from true teachers, amongst those who call themselves Christ's ministers?

Alice.—I would wish to answer that question, Ellen, with much care and reverence, and with a full recollection of my station, which of course *you* will not forget; but as far as my own knowledge and experience enable me to offer an opinion I will give it, and more especially as it has been influenced by the following remarks of a friend. Alice then unfolded a paper which she had carefully preserved, and from which she read the following thoughts on Teachers of Religion:—

1. Shun, as you would a viper, the man who would wrest from you the Holy Scriptures. Be sure that he is either himself deceived, or is conscious of a wish to lead you astray, and fears that with such a light in your hands he will not be able to lead you in his way of darkness.

2. There are some men whose lives are better than their doctrine; they walk morally before men, and perhaps "give tithes of all that they possess," but they insist on their sole right of reading and interpreting the Bible for you:—beware of such guides and listen to the great unerring Teacher who said to those who were around him, and now says to us (John v. 39), "Search the Scriptures." Mark the apostle's commendation of those who tried even *their* testimony by this test (Acts xvii. 11), "These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so." Learn, also, from the testimony of St. Paul (2 Timothy iii. 15), that the Word of God may be understood even by the very young, for, said he, in writing to Timothy, "from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

And I think, continued Alice, it is worthy of special remembrance that the faith of Timothy, which was the result of this knowledge, is traced by the apostle to the faith of the mother, and through her to that of the grandmother of Timothy, and not to the direct teaching of any man, whether prophet, priest, or apostle.

3. If faith in priestly power be insisted on by a teacher, instead of, or even along with, faith in Jesus and in God's covenant to forgive and bless those who believe his Word, shun that teacher as a deceiver.

4. Should you be tempted to listen to one who, whilst pretending to extol the Saviour, would persuade you that the intercession of saints and angels is need-

ful for sinners, turn away from such a blind leader of the blind, and cherish, as a jewel of inestimable worth, the assurance of God's Word (1 Tim. ii. 5): that "there is *one* God, and *one* Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

5. Are you assailed by the disheartening assurance that sinners are not invited by the Saviour? turn from such lying testimony, and listen to the voice of truth itself, which says, "Seek ye the Lord:" (Isaiah lv. 6.) "Seek ye me and ye shall live." (Amos v. 4.) "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

6. Avoid, as you would the plague, the teachers who would persuade you that he who has a right creed need not be careful of his practice; or who would persuade you that, although God intently marks the transgressions of unconverted sinners, he sees no sin in those who are his people. Listen to the solemn words of God on this subject (Amos iii. 2), "You only have I known of all the inhabitants of the earth, therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities."

And mark the testimony of the apostle Paul (Titus ii. 11, 12), "The grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." (Heb. xii. 14), "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

7. There are teachers who say that a soul which dies in sin, can be saved after death by their prayers; but listen to the Word of God, which says of those who sink into the place of torment, to which the impenitent and unbelieving must go, "that their

worm dieth *not*, and the fire is *not* quenched" (Mark ix. 44); that those who would pass from thence to happiness *cannot* (Luke xvi. 26), but that "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." (Rev. xiv. 11.)

Alice here paused, evidently affected by the deep solemnity of the truths she had been rehearsing, and looking at the clock, found herself obliged to break off the conversation until the next opportunity should enable her to renew it.

A WORD IN SEASON.

It was the usual privilege of Mr. Wilson's servants to attend the Sabbath Evening Lecture at the village church, but on the afternoon of the day to which our last article referred, the clouds gathered so darkly upon the mountains, and lightning flashed so repeatedly, that their master resolved on detaining both Alice and Ellen, to unite in worship with the family at home.

Whatever were the feelings of the servants under that disappointment, it was not a matter of regret to their master, who had heard from their mistress, through Alice, the nature of their conversation in the morning, and had resolved on taking an early opportunity of saying something which might prove "a word in season" to strengthen the remarks then read.

It may not be amiss to observe in passing, that Mr. Wilson felt that the contract between the employer and employed was not entirely fulfilled by the former supplying sufficient food and just wages, and

by the latter giving faithful service in return : on the contrary, he considered the health and sickness, the personal and even family afflictions of his servants, and more especially their spiritual interests, entitled to his sympathy ; whilst on the other hand, he had a vivid consciousness that there are a thousand acts of kindness respecting which no agreement with a servant can be made, which no wages can repay, but which refresh the spirits of a family even as the gentle dew revives the drooping flowers and the parched herbage on the mountain range.

But to return to our story :—Addressing his servants, Mr. Wilson said, “ You are disappointed by the weather this evening, but as this is an event of God’s providence it is your duty to submit to it with cheerfulness, and it will be your fault if it do not turn out for your good. We will now go into the drawing-room, and there worship God, as it is our privilege to do in this Protestant country, ‘ none daring to make us afraid ;’ and if our hearts be engaged in this service, we shall find the truth of those gracious words, ‘ Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy ; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones ;’ (Isaiah lvii. 15 ;) and,” continued Mr. Wilson, “ as our absence from public worship does not arise from wilful neglect, we may also expect the fulfilment of the Lord’s promise, ‘ Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’ ” (Matt. xviii. 20.)

The family having thus assembled for worship,

Mrs. Wilson took her seat at the Piano, and played one of the sweet tunes in Novello's Psalmist, whilst the family and servants united together in singing the following lines,—

“How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide the way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.”

Mr. Wilson then read with much impressiveness the usual evening service and Scripture-lessons; after which another hymn was sung, and he then proceeded thus:—

“I understand, Alice and Ellen, that you were reading this morning a few thoughts on the kind of preachers respecting whom it is important to beware, and I regret to add that there are many such in our Church,—men who, if they are not sworn servants of the Pope of Rome, act as if they were such, and teach doctrines so Romish that those who receive them are often easily induced to swallow down the other absurdities of the Papal Church.

“It is very important to bear in mind whilst listening to preachers, that there are some Bible truths which the most erroneous never gainsay, but on the contrary

dwell upon with earnestness; and if you judge of their truthfulness by such sermons *only*, you will regard them with misplaced confidence. For example, these men sometimes speak very scripturally of man's fallen state, and his inability to atone for sin, but on other occasions, insist on the merit of good works so earnestly that a thoughtful hearer cannot but perceive their teaching just amounts to this—that a poor guilty sinner can do without Christ and save himself. Beware of such teachers or they will ensnare you.

"Let me," continued Mr. Wilson, "exhort you, as I do your mistress and my own children, to rest satisfied with nothing short of *the whole Gospel*; by which I mean—

"*Firstly*,—A faithful exhibition from the Bible of our naturally depraved condition as the children of those who at first sinned against God and fell from the state of holiness in which they were created. (Rom. v. 12.)

"*Secondly*.—Receive the testimony of that preacher, and his only, who represents the Divine Being, notwithstanding man's sin, as a God of pity and compassion, not needing an atonement to *persuade* him to pardon, but to *enable him to do it* consistently with faithfulness and truth—not to procure his love, but coming as the expression of it, even as the Saviour said, (John iii. 16,) 'God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"*Thirdly*.—Mark the preacher, whether he urges the Saviour's obedience as sufficient to honour the divine law which we had broken,—and the sufficiency of his death as our substitute to procure pardon and life for

all who trust in him and take hold of God's covenant. Be very careful to observe whether the preacher insists on the efficacy of some *Priestly* act to make you a Christian, or urges you to faith in Jesus as the way to obtain pardon;—if the former, flee from such a teacher; if the latter, receive and act upon his teaching.

“*Fourthly*.—Regard the minister with affectionate attention, who insists on the *personal character* of the christian life—and shews that religion is a thing for *you*, and that unless *you* receive it in spirit and in truth, you will perish. He will tell you that whilst it embraces things to be believed, it is not a *creed only*, but a *life*, a new life, a life of departure from sin, and of steady effort after holiness.

“*Fifthly*.—Be especially on your guard against those who would teach you that *they* can absolve you from your sin, and that, therefore, you may indulge in it with impunity; nor be less watchful against those who would persuade you that the God of holiness looks with an indulgent eye upon sin if it be committed by his people. There are such teachers as both these: may you ever be preserved from their influence.

“*Sixthly*.—Dwell much upon the counsels of the man who teaches you that whatever be the remaining infirmities of a Christian, the habitual feeling of his new-born nature is a desire to be as holy as his Lord. Such a preacher will insist, with earnest faithfulness, that we are Christians only so far as we are like Christ; and that just *so far as his Spirit dwells in and influences us*, shall we resemble Christ in our life.

“*Lastly* (said Mr. Wilson), for I must not burthen

your memories with too many observations, ever seek to value a ministry which insists on the manifestation of that love which springs from regarding God as our reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, giving him *for us*, and with Him giving all things *to us*: Rom. viii. 32 ; —a ministry which maintains that Christian love is *shown* by love to man rather than in religious rites and ceremonies." (1 John iii. 14—17; Isa. i. 11—17.)

Mr. Wilson was about to make some further observations, but the darkened sky had become still darker, and a loud peal of thunder, succeeded by another and another, rolled across the heavens and echoed from the mountains through the valley, at the entrance of which Melrose Cottage stood. A pause ensued and the family bowed down together in the attitude of prayer, whilst the pious master closed their domestic worship with the beautiful collect: "O Lord, who hast caused all holy Scripture to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy Holy Word we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

"RELIGION MAKES YOU HAPPY, ALICE!"

THERE are occasions when even the elements of nature seem to conspire to impress the solemn teaching of God's inspired Word ; and certainly the loud pealing thunder which prevailed throughout the worship of the evening so recently adverted to, assisted to pro-

duce that effect on the minds of Mr. Wilson's domestics.

Having retired from the presence of the family and taken their seats in the kitchen as near to the window as they deemed it safe whilst the lightning continued, they sat in silence some minutes thoughtfully gazing on the lofty mountains in the distance, which each flash of lightning rendered as visible as when seen in the brightness of noon-day. At length young Ellen, whose countenance betokened much mental sadness, intimated that she could not contemplate such a sight without feeling the uncertainty of life and the great importance of preparation for death and judgment, which the vivid lightning seemed to threaten might come both soon and suddenly.

To this remark Alice replied that the thought of appearing in the presence of a holy God was enough to awaken in the bosom of any human being, deep concern, and that those who are conscious they have never sought the forgiveness of their sins in God's appointed way, ought to feel alarm, since, to die *unpardoned* is to die *condemned*; "but," said she, "to a Christian, death has no terrors, for, though it may separate him from very dear friends on earth, it will unite him more closely to his covenant God and Father in heaven."

Ellen.—I wish, Alice, I could feel as you seem to do on these subjects, but all I dare say at present is, that religion has made me thoughtful, anxious, and often sad, but I think *it makes you happy, Alice.*

Alice.—As far as I can venture to speak with confidence on so serious a subject, Ellen, I can indeed say that it has made me happy, truly happy! and if my

heart could speak it would bear testimony to its belief in these lines :—

" 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply,
Solid comfort when we die."

But, continued Alice, you must seek happiness in the right way, or you will never experience it.

Ellen.—Why you know, Alice, I have been properly baptized, and that no one can be more attentive to the Prayer-book than I am.

Alice.—Yes, Ellen, I have felt much pleased to have such a well-conducted young woman for a fellow-servant, but I must tell you, what you know our present good minister has often said, that baptism cannot save us, because it is a mere *outward sign* of *man's* making, of the inward spiritual grace we need, and which God must give, or we live and die unrenewed, notwithstanding our baptism. And, continued Alice, be assured that no attention to the Prayer-book will prove a substitute for Christ. We are not saved for our prayers, or for our penitence ; for if either could have saved man, as our minister says, the Saviour's sufferings might have been dispensed with.

Ellen.—Well then, Alice, if neither baptism, nor prayers, nor any other duties can afford happiness—do tell me in what you find so much peace ?

Alice.—Before I answer that question, let me beg you to understand that I would not speak against baptism, for that was appointed by our blessed Saviour to be observed when the message of his dying love

was believed and welcomed ; nor dare I speak against prayer, which, when understood aright, is neither more nor less than the utterance of childlike wants and feelings to our heavenly Father. But it is one thing to receive baptism as a token of discipleship and an acknowledgment of our need of sanctifying grace, and another thing to *trust in it* as a saving ordinance ; just as it is one thing to delight in prayer because it is communion with God, and another thing to regard it as meritorious and entitled to reward.

Ellen.—Well, Alice, I must say that you seem to speak the truth ; and if so, I have failed to obtain happiness through not seeking it aright.

Alice.—That is a common error, Ellen, into which thousands fall, and yet if we would calmly reflect on the teachings of God's Word, the simplest inquirer may find the real way of peace.

Ellen.—If that is true, Alice, do guide me in that way by telling me on what you depend.

Alice.—There is one passage of God's Word which perhaps will express the ground of my hope better than any other : it is this—"Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life" (Jude 21) ; or, to put the thought into very simple language, it is—God's Word has shown me that, as a sinner, I must find mercy or be lost, and it proclaims the mercy which I need through the obedience and death of the Lord Jesus ; it tells me that He died for my sins and was raised again for my justification, and that because he now lives, those who believe on Him shall live also. I thankfully believe this because God has said it, and would gratefully exclaim with the

Apostle Paul (Romans v. 8, 11), "God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the *death* of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his *life*. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now *received the atonement*." Yes, continued Alice, God's love to me in Christ, and his ability and willingness to save, are the only grounds of my hope and happiness; and blessed be his name, I need no other, for if, as our minister said last Sunday, under the Jewish law, a man departed from the Temple a *forgiven* man after he had offered the appointed sacrifices; how much more happy ought they to be whose guilt has been atoned for by the precious blood of Christ. (Heb. ix. 13, 14.)

"Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

"He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me."

Alice was about to proceed with the conversation, but the parlour-bell rang for supper, and obliged her to conclude by saying she would resume the conversation when she had attended to her duties.

“HAPPY, TRULY HAPPY.”

THE village clock struck nine as Alice closed the parlour door, after placing the supper-tray on the table and the chairs in order for the family. She then returned to the kitchen, and resumed the conversation which had been previously interrupted by the ringing of the bell.


We must pause, however, in our narrative for a moment, to remark that, unlike some servants who allow their attention to be drawn off by any passing object, both Mr. Wilson's servants were always prompt in answering the bell, from a conviction that *duty* ought to be their first consideration.

Having taken her seat at the table, Alice thus addressed her fellow-servant:—"I have thought for some time past, Ellen, that religion has not made you happy, although, until you made the confession to-day, I had hoped your apparent sadness might arise from some other cause than the absence of religious hope. From what you have this evening told me, however, your want of peace is no matter of surprise to me now, as I find that you have sought it, not as the free gift of God in Christ Jesus, but "by the deeds of the law," like the men of whom St. Paul speaks (Rom. x. 3), who, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness," had not submitted themselves "unto the righteousness of God." Your experience reminds me of our minister's remark, that "the great enemy of man always suits his devices to the state of those whom it is his object to destroy ; hence, *the careless*, he tempts

to continue unconcerned, whilst *the seriously anxious* he seeks to lead into the paths of false security and delusive hope,—security and hope so doubtful and flickering, that even a partially enlightened conscience cannot but be troubled by mistrust and forebodings. This fact may be seen daily exemplified in the abject looks of those who rest their hopes of securing God's favour on the number of their attendances in the sanctuary; the multitude of prayers they offer, or the penances to which they submit; the pilgrimages they make to places and things superstitiously *called* sacred; the confessions they make to their priest, and the absolutions he impiously professes to bestow upon them;—yes, there is, even in the confidence placed in these things, such frequent apprehensions lest, after all, the soul should be lost, that it may be truly said of those who build on such a false foundation, 'the way of peace they have not known.'

"I must confess," said Ellen, "that those words of our minister had been quite forgotten by me; and I must also acknowledge that they exactly describe my experience, for my heart never felt satisfied that God could forgive and bless me merely because I asked Him to do so."

Alice.—No, Ellen; peace of conscience is not to be found in *our doings*, but in *God's love to us in Christ Jesus*; that alone can make us happy, truly happy. And this remark brings me back to the sure and simple teaching of the Bible, which makes the way of salvation so plain to those who sincerely seek it, that, whilst it is said to be hidden from the worldly "wise and prudent," the Saviour declares it is revealed to those who are comparatively babes.



Ellen.—Do explain it to me further, Alice, that I may place my hope where it will not be disappointed.

Alice.—As far as I am able, it will afford me great delight to do so; and, perhaps, I cannot do better than begin by asking you to read the gracious words, referred to by Peter (1 Pet. ii. 6), "Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded." And then the heart-cheering declaration of the apostle Paul (Gal. iv. 4, 5), "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons;" and then, in connexion with these, read the gracious promise of the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify believers (Ezek. xi. 19, 20), "I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh, that they may walk in my statutes, and keep my ordinances and do them: and *they shall be my people, and I will be their God.*"

And, lastly, read that joyous expression of St. Peter (1 Pet. i. 3—5), which shows that believers are happy in the consciousness of this change: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

"You see," continued Alice, "that the grounds of

a Christian's confidence are not that he has been baptized, or that he is not as unjust and sensual as many others; or that he fasts and prays, and gives tithes of all that he possesses, for he has learnt from God's truth (1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3), that he might be and do all these, and yet be no better than "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal,"—a mere empty professor, "having a name to live while dead in trespasses and sins." No; he believes what the Bible tells him of his own spiritual necessities, and, under a deep sense of destitution, thankfully accepts Divine mercy as it is offered, "without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

Ellen.—Oh! Alice, I have been looking to myself rather than to Jesus for salvation, and therefore, perhaps, it is no wonder that I have not found peace.

Alice.—It would have been a wonder, Ellen, if you *had* found it in that way; for He who has caused it to be written, that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast" never cheered a soul whilst erring, with an enlightened consciousness of his approval.

Ellen.—But does God really require nothing as a reason for forgiving sinners?

Alice.—Only this, Ellen:—the atonement which his dear Son has made for sinners, and that all who accept his salvation, submit to his teaching and walk in his ways. His language is (Matt. xi. 28, 29), "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." He imposes no hard condition (Rom. x. 6—11), or the poor and feeble could not be saved; his promise is to *faith*, that is, belief,

trust, confidence, reliance; that the poor, the blind, and lame, the most destitute of God's creatures, may be able to accept and embrace it.

Ellen.—What wondrous goodness there is in God, Alice!

Alice.—Yes, Ellen; and the more we contemplate that goodness, the more deeply shall we be abased before him, and the more anxious to glorify his name.

Ellen.—I do trust, Alice, that it will be my happiness to feel that goodness leading me to love Him and to keep his commandments.

Alice.—If you are sincere, Ellen, you are just taking the first step in a course of happiness which, if steadily pursued, will end in everlasting life.

"Sweet as home to pilgrim weary,
Light to newly-open'd eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the Cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to life immortal rise."

"And," continued Alice, "there is this delightful thought to cheer you by the way,—that if you are Christ's disciple, He is your Intercessor, Guardian, and Friend; and however conscious you may be of unworthiness, it will ever be your privilege to say,—

"Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His blood for me did once atone,
And ever pleads before the throne."

"I WISH THAT WAS MINE."

"I WISH that was mine!" was so frequently the exclamation of Amelia, the younger nursery servant in Mr. Garwood's family, that a stranger might have been led to regard her as a very covetous young woman. We shall introduce her to our readers by stating that it was Mr. Garwood's practice to resort with his family and servants, in the month of August, to some retired spot by the sea side, where his children could roam about upon the beach, and dig and delve in the soft fine sand without restraint or danger.

On the occasion we are about to refer to, both Katherine, the senior nursery servant, and Amelia arose with their youthful charge unusually early on the morning after their arrival at their long-looked-for retreat, and as soon as they had breakfasted and family-prayer was ended, set off to the beach.

We shall not attempt to depict the joy of the little ones when they reached the lower end of the lane, and, for the first time since the previous summer, caught sight of the sea; nor shall we endeavour to describe the pits dug, or the miniature mountains sought to be raised on the sands; suffice it to say that Augustus, Alice, Frederick, and Mary, whose ages varied from four years to nine, were at once actively employed in the work of excavation.

It had frequently been remarked by Katherine, who was an intelligent, thoughtful woman, that Amelia's infirmity of *wishing things were her's*, was always unduly excited on these annual visits to the sea-coast; a fact for which Katherine accounted by the number of new objects which met her young companion's eye,

and by the circumstance that Amelia had once been so weak and foolish as to give sixpence to a crafty fortune-teller who constantly lurked about the beach, and who had told her that marine villas, carriages, and lands, would some day be her bridal portion. The spending of that sixpence on a woman who lived by fraud and lies appeared to Katherine so sinful, that, if she had not been assured by Amelia how much she repented of her folly, Katherine would have felt bound to mention it to her mistress.

But notwithstanding Amelia's assurance of regret, her habitual expression, "*I wish that was mine*," seemed to indicate a secret dissatisfaction with her station, and Katherine resolved to take some fitting opportunity to point out to her the impropriety and danger of indulging such a feeling.

Having enjoyed themselves so much in the morning on the sands, Mrs. Garwood desired that the children should be taken in the evening through the green lanes and meadows to the downs.

On their way thither the little ones were first attracted by the pretty white, blue, red, and yellow wild flowers which so beautifully bestudded and adorned the hedgerows; then, by the warbling lark in the clear blue sky, or by the flight of partridges from the place of their concealment when startled by the joyous prattle of the children: but Amelia's habit still seemed to haunt her, for whether they passed by the hall of the Squire, or some respectable farm-house, or the light and elegant chaise of a visitor to the neighbourhood, it was sure to call forth the restless exclamation, "I wish that was mine."

It was an evening when everything in creation

seemed adapted to inspire health and contentment; a gentle breeze passed over the waving corn-fields, and the sun was setting like a globe of fire in the western sky, giving promise in his departing glories,

"Of rising in brighter array ;"

the husbandmen were busily engaged in putting up their last sheaves in the corn-fields before returning to their humble homes, whilst the industrious bee ever and anon flitted past with a loud hum on its way to its hive.

At length the servants and children reached the place of Mr. Garwood's temporary sojourn, and when the family had retired to rest, Katherine took the opportunity of saying to her young fellow servant, "My dear Amelia, I have long wished to tell you of a fault which I do hope you will seriously consider, and as age has given me opportunities for reflection which you have not yet had, I trust you will regard my advice with attention." Amelia looked surprised, and inquired with some anxiety of what fault she had been guilty.

Katherine.—Nothing which *at present* hurts any other than yourself; but its nature is dishonest, and if you continue to indulge it, I cannot say that it will not end in theft.

Amelia, with much concern, inquired if Katherine were in earnest.

Katherine.—I am indeed, and He who said, "Thou shalt not covet," has taught us in his word that covetousness is a sin which leads to dishonesty.

Amelia.—But what have I done that is covetous?

Katherine.—You have *done nothing*, but *said much*

that is so. Your constant habit of saying "*I wish that was mine*," is a proof that your heart is very covetous, ("for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,") and is a transgression of God's holy law.

Amelia.—But I don't see why I may not wish for what I look at.

Katherine.—You ought to see, *Amelia*, that there is *danger* in desiring to have what is not your own, as he who is always near to tempt us to evil may lead us to take some unlawful means to obtain the object of desire; but, above all, you ought to see that it is sinful, because the divine Being has expressly said, "*Thou shalt not covet*."

Amelia.—But I cannot help liking what I look at.

Katherine.—I fear, *Amelia*, that expression means that you *like sin*, and therefore will indulge it; if that be so, you will have a sinner's doom, for nothing that is covetous will enter heaven. But if by *liking what you look at*, you mean admiring God's wisdom in his works, and in the skill so manifest in the works of man, then I say the more you indulge *that liking* the better. And now let me tell you, what perhaps you have not yet remarked, *that God's gifts are much more equally bestowed than many are aware of*. For instance, you and I, and the poorest person we have met, are all as free to look upon the broad green ocean, and to breathe its bracing air, as the Queen upon the throne; and in walking down the green lanes, the trees and flowers and corn-fields have all been our's to fill us with delight and joy. It is true we have not had to pay rent for the land, or wages for its tillage, or for gathering in its harvest, and

therefore have no right to the produce of its fruits ; but we can look upon it and mark its progress, and rejoice in its fruitfulness, with *less care than if it were our own*.

Amelia.—Well, I never thought of that.

Katherine.—And, perhaps, you never thought that the nobles of the land, some of whom have three or four mansions, with parks adjoining, in various parts of the kingdom, can only do as we do ;—live at one place at a time, and whilst there, can only contemplate the beauties of their parks in the same way that their servants, and the peasantry around them, can also look and admire.

Amelia.—No, I never thought of that before.

Katherine.—And we do well to remember that the beauties of these dwellings may be seen by all well-conducted persons who will ask permission to inspect them ; and what is still more, servants are kept there on purpose to attend on such visitors.

Amelia.—Well, really, I feel that we all have more enjoyments of *our own* than I expected.

Katherine.—We have endless sources of enjoyment if our hearts were devoutly disposed to contemplate them ; but there is only one more ground of contentment and pleasure which I will point out to you, and that is in our usual home.

Amelia.—And what can that be ?

Katherine.—It should arise from everything that is there, *Amelia*—the furniture, chairs, tables, looking-glasses, piano, carpets ; everything that makes the house look beautiful, and, above all, the piety and order that makes it a happy home.

Amelia.—But what have we to do with all these ?

Katherine.—Why, each of us has as much to do with them as any other person in the house. The property, indeed, is our master's; it is not his children's, nor our's: but you would not say that master enjoys all these things to the exclusion of his family; and just as his enjoyment causes no diminution of their joy, so their's leaves the house with all its beautiful conveniences, comforts, and arrangements, to give *us servants* as much pleasure as contented, grateful hearts can possibly experience.

Amelia.—Well, Katherine, that is quite true; but I never had such thoughts about home before.

Katherine.—Few of us take a correct account of our mercies, or see how abundantly God has surrounded us by sources of enjoyment; and, perhaps, no truth is more plain than this to those who are willing to be taught by God's Word that, in proportion as we *gratefully* use what He has placed at our disposal, we shall cease to *wish for* what He has wisely placed above our reach.

THE REFUGE.

It was the privilege of Grandfather Gray to be present, a few weeks since, at the Annual Meeting of the Female-Aid Society, held at the Home for Penitent Females, in White Lion-street, Islington;* and as some of his readers may not have heard of that

* The Female-Aid Society has also two other establishments, namely, the Home for friendless Young Females of good character, 17, New Ormond-street, London; and the Home and Registry for Female Servants, also of unblemished reputation, 51, Southampton-row, Russell-square.

excellent Establishment, he takes this opportunity of stating that it is kindly provided for the reception of females who have departed from the path of virtue, but desire to abandon their course of sin and degradation.

It is pleasing to add, that this merciful provision is open to all who may wish to embrace it; that no introduction from a subscriber is required; but that, whilst there is room, any who desire to forsake a life of infamy and wretchedness may enter that hospitable home.

As the support of such an establishment involves a considerable outlay, and more especially as the moral welfare of the inmates renders it imperative that suitable employment should be given them, the premises have been fitted up as a laundry, to which numerous respectable families send their linen to be washed.

On the evening before alluded to, Grandfather Gray had the pleasure of inspecting the rooms appropriated to the washing and ironing departments, and he also saw some interesting specimens of the beautiful manner in which ladies' and gentlemen's articles of apparel are there "*got up*."

After this general inspection, the company assembled in a spacious room, which had been prettily adorned with flowers and evergreens by the inmates, with here and there a motto expressive of gratitude to those who had provided such a refuge. The chair having been taken, and praise and prayer offered, the inmates were led in by the matron and assistant, who marshalled them at one end of the room, in rows of ten or a dozen. There were in all more than sixty of

these females, *chiefly young women*; but regarding them as a group, their ages probably varied from seventeen to forty.

The spectacle was one of deep and touching interest; and no thoughtful person could contemplate those ranks of neatly-clad, cleanly females, and remember the life from which they had emerged, without imploring that He who delights in showing mercy to the penitent would so endue them with his grace, that, on their departure from the Refuge, they might "go and sin no more." An excellent clergyman then delivered an affectionate and judicious address to them; tenderly alluding to their former course of life, which had rendered that Refuge so welcome a home; reminding them of the difficulties incident to so great a change of occupation, and the grace which they required to enable them to regain and preserve a blameless reputation when their probation in that home should have ended. To this address the most earnest attention appeared to be given, and many were the tears (oh! that they may have been tears of penitence!) shed by some of that interesting throng. After a hymn had been sung, prayer was offered by the gentleman who had addressed them, and the proceedings of the evening closed with an anthem, becomingly sung by the young women, to promote whose welfare the company had assembled.

That interesting evening has now for ever passed away, but its engagements have left an impression which will not soon be forgotten. Often has that affecting group of young women presented itself to Grandfather Gray's recollection, and awakened reflections of sympathy and sadness. He has in imagi-

nation traced some of them through their devious wanderings to the homes of their childhood, and imagined them, with unpolluted minds, listening to portions of the Sacred Page, and bowing the knee with their parents, and brothers, and sisters, at morning and evening worship. He has pictured to himself the stern necessity which compelled fond mothers to send forth their daughters to service, to encounter the temptations of a seductive world; he has listened to their earnest prayers, and parting, but *unheeded counsels*, and he has realized in thought how easily such unsuspecting young creatures may have been victimized by men who wait and *watch to ensnare and destroy*.

But he has been led to assume that, perhaps, the greater number of those whose position and appearance then awakened the prayerful sympathy of the ladies and gentlemen assembled, had never enjoyed the advantage of a godly example at home, the pious instruction of a Sabbath-school teacher, or even the restraining influence arising from listening to the Gospel on the Sabbath. No; perhaps they had never heard the name of their Creator or Redeemer but in connexion with an oath, or the blessed Bible spoken of but in terms of derision and contempt. Alas! these may not have been their only disadvantages. It may have been their misfortune (and such is the lot of thousands) to spend their tenderest and most teachable years in neighbourhoods distinguished by open and degraded vice; and who can wonder if, on entering into servitude with depraved and vitiated morals, they were easily tempted, or even became the first tempters to sin.

But the old man will not speculate further on the probabilities of their childhood; nor will he attempt to imagine by what slight deviations from a virtuous propriety some of them may have begun that downward course which has already led to disgrace and misery. No; he would rather rejoice in the fact that they have felt their degradation, and found refuge in a house of mercy. There they are: thanks to the gracious Providence that has opened such "a door of hope!" and there they may learn how to obtain Divine mercy, and grace to help them in every future time of need.

Whilst Grandfather Gray would not write a single word with the intention of wounding hearts already humbled by contrition for the past, he feels constrained to say to those who may read these pages, and who still bear an unstained reputation, "Be not high-minded, but fear;" "let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth," nor allow, without rebuke, an impure expression to be used by another in your presence; shun the society of all who do not reverence the holy Sabbath and God's sacred Word, and suspect that he who would entice you from the house of God, under any pretext whatever, is a being who would imperil your moral character, and endanger the salvation of your soul.

THE MARK OF THE WRECK.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June when my uncle Jonathan and myself left our temporary lodgings, at Herne Bay, in Kent, and

walked deliberately down the lengthy pier to await the arrival of the Margate steamer, which had been some time in sight. Those only who are accustomed to act on my uncle's very homely maxim,—

“Keep the time for starting in view,
Or disappointment you may rue,”

know the real pleasure of avoiding the heat and turmoil experienced by persons who leave their arrangements for travelling to the last hour, and are consequently often too late for the conveyance, or reach it when it is just going off.

Such a misfortune never happened to my uncle Jonathan, who arrived at the pier-head, on the morning referred to, at least twenty minutes before the steamer approached it.

Having walked on board with his usual care and caution, he first selected a snug place for his carpet-bag, and then placing a camp-stool as nearly as possible amidships, seated himself with his back against one of the little deck cabins, and his feet on a small post, round which the sailors make fast their mooring ropes or hawsers.

The words “go on” having been shouted to the man at the engine, the vessel glided away from the pier, and for some time dashed forward with majestic speed straight out to sea. She then turned about; and, to use a nautical phrase, “ran alongside” the perilous Goodwin Sands, the locality of which, as far as the eye could reach, might be easily discerned by the yellow appearance of the water, and also by the short white-crested waves, which continually broke upon the sands as if to proclaim to all beholders that the territory of danger and death was there.

The vessel had been speeding on her way about an hour when I walked towards my uncle, and seeing him in one of his thoughtful moods, inquired respectfully what was the subject of his musings, having myself just come to the conclusion that we had, up to that point in our journey, met with very little that merited observation.

My uncle soon satisfied me, however, that wherever there is a mind disposed to ponder, and a heart inclined to learn, there are subjects in abundance for profitable meditation.

"Come here, boy," said he, moving his camp-stool aside to make room for one which hung upon my arm; "come here, boy, and sit by my side, and I will tell you what I have been thinking of."

Young as I then was, it was no privation to me to give up my walk from stem to stern, first looking at the distant ships, and then gazing on the sea-gulls which soared aloft, or sat gracefully on the curling waves: I say it was no privation to me to surrender this liberty and enjoyment in order to listen to my uncle's observations.

"I am glad," said he, smiling, "that you have asked for my thoughts, as it strikes me we have just passed an object which should yield us instruction; and having said this, my uncle pointed to something about three miles off, standing in the sea, and within the space I have before referred to as denoting the locality of the Goodwin Sands.

"Do you see that mast-like staff, boy, with something at the top which, at this distance, looks like a tub?" I replied, "Yea."

"Well, boy, then try to remember that object and

what I may now say about it, for *that is the mark of a wreck.*"

The last word, and the seriousness with which it was uttered, bespoke my fixed attention, whilst my uncle continued :—"Beneath that staff lies imbedded in the sands all that remains of the once-beautiful emigrant ship 'Enterprize.' It is now about four years since that fine vessel sailed down the river, with a fair wind, bound for one of our Australian colonies, having on board a rich cargo and more than two hundred emigrants. The morning was fine when she left Gravesend, with stores and tackle in abundance, a skilful captain and a sturdy crew. Amongst her passengers were persons of various conditions in life; the wealthy merchant, the enterprising tradesman, the industrious mechanic, and the laborious peasant,—all leaving the land of their birth with hearts full of hope, that a voyage thus favourably begun would also end propitiously.

"Alas! boy," said my uncle, "at sun-set the bright blue sky became overcast; dark clouds swept swiftly across the firmament; as night set in the wind increased to a gale, before day-break it blew a hurricane, and when the sun rose the fine ship 'Enterprize' was discovered on the Goodwin Sands, and every living thing on board had perished!"

A tale so sad naturally drew from me an exclamation of sympathy in which my uncle cordially united, and then proceeded to say that many ships which set sail with as fair prospects had in the course of years been wrecked under similar circumstances, and then lay imbedded in those deep and ever-restless sands.

"But," continued my uncle, "I wish to induce in



you the habit of moralizing upon such subjects, inasmuch as they are adapted to yield instruction that will make you better fitted for the life that now is as well as that which is to come."


Perceiving that I did not quite comprehend in what way such objects could thus enlighten me, my uncle said, with much earnestness, "That ship 'Enterprize,' boy, is but an emblem of many a young person who sets out in life, all-joyous and hopeful, with a blue sky and smiling sunshine above, and friends aiding, like a fair wind, the project upon which the youthful heart is set; but when the voyage of life has been only begun, it often happens that some hidden snare besets the path pursued, the feet wander from the course of safety, and he who seemed to be in the way to honour, wealth, and happiness, becomes a wreck in character and fortune.

"My dear boy," continued my uncle Jonathan, as he affectionately pressed my shoulder with his right-hand, whilst he pointed to the mark of the wreck with his left, "I am painfully reminded at this moment of a young gentleman whom I knew some years since, in the city, from the commencement of his articles until his death, at the age of thirty-five. Few youths ever entered upon a life of business more becomingly, and still fewer perhaps with better prospects of success; but he yielded to lustful propensities; the first step in a sensual course having been soon succeeded by a second and a third, and it is to be feared, without one anxious inquiry, 'How shall I do this great wickedness and sin against God?'"

"Unhappily, before his depravity became known, he succeeded in gaining the affections of a virtuous

young lady, to whom he was ultimately married, and in the course of a few years had a son and two daughters. The depraved youth, however, did not become a reformed man; he had learnt to set the Divine law at defiance, and therefore felt little difficulty in rending asunder the sacred ties which ought to have bound him as a husband and father. Suffice it to say, my dear boy (*and I hold up his memory to you as the mark of a wreck*), he became a gambler, drunkard, and an associate of the most immoral and unclean. Thus acting he carried disease and poverty into his family, and was at length conveyed to a public hospital, a loathsome outcast from society, and died an object of disgust to all who saw him. Think, my dear boy, of *the mark of this wreck*, and remember that the same courses still lead to the same end."

My uncle Jonathan fetched a deep sigh, and continued: "I could point to a dozen cases (not all so melancholy as this, but all presenting circumstances of great sadness,) which have come within my own knowledge, but two shall suffice. The first refers to a young lady who was tenderly brought up and placed in a respectable boarding-school by her parents. From thence she was accustomed to walk with her school-fellows to church on the Sabbath-day, but her subsequent history disclosed the melancholy fact that, on her way thither, and whilst others were engaged in God's worship, she carried on a correspondence, by looks and motions, with a youth as thoughtless and ungodly as herself. To this youth she was at length married under circumstances of very great disgrace, and soon found that she had entered upon a thorny



path of disappointment, poverty, and woe. More than twenty years have since passed away, during which she has been little better than a fugitive and vagabond on the face of the earth, silently proclaiming by her sufferings to all who remember her innocent childhood and subsequent sin and sorrow, 'Behold *the mark of a wreck!*' "

"I will mention only one other instance," said my dear uncle. "It relates to a young woman whom I well knew in her servitude. She had been trained in a Sunday-school, and religiously brought up by her parents; entered the service of a family who were concerned for her spiritual welfare; had as many opportunities for improvement as usually fall to the lot of servants, and might have retained her situation respected and beloved for many years; but, alas! she not only cast off the fear of God, but self-respect, and purity of conduct; formed an unlawful intimacy with a young man in the family; was soon discovered; left her situation in disgrace, and became the mother of a child, whose father deserted it, and which, whilst it lives, will be the memorial of its mother's shame.

"Alas!" said my uncle, "the world abounds with such objects of character and prospects blasted by sin; and each one as we meet it seems to address us in tones of solemn warning, 'Behold and learn wisdom from *the mark of a wreck.*' "

immoral character to leave a doubt of their intention ; yet, with such men have they walked, sat, and conversed, sometimes allowing the children they were bound to protect and guide, to run where they pleased, and associate with whom they might, or to sit and hear the licentious conversation of men from whom their nurses ought to have fled as from the presence of a serpent. Ah ! who can tell how much the minds of children have been corrupted and robbed of the sweet peace of innocent integrity by the filthy conversation of the wicked, into whose presence they have been thus taken.

But let it not be supposed that the old man would raise a prejudice against nurses. No, no : he would only lead employers to discriminate between the bad and the good ; and whilst he would urge parents to reject with horror the services of the former, he would seek for the latter the pecuniary encouragement and the warmest esteem they deserve.

And whilst he would not extenuate in the slightest degree the culpable conduct he has complained of, he must say that it has often appeared to him that no class of female servants is so much exposed to the snares of bad men as nurses, inasmuch as duty calls them to frequent with their infant charge places at a distance from their homes, where nothing but a virtuous dignified firmness, and a conscientious determination to do their duty, not only as in the presence of their employers, but as in the sight of God, can enable them effectually to repel the advances of the profligate loungeur, or the seductions of the unprincipled villain in disguise.

Grandfather Gray turns, however, from the bad to

the excellent and worthy, and he can say with heart-felt sincerity, "All honour to the Emmas that are such indeed!" for, whether he regards them as the nurses of the sick, or of the young, if they exemplify in their character and conduct what their name imports, no thanks, no praise, no reward can exceed their desert.

Let the old man have the pleasure of recalling to his own mind (and in doing so, let him be the means of reviving in the minds of others,) the obligations which are due to those who nursed them in infancy like mothers, or who watched over them during days of sickness in riper years, anticipating their wants, striving to be beforehand in their offices of kindness, and, like the Author of all good, repeating those acts of goodness even in return for peevishness and frowns; and, if the old man has touched a chord of gratitude in bosoms until now forgetful of obligations, let them unite with him in thanks to Him who has so constituted our moral nature, that the very act of summing up the debt of gratitude we owe to our fellow-creatures awakens in our bosoms feelings of satisfaction and enjoyment, and enables us to feel, in attempting to repay a debt of kindness, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

DEBORAH—*a Bee.*

It has struck Grandfather Gray very forcibly that considerable influence would be exerted in the formation of character, if it were the custom of society generally to analyze, and frequently to advert to, *the import*

of *Christian names* ; and he thinks that if such a practice were marked by kindness, and not by satire, many an individual, whose course is sadly at variance with her name, might be led to serious reflection and amendment, and finally to realize the fond anticipations of those who gave the name as the dearest pledge and jewel of their fondest hopes.

Grandfather Gray would not be too sanguine in his expectations on this subject ; but he is disposed to cherish the persuasion that, if every *Deborah* knew that her name signifies "*a Bee*," the recollection of that fact would have some influence in the formation of her character. To the old man's mind it appears to require more credulity to disbelieve than to believe that such would be the case ; and that he may do something to secure such a happy consummation of his fond imaginings, he will now attempt to describe some of the imitative actions of the *Bee*.

And who, while thus engaged, can possibly forget its *active industry* ? On the wing, at dawn of day, it speeds its flight across the meadows, visits gardens, fields, woods, shrubberies, and orchards, nor yields to weariness until its daily work is done.

Let not the *Deborahs* who read the old man's humble musings think that his imagination has become feverish, and that his fancy would invest them with the power of soaring abroad amidst flowers and blossoms with the industrious *Bee* ! No, no, that is not his intention ; but he would invite them to imitate that wondrous little being in its devotedness to labour, and in its fidelity in accomplishing the object which the good and wise Creator formed it to fulfil.

And may not the old man, with equal propriety,

advert to the *perseverance of the Bee*? For who, whether citizen or rustic, has not watched the little creature, first entering the lily, then the carnation, the honeysuckle, the blue-bell, and the rose; now visiting the apple blossom, and next the peach, the apricot, and nectarine, and now winging her way to the wild thyme, the heath-bell, and the daisy, extracting from each and all some floral sweet, and teaching, by her *perseverance*, that the great Lord of all has implanted more or less of good in all the objects which surround his creatures, and that intelligent and immortal beings may, in the persevering discharge of duty, extract some sweetness, not only from the flowers and blossoms of pleasurable engagements, but also from thorns and briars, the cares and sorrows, which attend them.

And let not the old man omit the Bee's *providence*—its foresight and care. Ever ready to improve the smiling hours of sunshine, let its gains be what they may, no extravagance or excess can be attributed to it; but, after satisfying the claims of present want, there, in the storehouse of its hive, are the precious fruits of industry and toil stored up against a rainy day.

Say not that in all this the little insect only obeys the blind instinct God has given it. It is enough for Grandfather Gray's purpose that *it does what its Maker wills it to perform*; and oh! what a heaven would earth become if every being endowed with the nobler light of reason were to "go and do likewise." Oh, ye Deborahs! who rank so much higher than the Bee amongst the creatures of the infinitely wise and gracious Lord of heaven and earth, look upon the insect whose name you bear, and learn to economize

your time, your privileges, your gains, so as to have *something of your own to depend upon*, if sickness, loss of situation, or any other calamity should attend you; nor learn to prepare for *time only*, but, "while it is called to day," and while "the Sun of Righteousness" is shining "with healing in his beams," seek, by repentance, prayer, and faith, to know the Saviour, "whom to know" aright "is life eternal."

In referring to the imitative actions of the Bee, to induce the Deborahs who may read the feeble efforts of his pen to "go and do likewise," Grandfather Gray feels that he would be guilty of a great injustice to the interesting little insect, if he were not to glance at its *love of home*.

It may be said that, during the hours of sunshine, and whilst the gentle breezes fan the waving blossoms of the laburnum, the hawthorn, and the honeysuckle, the Bee is rather a gay traveller than an industrious stay-at-home; but let it be remembered that in its daily flight it is incessantly employed in securing home comforts, and that when that object is attained, homeward it returns. Perhaps the old man cannot give a more convincing proof of its love of home than by referring to the apparent pleasure with which it seems to enter the little doorway of its dwelling, after alighting upon the humble bench or board which supports it; and to the contentment which is observable in its labours whilst storing up the gatherings of the day in its wondrously-constructed cells.

Oh! that every Deborah's situation may be a *home*, so much endeared to her by recollections of God's goodness to her there, and by the consciousness of her own fidelity in her sphere of action, that, if called

away by duty or pleasure for a season, she may return to it with as much cheerfulness and joy as the little Bee flies back at evening to its humble hive.

But Grandfather Gray must not omit to mention its *love of order*. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a sentiment which deserves to be remembered by all, especially by servants; and if the Deborahs who read the old man's humble musings will take the trouble, or rather, he would say, allow themselves the pleasure, of watching the conduct of the Bee, whose name they bear, they may learn a useful lesson even on this subject; for, not only in the structure of the honeycomb, but in the general proceedings of the hive, there is so much order, exactness, and regularity, that the beholder cannot help feeling that, if the abodes of men were equally distinguished, one half of human misery would be banished from the world.

The old man may be thought rather romantic in his notions on this subject; but, if he be not greatly mistaken, he can trace in his retrospect of many families much discomfort and even misery to a cause so apparently simple as the want of order and regularity.

But, not to be tedious, he will only gather one more lesson of instruction from the Bee, and that shall be its *love of discipline*.

It may be said that this idea is scarcely distinguishable from that which he has just referred to; but, for the sake of simplicity, and for other reasons, he has chosen to make the distinction.

In the Bee, which this day fulfils its Maker's will as faithfully as the first little creature of its kind which alighted upon the beauteous flowers of Eden, the love

of order is the love of discipline, and the love of discipline is the love of order; but, alas! alas! it is not so with all the human family, nor with all the Deborahs who will read these remarks. There may be (and it is praiseworthy wherever found), there may be much love of order, the utmost cleanliness and neatness, every article of furniture arranged with good taste, and kept with the greatest care; but there may also be in the same individual such an absence of self-discipline, such a forgetfulness of the deference due from the servant to the employer, or of the forbearance due from one servant to another, that the least disarrangement of an article will ruffle the temper, and sometimes lead to words or conduct which may end in sorrow, separation, and irreparable loss. The old man's heart sickens at the thought that so much that is "honest, lovely, and of good report," as may be found in the general conduct of many Deborahs, should be marred by an irritability that will submit to no disappointment or vexation without resenting it.

As the sincere friend of even such, the old man would say, resort to Him, who can renew and sanctify the heart, for grace to act becomingly in all things; like the Bee, industriously, perseveringly, providently; with a love of home and of order, and, at the same time, with such a love of discipline as shall not be inconsistent with deference to superiors, and with forbearance to equals and inferiors. Then shall you enjoy the delightful satisfaction of feeling that you can do the will of your Father who is in heaven; then shall you be truly "blessed in your deed."

GERTRUDE—*all truth*.

THERE are names expressive of generosity, constancy, zeal, and other qualities, which it does the heart good to reflect upon; but Grandfather Gray has no hesitation in declaring that, when compared with them, "Gertrude," *all truth*, is, in his estimation, of surpassing interest and beauty.

If it were not beyond the ken of mortals to trace the slumbering ashes of the parents who first pronounced the name of Gertrude as that by which their beloved infant should be designated through life, every lover of the good and excellent would be ready to do honour to those whose hearts prompted the adoption of that name in preference to all others; but their record is on high: they are known to Him from whom all truth proceeds; and when every secret shall be revealed, these "hidden ones," so worthy of everlasting honour, shall receive the public testimonial of his approval.

The old man's heart warms, as he writes, with the thought of what the world would have been if every human spirit had been prompted by this *gertrude*, all-truth principle of action, and he longs for the time when, by the prevalence of truth, secret resentments, eye-service, and revenge—so opposed to truth—with a thousand other human deformities, shall be banished from the earth like hideous birds of night by the bright beamings of the orb of day.

As practical utility, not pastime, is the object of Grandfather Gray's homely communication, he will not occupy the fleeting moments of his readers with

general reflections upon the loveliness of the sincere, transparent, *gertrude*, all-truth character, but will proceed to narrate one or two instances in which the absence of this charming quality has been the cause of much annoyance to employers, and of loss to servants.

The first case which occurs to the old man's mind is that of a youth who was sent by his master to pay a cheque into his bankers, but which, through carelessness, he lost by the way. On the discovery of his loss, prudence would have suggested that he should have ran instantly to the bankers upon whom the cheque was drawn, to warn them not to pay it to a stranger, and then, that he should have hastened home to his employer to communicate the tidings of his misfortune, however unpleasant it might be to do so. There is no difficulty in truth and candour, no contrivance or invention necessary; the plain unbosoming of a fact is the simplest operation in the world; and if in performing this act something painful is disclosed, the old man knows from observation and experience that, if censure be the immediate result, forgiveness is almost sure to follow.

Such, however, was not the course pursued by this youth; there was a lack of moral firmness, of truth and candour, in his character; he returned to his employer, not to confess, but to resume his duties, as if all had been right.

Grandfather Gray would desire to be impressed with the conviction, and to fasten it upon the minds of his readers, that truth and falsehood are by no means confined to the utterance of the mouth and the

pen ; alas ! no ; many of the daily actions of life are as certainly evidences of adherence to the one or the other.

The inspired writer has declared that "lying lips are but for a moment ;" and the old man has frequently observed that *deceptive conduct* is frequently as soon unveiled and exposed. Such was the case in the instance referred to : the employer, finding that the cheque had not been credited by the banker, required an explanation of the circumstance from the youth who had been sent with it, and, as well he might be, was most indignant at the concealment of the loss.

The old man will not stop to relate any further particulars of this transaction ; he has said enough to show that where the lovely quality of truth, frankness, candour—call it what you may—is absent, the servant who disregards it is degraded, and the employer wronged.

Grandfather Gray might say much of property destroyed by the carelessness of servants, and cunningly placed upon the shelf as if entire, or thrown among the dust to effect concealment ; but in all these cases, and in a thousand others which the consciences of servants can supply, there is the same absence of that *gertrude*, all-truth spirit, which it is his earnest wish to promote.

That spirit, however, forbids the old man to pour out all his censures upon servants ; truth and justice demand a word to employers ; and, therefore, without wishing to be disrespectful, he must say that he has heard of instances in which *they* have shown as great a disregard of the lovely quality to which he has adverted, as can be charged against their domestics.

Wrong is wrong, be it done by whom it may; and the old man will not incur the censure of "Him who judgeth righteously," by merely reprobating evil in the humbler classes. No, no; there is as much untruth and fraud on the part of the employer who hires a servant to do the work of a family of four or five, when there are really six or seven, as there is on the part of a servant who only *partly* does that which she engages to do entirely and well; and, in the sight of Him who tries the hearts of men, there is as much injustice and dishonesty in badly feeding and badly paying those who serve, as when the latter waste what they ought to eat, and lose or pilfer that which is not their own.

It would be no difficult task for Grandfather Gray, if he were to indulge an old man's love of talking, to dwell upon the infirmities of those in whose character and conduct it would be impossible to find the love of truth, of which the name of Gertrude is significant. He will content himself, however, with the narration of only one instance more in which the absence of that heaven-born virtue rendered the young female to whom his thoughts recur, a poor, degraded creature, and the cause of deep sorrow to her relatives.

When the old man first saw her, in the family of one of his acquaintances, she was apparently healthy, happy, and respected; and, but for the circumstances to which he will presently refer, she might have been an inmate of that peaceful dwelling to the present hour, growing in estimation in proportion to her length of service, and securing the attachment which almost invariably results from, and is the reward of, fidelity.

Every human being has some besetting sin; but, thanks to the restraining and helping grace of God! every human being does not yield to the temptations presented to him. Alas! it was otherwise with Susan, whose inclinations seemed to yield most readily to the love of finery and the love of eating.

Grandfather Gray is not about to enter upon a crusade against respectable attire; far be it from him to do so. On the contrary, he would rejoice to know that every servant were paid so as to encourage her in her toils, and that she were able to dress in a manner suited to her station.

Still less would the old man say one word which can have a tendency to deprive a servant of the enjoyments of the table; on the contrary, he can lay his hand upon his heart and say that, if his pleasure at a well-spread table has at any time been marred, it has been by the thought of the toil and trouble which the servant of the family must have had in the preparation of the viands.

But the weakness of young Susan was a love of *unbecoming* finery, to which her means were inadequate; and for pastry, which, whilst it was beyond her means, was also unnecessary and injurious.

It has been well remarked, that vices never go alone. Alas! no; for if the heart be open to *one*—however inconsiderable it may seem,—a whole train of monsters, alike destructive to peace and reputation, is almost sure to follow.

Such was the fact in the experience of young Susan; instead of pursuing her course in a becoming manner, when out with the infant for an airing, she loitered, first to look at the delicacies presented at the pastry-

cook's, then at the haberdasher's, and at any and every other window which presented the least attraction to her notice. She looked and coveted; and having expended the trifle she could spare from her resources in gratifying the appetite thus awakened, her next step in a downward course was to take that which was not her own.

"Where did you get that ribbon from, Susan?" said her mistress one morning, on perceiving her young servant with one of an expensive kind.

"My mother gave it me, ma'am," was the prompt reply; whilst Susan's heart smote her—for she had been taught in a Sunday-school—with the thought that she had now degraded herself still farther by this sacrifice of truth.

"I am sorry you cannot eat your dinner to-day, Susan," said her kind mistress on another occasion; "I hope you are not ill?"

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, "I got up unwell this morning, and have been poorly ever since;" when, sad to say it, her loss of appetite was the result of a visit to the pastry-cook's, where she had expended the produce of something which her hands had that very morning stolen from her employer.

Little did her unsuspecting mistress think that her young servant was so fallen; and Susan enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of having successfully deceived her. But each departure from truth, whilst it rendered the next more easy and natural, made it more difficult to retrace her steps, until at last an unexpected circumstance transpired which discovered both her thefts and falsehood, and she was cast out as a fallen creature on the world.

Oh ! if the old man had the power of looking into the heart of that degraded young girl,—and, alas ! there are many like her,—he would there read, in characters not to be misunderstood, that sin and sorrow are inseparable companions, and that a disregard of truth is the forerunner of almost every other sin.

Happy, thrice happy, the Gertrudes whose lips always utter simple, lovely truth ; whose lives form one beautiful unbroken chain of honest, upright, transparent actions ; and who, whilst bowing to the dust with conscious need of mercy from Him who delights to show it, can look around upon scenes of duty and of labour, and feel that in every sphere there has been a strict regard to integrity and truth.

ANNE—*gracious.*

Few subjects offer a wider scope for the exercise of the imagination than that upon which the old man now purposes offering a few brief remarks.

He might occupy many pages in descanting on those names which are indicative of the sterner attributes of human nature ; but it is more delightful to dwell upon such as seem to have resulted from the overflowings of a grateful heart.

In tracing the origin of such a name as Anne—*gracious*, or indeed of any other, the heart is left to its own imaginings, and it may have been far otherwise than the old man has conjectured. Perhaps the fond parents whose hearts dictated the name, when gazing upon their infant innocent, as it smiled upon them the

first look of recognition, both felt sympathies awakened in their bosoms, of which, till then, they were unconscious; and, possibly, they thought, in the fondness of their hearts, that no name could so fully express the benignant smile of their dear little one as the simple word "Anne,"—*gracious*.

But it is far more probable that some devout couple first adopted the name as the humble expression of their faith and hope that He who had committed a young immortal to their care, would superadd the blessings of his grace.

Be this as it may, it would be very interesting—perhaps humbling—to know how far the fond hopes and expectations of parents have been realized in the piety of their offspring, and in how many instances the benignant smile of infancy, which excited their fondest expectations, has been succeeded by the sullen frown and rebellious insolence, too frequently the accompaniment of riper years.

The old man pictures to his imagination a fond husband trembling with apprehension for the fate of his beloved wife in the hour of nature's solicitude; but, at the moment when life seems pendant on the slenderest thread, the joyful tidings are conveyed to him that he has become a father, and that *she* is spared to him whose loss would have been irreparable.

How natural that, at such a moment, the providence of God should excite his best and tenderest emotions, and that the father should resolve that his new-born babe, if a girl, should be called by a name expressive of his thankfulness for a deliverance so *gracious*.

But it might, with still greater propriety, be pre-

sumed to have originated with the wife; for if, in the hour to which the old man has referred, the husband be filled with deep anxiety, who but those who have been placed in such circumstances can conceive the trembling anxiety of her, whose acute pains warn her of a coming trial, from which there is no escape, and of the near approach of a young immortal, whose life may cost her own? Bad, indeed, must be the heart which does not, on receiving a deliverance from such danger, feel desirous of making some permanent record that God has been *gracious*.

How probable, therefore, that the *first* "Anne" received that designation from her mother as the expression of a thankful feeling, which sought to embody itself, not in set and formal phrases, but in one word—the burst of indescribable gratitude to the "God of all grace."

Grandfather Gray cannot forget, however, that there is a vast difference between the several members of the great human family, and that, whilst some hearts merely feel a glow of thankfulness for a moment, there are others in which the holy fire of gratitude is never quenched. The former soon lose sight of the Giver in the gift; the latter charge their inmost souls to remember the Giver as often as they gaze upon that which He has given.

Grandfather Gray fears that if he could read the feelings of many hearts he would discover sorrow where there ought only to be joy; and could he know the history of every Anne, he is apprehensive that he should find too many not only destitute of "the grace of God," but also of almost every trait of character that even partakes of what is *gracious*.

But it is consolatory to know that, notwithstanding the imperfections of human nature, and the proneness of parents to form expectations which will never be realized—sometimes, alas! because they neglect the means which can alone secure the object of their hopes, there are Annes—and the old man has the happiness of knowing some of them—in whose hearts the grace of God is found, and who are so conducting themselves in the sphere in which Providence has placed them, as to show that they belong to Him who is "gracious."

The old man knows, as well as if he were the inmate of every home, that where such Annes are found as domestics, employers enjoy a tranquillity to which *they* are strangers whose servants are sullen, irritable, and disobliging; and, though he pretends not to know the secret workings of the human heart, he would venture to assert that, where there is no desire or attempt to be *gracious*, there is seldom peace, and no lasting joy.

"I MAY BE GONE BEFORE THEN."

THE recent appeals of ministers of the Gospel on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society have afforded opportunities for stating many of the facts which led to its formation.

It was the privilege of Grandfather Gray, a few days since, to listen to a discourse in celebration of the Jubilee of that glorious Institution, the origin of which, it was stated, took place under the following interesting circumstances.

The late Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, in the Principality of Wales, one day met a young female acquaintance, whom he stopped and asked if she remembered the text of his sermon on the previous Sunday. Instead of answering according to her usual practice, she hung down her head and looked sorrowful, on perceiving which, the good minister repeated his inquiry with still more earnestness. She looked confused, was silent, and then burst into tears, exclaiming, "The weather, Sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible."

Mr. Charles could not at first conceive her meaning, but soon found that she had no Bible at home; that there was not one even in her village; and that she used to travel every week four miles across the hills to a place where there was a Welsh Bible, which she was accustomed to look into in order that she might learn the text by heart; but that, during the last week, the cold, stormy weather had hindered her from going so far from home.

About the same time the Rev. Mr. Charles was also informed that twelve poor men had united together in order to purchase *one Bible*, on obtaining which, they drew lots to decide in what order they should read it, the agreement between them being, that each one should use it for a month, and then pass it on to the next in rotation. The lots were drawn, and by that arrangement a poor man, who was then seventy years of age, found that he would have it *last*, and, in the bitterness of the disappointment occasioned by the thought of waiting till the *twelfth month* before his trembling lips might stoop and drink of the well-

spring of life, exclaimed, with a deep-drawn sigh, "*Ah! I may be gone before then.*"

These affecting incidents, with many others having come to the knowledge of the excellent minister we have named, he was induced to come to London in order to consult with godly men of influence as to the possibility of establishing a Society for publishing a cheap Bible for *Wales*, and the result of that visit (to which it is not our present purpose any further to refer,) was the formation of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," whose object it is to publish cheap Bibles for the *whole world*.

We have referred to the Jubilee occasion of this God-like Institution, not to express our heartfelt joy at its success, so much as to afford an opportunity of making a few observations on that plaintive exclamation of the poor old man.

There is something saddening in the thought that one who had reached "threescore years and ten," should, at that late hour of life, be destitute of the Divine word to whisper pardon to his conscience through the blood of Christ, and precious promises of sanctification through the Holy Spirit, and a future home of rest, and peace, and joy. The heart spontaneously sympathizes with the old man's craving for the Word of Life, and is led instinctively to wish there were some record that he lived to read, believe, and love that gracious gift from heaven.

And, perhaps, it is not too much to hope that the very longing of the poor old man was the result of some impressions he had received in having *heard* the Gospel; that some living voice had spoken words to

him "by which he might be saved;" that the entrance of God's Word into his benighted soul had "given light;" and that it was this first dawn of spiritual day which awoke in his slumbering soul a desire to know *more* of Him who has graciously declared that upon them that fear his name "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his beams."

It is scarcely possible for those who are in the vigour of life to enter into the feelings of the old man when he took that prospective look into a coming eternity, and said, in reference to a short-lived year, "*I may be gone before then*," and indeed it were vain to speculate as to what his feelings were; but they were evidently very solemn. There is, however, in his language a recognition that *that* "*I*" was felt to be an imperishable being, and that, although from the feebleness which then oppressed his toil-worn body, that perishable part might die before the revolution of another year, his immortal spirit, which he could only think and speak of as *himself*, would then depart from *time* to live for ever in *eternity*.

And surely there is in this utterance of his heart a deep anxiety as to his *fitness* for the world towards which he felt the stream of time was bearing him so fast, and (oh! most solemn thought) on the shores of which he has been long since for ever landed.

It may, perhaps, never be our privilege to know the result of his wish to read God's precious Word, but of this we may entertain the pleasing assurance that, if he sincerely desired to be taught of the Lord, his prayers for Divine teaching were answered from on high.

Grandfather Gray's design in penning these few

simple thoughts will not have been accomplished, however, if he do not ask his reader (who perhaps is now looking forward with buoyant hope and expectation to some future season of prosperity and joy,) to pause and reflect on her probable condition in eternity if she should be gone—yes, to use the expression which is so commonly, but often so thoughtlessly employed, "if she should be *dead and gone*" before then. Does her spirit testify that it would go before its God an unpardoned, because an unrepentant, sinful thing; destitute of love to Jesus, and unsanctified by the Spirit of all grace? then, reader, your condition is most perilous, and your need to "fly for refuge to the hope set before you in the Gospel" most urgent.

But if you have been led by Divine mercy to embrace the "great salvation," and to delight in God's Commandments; if you are "walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost," there is nothing in the thought of "being gone" before this time or that to make you sad; "for you to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

It were vain, however, to attempt a description of the happiness of those who "have hope in their death;"

"Thus much, and this is all we know;
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest."

A SABBATH HOME.

"Home, sweet home! there is no place like home!"

So says the melody, to the sweet-soothing sounds of which most of us have listened with emotions of delight; and so say the fond recollections of ten thousand thousand hearts.

But, perhaps, Grandfather Gray may not greatly err if he assumes that, whilst the melodious voice, the flute, or piano, has sounded forth the charms of "home, sweet home!" many of his readers, whom Providence has separated far from home and "kindred dear," have rather been afflicted than cheered by those notes of domestic bliss, which have brought to their remembrance scenes and circumstances never more to be repeated or enjoyed.

In making this reference to home, it is not the *especial* object of Grandfather Gray to call forth those feelings of regret for opportunities unimproved, or early duties unperformed, or acts of disobedience and folly committed whilst at home, with which, alas! too many have to charge themselves. No, he would fain hope that all these have been repented of already; and that forgiveness has been sought, not only from earthly parents, but from our Father who is in heaven. The old man has taken up his pen to write a few plain sentences principally to show how the happiness of home may be renewed, or rather, he would say, how the blessedness of an ordinary home may be exceeded.

It is natural for those who once dwelt with their parents and acquaintances to feel somewhat depressed when the events of Providence place them at a dis-

tance from each other; and perhaps it ought not to excite surprise, if those who are in servitude, and are thus deprived of companionship, are occasionally dull; but it is the settled conviction of Grandfather Gray, that no persons who have to labour for a living, have, on the whole, better opportunities or greater reasons for cheerful contentment than female servants.

In making this remark he would, of course, except those unfortunate individuals who unhappily engage themselves to worldly, selfish, unreasonable employers; persons who, for the most part, are strangers to happiness themselves, and therefore never study to promote that of their domestics.

Assuming, as he must do, that, in thousands of families, the duties of the servant are reasonable and regular, and that the conduct of the employer is considerate and kind, it is not too much to assert that servants, so circumstanced, are especially exempt from anxiety and care, and that it is their own fault if that part of the house which is assigned to them does not become to them "a happy home."

So far as the experience of Grandfather Gray has extended, he can honestly assert, that it is one thing to feel *lonely*, and another to be alone;—he is himself very fond of society, but he believes that he could be *alone* much without feeling *lonely*.

The great charms of solitude, however, are books and meditation; and the old man ventures to predict, that if female servants would study to *excel in the performance of their duties*, so as to discharge them in the *best manner* and in the *shortest time*, they would find opportunities for the daily reading of the Scriptures, and some of the best of books which were ever

penned by man ; books which are now published at so low a price as to be procurable by almost everybody.

The secret of happiness is to bring back the heart, which is naturally at enmity with God, to its allegiance, and then a thousand sources of enjoyment will be opened to it, to which it has been a stranger, and the kitchen or the attic will supply delightful opportunities for spiritual intercourse with heaven.

There are no joys like those which flow from fellowship with God, and none which, while they do not lessen our regard for parents, relatives, or home, can make us both resigned and happy at a distance from them.

But, perhaps, nothing can so completely heal the wounds, or fill the void occasioned by such separations as the recognition of the Sabbath, as our *Father's day*, and the sanctuary as our *Father's house*.

When this delightful feeling takes possession of the soul, the *six* working days glide smoothly on, because the *seventh* is regarded as the Sabbath of the Lord ; the blessed day when all the members of the spiritual family assemble in their *Father's house at home*.

With such sources of comfort in the possession of the pious, surely if there be a pitiable creature upon earth, it is the individual who, under the pretence of worshipping in the sanctuary, wanders in the paths of sin and folly, and returns to the house of her employer, or the habitation of her parents, with a lie upon her tongue ; and if there be one on whom the blessed angels look with delight and admiration it is on her who, with a heart filled with gratitude to Him who made every seventh day a sacred Sabbath, resorts to

the sanctuary with joy, and whilst seated in *her own well-known place*, adopts the language of the poet as the utterance of her heart :—

“ Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come ;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.”



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